

THE MOST
Agreeable Companion ;

O R,
A CHOICE COLLECTION
O F
Detached and Most Approved PIECES,
Serious, Moral, Humorous and Diverting,
In PROSE and VERSE.

Taken from a Variety of ingenious Authors.

A L S O,
SEVERAL ORIGINALS,
Never before published.

The whole calculated to entertain the Mind, improve the
Heart, and enlarge the Understanding.

Carefully selected and compiled
By JOHN MOXON,
Late of LEEDS, now of WAKEFIELD.

————— *Miscuit utile dulci.* H O R.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LEEDS : Printed by GRIFFITH WRIGHT and SON,
for the Compiler.

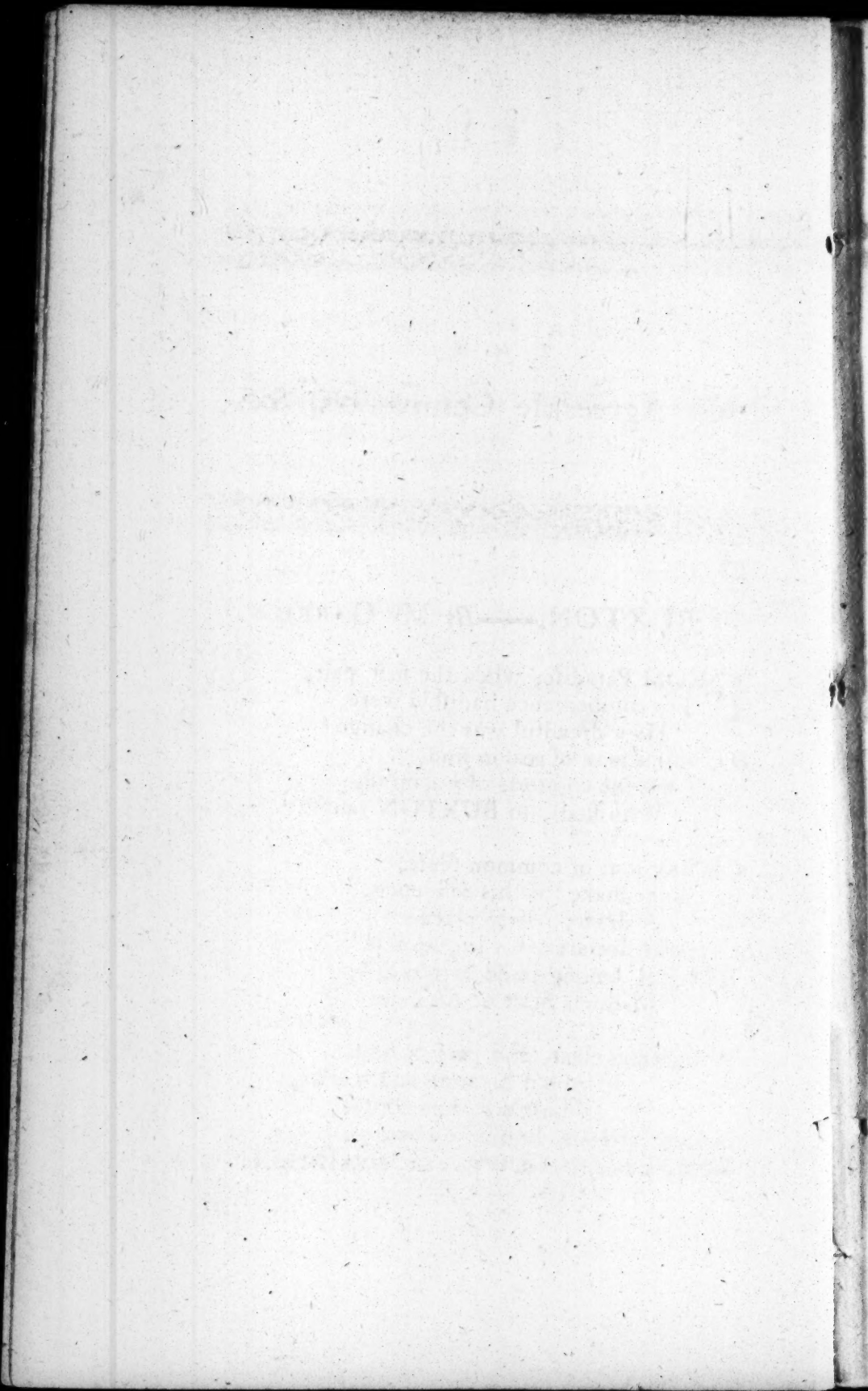
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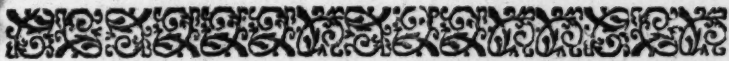


A N

Address to the worthy Subscribers
to this Work.

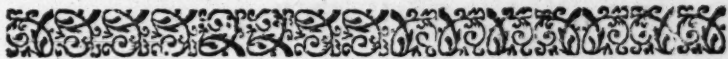
LET factious poets, who for parties write,
With gauling satire, endless feuds incite ;
I only court an harmless gentle muse,
Free from that spleen which others daily use ;
In mildness to correct, too civil to abuse ;
Readers, without a blush you may proceed,
And, with delight, her various dictates read ;
Then view her not with a stern critic's eye,
Nor strive, her hidden foibles, to espie ;
To entertain you, is her chiefest care,
Studious to please—no toil, no pains she'll spare ;
In which, if she succeeds, she hopes to find,
As she more pleasing grows, you'll prove more kind.





T H E

Most Agreeable Companion, &c.



On BUXTON.—*By* Mr GARRICK.

FROM Paradise, when the first pair,
For disobedience banish'd were,
How dreadful was the change !
So, will a man of reason find,
Save, but the comforts of his mind,
Who shall, to BUXTON range.

Can any soul of common sense,
By choice make this his residence,
A dreary, dirty place ;
He, who declares, his life he fills
With joy, among those barren hills,
Madness must be his case.

With senses clear, and perfect health,
Murder who wou'd his time and wealth,
Where heav'n seldom smiles ;
A scene of hills, unblest'd abound,
Corn, fruits, and flow'rs, as seldom found,
As in Arabian wilds.

If pains acute, you hither bring,
 And health you find, from Buxton's spring,
 There's reason on your side ;
 May heaven's blessing work your cure,
 But govern well yourself, be sure,
 Let temp'rance be your guide.

For pleasure, none can call it great,
 'To search the Devil's Arse i'th' Peak
 A cavern, wet and drear ;
 For whilst, its wonders you relate,
 I count another, full as great,
 That any foul comes there.

But wheresoe'er is folly's court,
 Unthinking mortals will resort,
 For want of reason still ;
 Shame of our sex ; as for the fair,
 They all want something ev'ry where,
 And something want they will.

And heav'n knows, 'tis RANGER's pride,
 To have their wishes gratified,
 May they, their hopes attain ;
 Of tranquil souls be all possess'd,
 Here, and hereafter, still be bless'd,
 And RANGER's friend remain.

Their sex, and music, such as 'tis,
 While here I stay my comfort is,
 Hear me, each heav'nly power !
 Shou'd you, from hence, command away,
 The fair, I wou'd no longer stay,
 No, not one single hour.

And since, thank God, I nothing ail,
 Madnefs shall not on me prevail,

Among

Among those rocks to dwell ;
 More pleasing scenes, I have in view,
 Reason lead on---I'll follow you,
 So Buxton, fare thee well.



Answer to the foregoing. By a Clergyman.

RANGER, your lines I disapprove,
 I think them too severe ;
 Those, who romantic scenes do love,
 To Buxton may repair.

In distant views, hill peeps o'er hill,
 And rocks o'er rocks do nod ;
 These, shou'd our minds with rev'rence fill,
 As footsteps of our God.

But let the curious soul return,
 And make the grove his theme ;
 Nothing can more the place adorn,
 Than Anna's* purling stream.

(I said, adorn---except the fair,
 Which I, and all must say ;
 Add beauty to the season there,)
 And pleasure to each day.

Salubrious spring ! pleasant and clear ;
 Such virtue it affords ;
 Sure these, the wonders, all declare,
 Of the great Lord of Lords.

Let GARRICK go---by fancy led,
 O'er Drury's scenes, to roam ;
 These walks, I'll not refuse to tread,
 An angel bade me come.

A 4

An

* St. Ann's Well.

An EPIGRAM.

A Member of the modern great,
 Pass'd Sawney with his budget ;
 The peer was in a car of state,
 The Tinker forc'd to trudge it.
 But Sawney shall receive the praise,
 His Lordship wou'd parade for ;
 One's debtor for his dapple greys,
 And th' other's shoes are paid for.

*An Address to the Heroes of the British Nation.*

By A L A D Y.

A Lady, possess'd of an handsome estate,
 With a pedigree pleasing, tho' not very great ;
 With a person so graceful, 'twill pass in a crowd,
 And a tongue, tho' 'tis glib, not improperly loud ;
 With each needful quality, fit for a wife,
 Will be glad to engage with a hero---for life.
 Tho' her virtue's too dear, to be fondly betray'd,
 With submission, she'd chuse---not to die an old maid.
 Be the hero possess'd of good nature and sense,
 And of courage enough, for the fair one's defence ;
 Not a coxcomb in dress, nor in politics loud,
 Of his person, not vain, of his merit, not proud ;
 Then of women and wine, he must wholly be free,
 Or else, I declare, he's no husband for me ;
 If his birth is genteel, not too low in extraction,
 If polite his address, 'tis a full satisfaction ;
 Shou'd his fortune be small, no objection to me,
 If his principles answer, in every degree ;
 If such heroes there are, he that merits it most,
 Must answer me quick, by return of the post,
 Then away for old hymen—in raptures we run,
 To be happy for ever, or—ever undone.

On



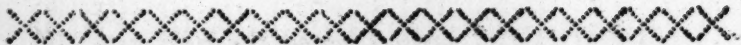
On JACK TISSEY, the Punster.

MERRY was he, for whom, we now are sad,
 His jokes were many, and but few were bad;
 That gay, that jocund, sprightly, active soul,
 No more shall pun, alas! no more shall bowl;
 Now at his tomb, methinks, I hear him say,
 I never lik'd to be in a GRAVEway;
 Then bye and bye, he cries, for all your scoffing,
 I now am only in a fit of COFFING;
 Thy passing-bell, with heavy hearts we hear,
 For thee, each PASSING BELLE shall drop a tear;
 That fable hearse, which drew the corpse along,
 Shall be rehears'd in dismal poets song;
 Ah! how unlike! yet, this is he, we're sure,
 Who once in Grafton's coach, sat so demure,
 Many a ball he gracefully began,
 Well may we BAWL, to lose so great a man
 Thy friendly club, their mighty loss deplore,
 Their faithful secretary, now no more;
 Thou ne'er shall SECRET-TARRY, tho' in death,
 Whilst puns are puns, or punning-men have breath.



His EPI T A P H.

BENEATH this gravel, and these stones,
 Lie poor JACK TISSEY's skin and bones;
 His flesh, I've often heard him say,
 He hop'd in time, wou'd make good hay;
 Quoth I, how can that come to pass?
 And he reply'd, " All flesh was grass."



On Mr FOOTE, as a Pseudo Player.

THOU mimic--of Cibber--of Garrick thou ape !
 Thou fop in Othello !---thou cypher in shape !
 Thou trifle in person ! Thou puppet in voice !
 Thou farce of a player ! Thou rattle for boys !
 Thou mongrel ! Thou dirty-fac'd harlequin thing !
 Thou puff of bad paste ! Thou gingerbread King !
 Was a Quin, or Delane, the boast of our stage,
 Set up, as fit marks, for thy envy, or rage ?
 Was a Quin, or Delane, who excel in their art,
 To be ap'd by a cobbler, who bungles his part ?
 Thou mummer in action ! Thou coffee-house jest !
 Thou mimic sans sence ! Mock heroe at best !
 Can the squeak of a puppet, present us a QUIN ?
 Or a pigmy, or dwarf, shew a Giant's design ?
 Shall deficiency unpunish'd, at excellence rail ?
 Or a sprat, without ridicule, mimic a whale ?
 Can a Foote, represent us, the length of a yard ?
 Where then, shall such insolence meet its reward ?
 Contempt is the best, like the mastiff, that feels,
 With superior derision, --the cur, at his heels.---

O ! IRELAND ! too prone, to encourage new toys !
 In trinkets, and novelty, fickle as boys !
 O ! DUBLIN ! alas ! to a proverb, well known,
 To receive, what is foreign, yet, scoff at thy own ;
 Learn, truly to judge, 'twixt a f---t and a tune,
 Applaud the good Player—but damn the Buffoon.



A Paradoxical Question.

Question. **W**HO was he that was begot before
 his father, born before his mother,
 and had the maider head of his grandmother ?

Answer

Answer. The Lord formed the first man Adam, of the dust of the earth, and from Adam, made he woman, and called her name EVE. Now Abel (who was the second son of Adam and Eve his wife) was murdered by his brother Cain; therefore he got the maidenhead of his grandmother, (the earth) and was begot before his father Adam, who was made of the earth, and therefore not begotten; and was born before his mother Eve, who was made of man, and therefore never born.



The Lawyer and Client.

TWO Lawyers, when a knotty cause was o'er,
Shook hands, and were as good friends, as before;
"Zounds!" says the client, "How come yaw?
"To be such friends, who were such foes just naw?"
Thou fool, says one, we Lawyers, tho' so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's between.



*Epitaph on Mrs. Ellen Temple, late wife of Mr.
John Temple, of Malton, Surgeon.*

By Mr. GENTLEMAN.

HERE in just hope, above the stars to rise,
The mortal part of ELLEN TEMPLE lies,
In whom, those beauties, of a spotless mind,
Faith, and good works, were happily combin'd;
A patient, careful, constant, loving wife,
The foe of scandal, and domestic strife;
The tender mother, undissembing friend,
Who, grac'd those virtues, with a pious end;

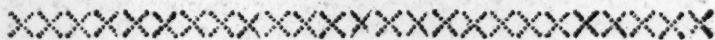
Who

Who, still preserving, an unblemish'd name,
 Ne'er meanly strove, to taint a neighbour's fame ;
 Who play'd,---as reader thou shou'dst do---her part,
 With inward peace, and rectitude, of heart ;
 Who, christian-like, resign'd her final breath,
 And, dying free from censure,---smil'd at death.



A D R E A M.

I Dreamt, when buried in my fellow clay,
 Close by a common beggar's side, I lay ;
 When as so mean an object, shock'd my pride,
 Thus, like a corpse of consequence, I cry'd ;
 Scoundrel begone ! and henceforth touch me not,
 More manners learn, and at a distance rot ;
 Thou scoundrel, in a haughtier tone, says he,
 Proud lump of dirt, I scorn thy words, and thee ;
 Here, all are equal, now thy fate is mine,
 This is my rotting place, and that is thine.



The W A G E R.

MY lady, and her maid, once, in a merry pin,
 They made a match at farting, who shou'd
 the wager win ;
 Joan lighted three candles, and set them bolt upright,
 With the first fart, she blew 'em out, with next,
 she gave 'em light,
 When, in comes my lady, with all her might & main,
 She blew them out, and in and out, and in and
 out again,

Lord



Lord Chesterfield's advice to Lady Fanny Shirley.

A SSES milk, half a pint, take at six, or before,
Then sleep, for an hour, or two, and no more ;
At nine, stretch your arms, and O think ! when alone,
There's no pleasure in bed—Mary, bring me my gown,
Slip it on, e'er you rise, let your caution be such,
Keep all cold from your breast, there's already too
much ;

Your pinnars set right, your twitcher ty'd on,
Your prayers at an end, and your breakfast quite done ;
Retire to some author, improving, and gay,
And with sense like your own, set your mind for
the day ;

At twelve, you may walk, for at this time 'o'th year,
The sun, like your wit, is as mild, as 'tis clear ;
But mark in the meadows, the ruin of time,
Take the hint, and let life be improv'd in its prime ;
Return not in haste, nor of dressing, take heed,
For beauty, like your's, no assistance can need ;
With an appetite then, down to dinner, you'll sit,
Where the chief of the feast, is the flow of your wit ;
Let this be indulg'd,—let laughter go round,
As it pleases your mind, to your health 'twill redound.
After dinner, two glasses, at least, I approve,
Name first to your King, and the next to your love ;
Thus chearful, with wisdom, with innocence, gay,
And calm, with your joys, gently glide thro' the day ;
The dews of the evening, most carefully shun,
Those tears of the sky, for the loss of the sun ;
Then in chat, or at play, with a dance, or a song,
Let the night, like the day, pass with pleasure along ;
All care, but of love, banish far from your mind ;
And those, you may end, when you please to be kind.

EPIGRAM.



E P I G R A M.

SAYS a beau, to a lady, pray, name if you can
Of all your acquaintance, the handsomest man?
The lady reply'd, if you'd have me speak true,
He's the handsomest man, that's the most unlike you.

*On a Bowl of Punch.*

WHENE'ER a bowl of punch, we make,
Four striking opposites we take;
The strong, the small, the sharp, the sweet,
Together mix'd, most kindly meet;
And when they happily unite,
The bowl, "is pregnant with delight:"
In conversation thus we find,
That, four men differently inclin'd;
With talents each distinct; and each,
Mark'd by peculiar powers of speech;
With tempers too, as much the same,
As milk and verjuice, frost and flame;
Their parts, by properly sustaining,
May all prove highly entertaining.

*A Prologue to Mr. Mason's Elfrida.*

By A YOUNG LADY.

OH you! who worship at our Shakespear's bust,
And rev'rence bards, long since, consign'd to dust;
If so remote, the ray of genius charms,
And attic fire, thro' distant ages, warms;

What

What must you feel, when, in the present age,
 The poet lives, who gave ELFRIDA's page ;
 With just applause, Oh hear his flowing line !
 Harmonious diction, energy divine !
 What paint of thought poetic, can excell,
 What varied beauties, in Elfrida dwell ;
 Envy no more, that Shakespear's name shall save,
 From dark oblivion, AVON's limpid wave ;
 Nor deem inglorious, humble Ashton's plains,
 Ennobl'd thus, by Mason's heav'nly strains :
 'Tis his, with beauty, majesty, and art,
 To raise the genius, and affect the heart ;
 He bids the soul, with purer raptures, glow,
 And melt, in all the elegance of woe ;
 Oh feel the present good ! and render due,
 A tribute, worthy him, and worthy you.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

The S I M I L E .

SAY, lovely Polly, have you never seen,
 ('Tis by the way of Simile I mean ;)
 The farmer's wife, upon a festive night,
 To grace the board, her Christmas candle light
 Upon some pedestal, advance it high,
 With a few taper rush-lights, standing by ;
 Which, dimly mimic its superior ray,
 And in a sort of envy, soon decay ;
 So, when you visit any public place,
 And there, display, the beauties of your face
 All other females, round you, faintly shine,
 Lost, is their lustre, in your blaze divine.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

A Character of Scotland.

W H O E V E R does, desire to see,
 A barren land, without a tree ;

The

The rankest beggary, and pride,
 As close as nits and lice ally'd ;
 Be poison'd, when he eats, and drinks,
 Or flavour'd, with all kinds of stinks ;
 Who e'er would bite, or wou'd be bit,
 Wou'd get the itch, or be beshit,
 Let him to Scotland, but repair,
 He'll find all these perfections there.



A Description of London.

HOUSES, churches, mixt together,
 Streets unpleasant, in all weather
 Prisons, palaces contiguous,
 Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous ;
 Gaudy things, enough to tempt ye,
 Showy outfides, infides empty ;
 Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
 Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts ;
 Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
 Lords of laundresses afraid ;
 Rogues, that nightly, rob and shoot men,
 Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen ;
 Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,
 Noble, simple, all conditions ;
 Worth, beneath a threadbare cover,
 Villainy—bedaub'd all over ;
 Women, black, red, fair, and grey,
 Prudes, and such as never pray ;
 Handsome, ugly, noisy still,
 Some, that will not, some, that will ;
 Many a beau, without a shilling,
 Many a widow, not unwilling ;
 Many a bargain if you strike it,
 This is London ; How d'ye like it ?

Mr.

Mr. Garrick's Epigram on Dr. Hill, who found fault with his pronunciation of the vowels I & U.

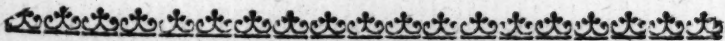
IF its true, as you say, that I've injur'd a letter,
 I'll change my note soon, & I hope for the better;
 May the just right of letters as well as of men,
 Hereafter be fix'd, by the tongue and the pen;
 Most devoutly I wish, they may both have their due,
 And that *I* may be never mistaken for *U*.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Question.—Why is a Gardener the most extraordinary Man, in the World?

Answer.—Addressed to Lady Coventry.

BECAUSE no man has more business upon earth;
 ---He has good ground for what he does;---He
 commands his thyme;---He is master of the mint;---
 He fingers the penny royal;---He raises his celery,
 every year;---And it is a bad year that does not
 bring him a plumb;---He meets with more boughs,
 than a minister of state;---Distempers, fatal to others,
 hurt not him;---He walks the better for the gravel;
 ---And thrives best in a consumption;---He makes
 raking more his business than his diversion, and makes
 it of advantage to his health and fortune; which few
 other gentlemen do;---Yet his wife has enough of
 Lad's Love, and Heart's Ease, and never wishes for
 Weeds;---He can boast of more Bleeding Hearts,
 than you;---And of more Lawrels, than the great
 Duke of Marlborough;---He can make more Beds
 than the French King;---And has in them more
 Painted Ladies;---But his greatest praise, and the
 world's greatest envy, is, that he may have Yew,
 when he will. *Tha*



The World's a Stage.

JUSTLY, the world is call'd a stage,
 From budding youth, to blasted age ;
 Their diff'rent parts, the sexes play,
 The high, the low, the grave, the gay :
 Such characters, in ev'ry sphere,
 In ev'ry rank, and state appear ;
 As those, which in the drama live,
 And grief, or joy, fictitious give ;
 A *jealous wife*, we often view,
 The very woman, Coleman drew ;
 And sometimes, weeping is descry'd,
 Desconsolate, a *mourning bride* ;
 In ev'ry lane, and ev'ry street,
 You'll sure, a *Busy Body* meet ;
 To the full crowded Change, repair,
 You'll certainly, discover there,
 A brisk *West-Indian*, wild, untam'd,
 With the sun's fiery beams, inflam'd
 Like him, who oft in Drury-Lane,
 Enlivens all the comic train.



Epigram on Dr. Goldsmith, deceased.

THE other day, Sam said to Ralph,
 " Who's to make Goldsmith's Epitaph ?"
 " None living can," said Ralph reply'd,
 " He should have wrote it, e'er he dy'd."



Mira's Will.

IMPRIMIS — My departed shade, I trust
 To heav'n — My body, to the silent dust.
 My

My name, to public censure, I submit,
 To be disposed of, as the world thinks fit ;
 My vice and folly, let oblivion close,
 The world already is o'erstock'd with those ;
 My wit I give, as misers give their store,
 To those, who think they had enough before ;
 Bestow my patience, to compose the lives,
 Of slighted virgins, and neglected wives ;
 To modish lovers, I resign my truth,
 My cool reflection, to unthinking youth ;
 And some good nature give, 'tis my desire,
 To surly husbands, as their needs require ;
 And first discharge my funeral,---and then,
 To the small poets, I bequeath my pen ;
 Let a small sprig, true emblem of my rhyme,
 Of blasted laurel on my hearse, recline ;
 Let some grave Wight, that struggles for renown,
 By chanting dirges, through a market town ;
 With gentle step, proceed the solemn train,
 A broken flute, upon his arm, shall lean ;
 Six comic poets, may the corpse surround,
 And, all freeholders, if they can be found ;
 Then follow next, the melancholy throng,
 As shrewd instructors, who themselves, are wrong ;
 The virtuoso, rich in sun dry'd weeds,
 The politician, whom no mortal heeds ;
 The silent lawyer, chamber'd all the day,
 And the stern soldier, that receives no pay ;
 But stay---the mourners, should be first our care,
 Let the freed 'prentice, lead the miser's heir ;
 Let the young relict, wipe her mournful eye ;
 And widow'd husbands, o'er their garlic cry ;
 All this, let my Executors fulfill,
 And rest assur'd, that this is Mira's will ;
 Who was, when she these legacies design'd,
 In body healthy, and compos'd in mind.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

A Funeral Hymn.

ALMIGHTY God, thou great supreme,
From whom all goodness flow;
Thy wisdom, gave our scatter'd dust,
Existence, here below.

Thou form'd us pure, without a spot,
'Till sin, that monster, came;
And fill'd our days, tho' short and few,
With trouble, guilt, and shame.

Lord ! what a feeble worm is man,
That like to flow'rs do fade ?
He cometh up, and is cut down,
Beneath night's sable shade.

Our life, like shadows, flies away,
And death, is ever nigh;
Grant, we may always be prepar'd,
To dwell with thee, on high.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Mr Garrick's Epigram on Dr. Hill.

FOR phyfic and farces, his equal there scarce is;
His farces are phyfic, his phyfic a farce is.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

*An inventory of Dean Swift's goods, upon lending
his house to the Bishop of Meath.*

AN oaken, broken, elbow chair
A caudle cup, without an ear;

A

A batter'd, shatter'd, ash bedstead ;
 A box of deal, without a lid ;
 A pair of tongs, but out of joint ;
 A poor old poker, without point ;
 A pot that's crackt, acrofs, around ;
 With an old knotted garter bound ;
 An iron lock, without a key ;
 A wig, with hanging quite grown grey ;
 A pair of bellows, without pipe ;
 A curtain, worn to half a stripe ;
 A dish, which might good meat have he ld once
 An Ovid, and an old Concordance ;
 A bottle bottom, wooden platter ;
 The one for meal, and one for water.
 There is, besides a copper skillet ;
 Which, runs as fast out, as you fill it ;
 A candlestick, a pan, and save-all ;
 And thus, his household goods, you have all.

These, to his Lordship, as a friend,
 'Till he has built, I'd recommend ;
 They'll serve his Lordship for a shift,
 Why not, as well as Doctor Swift.



The PROSPECT.

From the house of Caleb Conner, Gardener at Tadcaster.

Written by HIMSELF.

MY gardens are without compare,
 For cabbages, and prospects rare ;
 Did hills and woods, not intervene,
 You'd see far more, than e'er was seen ;
 Come Sirs, I'll soon produce my vouchers,
 Look o'er yon field, that's Mrs. Bouchier's ;
Stop

Stop here, and do not talk by hearsay,
 There's Oxton next, then Bolton Peircey ;
 With Pars'nage-house, and good old church,
 And clean, when well swept o'er with Birch ;
 With cushions neat, to set your a--se on,
 And living good for Dean, and Parson ;
 Now turn your bum upon Cat Pappleton,
 Your face will stand towards Nun Appleton ;
 Where lives Sir William Milner, Baronet,
 There fish are caught, by angling, or a net ;
 A little further to the south,
 Lies Cawood city, and Wharfe's mouth ;
 His eyes, though, must be very good,
 Who sees, or Wharfe's mouth, or Cawood ;
 Look nearer home, amongst the trees,
 There's Ulleskelf, with all it's geese ;
 With bad roads, ditches, bogs and mires,
 Which ducks like well, but horses tires ;
 With strolling preachers, and exhorters,
 And fishermen and rape-duft porters ;
 There's Kirby church too, you might see,
 Wou'd but the wind, blow down that tree ;
 Nothing else there, that's worth my while,
 But Bell-hall, cover'd with blue tile ;
 And 'Squire Leedes' house at Milford,
 Where oftentimes, you'll find an ill ford ;
 Next Grimston town, and Grimston hall,
 At Tommy Pinkney's you must call ;
 But mind that Molly does not see you,
 For then she'll bid the de'el go wi' you ;
 Aloft, you next see Grimston hill,
 Whose woods, with shouts, the hunters fill ;
 The cry of hounds and hunters voices ;
 Confound all Stutton with their noises ;
 Stutton, that's seated in the vale,
 Supplies dry hunters, with fine ale ;
 See Hazlewood, the ancient seat,
 Of Vavasours, stands very neat ;

Commands

Commands a prospect, grand and fine,
 But not to be compar'd with mine ;
 On Wingate hill, and Wilsby wood,
 You'll often find a hare, that's good ;
 Next Bramham moor, we traverse o'er,
 Where races were run, heretofore ;
 The air is good, the soil is fine,
 To take a ride on, e'er you dine ;
 Perhaps you can't see Bramham spire,
 But might, were you but four miles nigher ;
 Look up at that valley, you'll not grudge ;
 To take a peep at Tolston Lodge ;
 But quarries leave, and smoking lime,
 Move softly down, to Newton Kime ;
 There's a fine house, an honest owner,
 And an old church, of which he's donor ;
 With walls of stone, and plate that's sterling,
 And a new bell, giv'n by Old Girling ;
 Now we rise up to Holbar Hill,
 There, you've a sight of a wind mill ;
 Now see Tadcaster church appear,
 Just like a pig, with but one ear ;
 And more to shew, it has no pride on't,
 There stands a shit-house, just beside on't ;
 The streets, (they can't from hence be seen,)
 Are all well swept, and very clean ;
 The buildings good, upon my word,
 'Specially, what belong my Lord ;
 The cros, where mountebanks exhibit
 And a brown bear hung on a gibbet ;
 A bull with golden cods,---and higher
 Lofthouse, full-brother to Bob Fryer ;
 (He's mention'd by his own desire.)
 But now 'tis time to cross the river,
 Oh bridge ! may thou stand fast for ever ;
 Old Cambden made thee once his theme,
 But said, thou was without a stream ;
 O Cambden ! had'st thou liv'd, when I did,
 Or in this town, one year abided ;

Thou'd

Thou'd seen this stream, with rage uncivil,
 Drive all our hay-cocks, to the devil;
 Rakes, forks, and dead sheep, grief to tell!
 Ride in a deluge, down to hell—
 To HULL I mean,—but turn about,
 Lets see, what this way, we make out;
 'Gainst my house-end, see here, a pear tree,
 A finer one, no man did e'er see;
 For branches, blossoms, leaves, and fruit,
 Yet strange! All these spring from the root;
 One year, (I wou'd not tell a lie)
 As many pears grew low and high;
 As being all, to market sent,
 At three for two-pence, paid my rent;
 Upon yon hill, see WIGHILL church,
 Has left the town, quite in the lurch;
 Aloft she stands, while her support,
 The town—lies prostrate, in the dirt;
 Churches, and Priests, should be plac'd higher;
 The flock, in ignorance, and mire;
 The Priest looks big, struts, talks of news,
 The flock toil, sweat, and pay their dues;
 See Helaugh Church, a steeple wants,
 And if some of th' inhabitants,
 Wanted their nobs, 'would be as good,
 For honest folk i'th' neighbourhood;
 Behind these woods, lies Cattertown,
 To Whitehall farmer, 'tis well known;
 And oftentimes, he does bewail,
 That in't, there's neither friend nor ale;
 But hold! while thus abroad we range,
 Shall we at home, forget the Grange?
 Grange, fam'd for nymphs, with eyes bewitching,
 And Tommy Iles, in far back kitchen;
 Here's dove-court, garth, and cabbage-garden,
 Yet all my rhimes, not worth a farthing;
 But just to do my prospect, honour,
 Your humble servant CALEB CONNER.



On an Old Maid at Church.

CHLOE, at church, with looks devout,
Was overheard, to say ;
“ My morning glass, is almost out,
“ An husband, Lord, I pray ;”
A drollish spark, who, by her fat,
Determin’d for a joke ;
Cry’d out, with voice effeminate,
As tho’ an angel spoke ;—
“ Chloe, thou shalt not die a maid,
“ Thou hast neglected been”—
“ Thank you, good spirit,” Chloe said,
And loudly cry’d, “ AMEN.”

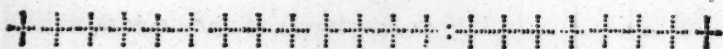


P A R A D O X.

FOUR people sat down, in one evening to play,
They play’d all that eve’, and parted next day ;
Cou’d you think when your’re told, as thus they all sat,
No other play’d with them, nor was there one bet ;
Yet when they rose up, each gained a guinea,
Tho’ none of’em lost, to th’ amount of a penny.

A N S W E R.

Four merry fiddlers, play’d all night,
To many a dancing ninny ;
And the next morning, went away,
And each receiv’d a guinea.



E P I G R A M.

COME, Poll, be quick and make the bed,
 Now tuck the feet, now place the head;
 I'll kiss you, if you don't bestir ye,
 Quoth Poll, I can't abide to hurry.



*An Allegorical Description of the Game of Quadrille,
 by way of Affidavit.*

THIS deponent maketh oath and says, That four ladies whom this deponent does not chuse to name, repair nightly to a convenient place near St. James's, to meet their gallants of the first rank, whom this deponent will not name, but so far describe them, that two are of the fable, and two of the ruddy complexion, and that he verily believes they are most abominably painted.

The ladies when they begin their gambols, call their gallants by the nick names of *Hercules*, *Cupid*, *Pit*, and *Gardener*: After a plentiful service of the most costly fare, they begin their tricks, which they play like the tumblers in Bartleymas Fair, upon a carpet; strip is the word; nay, this deponent has known them strip a gentleman who only came accidentally into the house: At first, they begin pretty courtly, at least in their expressions. As "madam with your leave," or so; which the ladies are so good as seldom to deny; afterwards it is most shameful to describe the tricks that are play'd by this leud pack: By an established rule, each lady has choice of her gallant in her turn; and some have been known so unreasonable, after they have had three to call for a fourth: This deponent

nent has seen a lady on her back, a man o'top of her, and a lady o'top of him, and he avers, it has been known, that a Court valet has stripp'd them all.— Sometimes they are thrown on their backs, and then on their bellies, now hicklety picklety, and, anon, they are all o'top of one another; and if any one is called upon, he or she is obliged to shew ALL. Of the same nature is their discourse; this deponent has often heard them talking of a—es, with the same familiarity as their faces; I have a black one, says one, and nam'd the thing, directly; mine's better than your's, says another, and named her thing; must I be laugh'd at, says a third, because I have a red one.

There is one monstrous thing, which this deponent is almost ashamed to mention; after six bouts, a lady has asked, if “they could do more?” Nay, a certain lady has been known to play All the tricks over, by herself. This deponent likewise avers, that he has full proof, after the ladies have been tired with their gallants, they have called for fresh ones. In short, the aforesaid ladies, have not only spent their pin-money, but their husband's estates, upon Hercules, Cupid, Pit, and Gardener, and when they want more money, they commonly pawn their jewels.



On the Fifth of November.

By an IRISH BELLMAN.

TO night's the day, I speak it with great sorrow,
That, we were all, t'have been blown up,
to-morrow;
Therefore, take care of fires, and candle-light,
'Tis a cold frosty morn, and so good night.



A Birth Day Thought.

CAN I, all gracious providence !
 Can I deserve thy care ?
 Ah ! no, I've not the least pretence,
 To bounties which I share.

Have I not been defended still,
 From dangers, and from death ;
 Been safe preserv'd, from ev'ry ill,
 E'er since thou gave me breath ?

I live once more, to see the day,
 That brought me first to light ;
 O ! teach my willing heart, the way,
 To take thy mercies right.

Tho' dazzling splendor, pomp, and show,
 My fortune has deny'd ;
 Yet, (more than grandeur can bestow,)
 Content hath well supply'd.

No strife has e'er disturb'd my peace,
 No miseries have I known ;
 And, that I'm blest'd with health, and ease,
 With humble thanks, I own.

I envy no one's birth, or fame,
 Their titles, train, or dress ;
 Nor has my pride e'er stretch'd its aim,
 Beyond what I possess.

I ask, nor wish, not to appear,
 More beauteous, rich, or gay ;
 Lord, make me wiser, ev'ry year,
 And better, ev'ry day.



On Marriage.

IF 'tis to marry, when the knot is ty'd,
 Why then, they marry, who at Tyburn ride;
 And if that knot, 'till death is loos'd by none,
 Why then to marry, and be hang'd 's all one.



*A Monody, by R. A. Falstaff, on his leaving
 Tadcaster.*

“ Oh now for ever
 “ Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !
 “ Farewell the plumed troops, and the big war,
 “ That make ambition virtue ! Oh ! farewell !
 “ Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
 “ The spirit stirring drum, th' ear piercing fife,
 “ The royal banner, and all quality,
 “ Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !
 “ And oh ! you mortal engines, whose rude throats,
 “ Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 “ Farewell.”

OTHELLO.

FAREWELL Calcaria, now farewell !
 Meand'ring Wharfe, adieu ;
 Ye neighb'ring vills, I'll cease to tell,
 What joys I shar'd in you !
 Farewell fair bridge, and gothic pile,
 Adieu yon mote, and mill ;
 Adieu grey Grott, where us'd to smile,
 The sprightly Nancy ——— !
 No more yon murm'ring water fall,
 Its rustic din, I hear ;
 No more yon bells so sweetly call,
 My steps to wander there.

No more the GRANGE — admir'd site,
 Attracts my roving eye ;
 No more yon MINSTER's tow'ring height,
 Thro' optic aids, I spy.

No more, dear Fr—tw—ll, thy sweet song,
 Delights my list'ning ear ;
 Nor Br—r—y is thy fiddle string,
 My pensive soul to chear.

No more, gay Flora ! your guittar,
 Tho' fraught with melody ;
 No more, your voice yet sweeter far,
 Will fill my heart with glee ;

No more, the conversation kind,
 With witty friends, I join ;
 Tho' ripe with sense, to charm the mind,
 And each vain wish t' eloin :

No more, my friends, join your joy,
 Your concert, song, and ball ;
 Here pleasure reigns, without alloy,
 There's honey, without gall.

Farewell, bleak Hazlewood, thy land,
 By nature chill, and bare ;
 By art's manuring generous hand,
 Rewards its master's care.

Adieu delightful Bramham Park,
 Thy walks, thy meads, thy groves ;
 Where chaunt the linnet, thrush, and lark,
 Where smile thy gay alcoves.

Adieu thy levels, slopes, and lawns,
 Thy hills, thy woods, thy rocks ;
 Where sport the squirrels, hares, and fawns,
 Where feed thy deer and flocks,

Adieu,

Adieu, thy lonely urn, well plac'd,
 Thy larches, beeches, firs;
 Adieu, thy chappel, high in taste,
 Thy fountains, gay parterres.

Farewell, thy vistas, temples, bowers,
 Thy basons, thy cascades;
 Thy sweetly scenting shrubs, and flowers,
 Thy terras, thy parades.

Thy proud pavillions, and thy cot,
 With homely thatch, done o'er;
 Thy distant views, thy rural grot,
 Adieu ! farewell, no more !

No more Thorp-Arch, thy healing spring,
 Nor Gossip's tasty grove;
 Nor generous Wentworth's praise, I sing,
 Nor to his Lodge, I rove.

No more, good Fairfax, thy fair deeds,
 Can grace my simple tale;
 No Lascelles' house, no stud of Leedes,
 No Phillis of the vale.

Adieu ye hills, adieu ye vales,
 Adieu ye streams, and floods;
 Adieu sweet eccho's plaintive tales,
 Adieu ye meads, and woods.

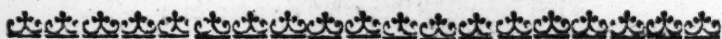
Farewell, ye flocks, ye fleecy care,
 Farewell, yon pleasing plain;
 Farewell, thou beauteous blooming fair !
 We ne'er shall meet again !

7



*On a Gentleman who expended his Fortune in
Horſe Racing.*

JOHN run ſo long, and run ſo faſt,
No wonder, he run out at laſt ;
He ran in debt, and then, to pay,
He diſtanc'd all---and ran away.



*To Mr Garrick, on the report of his having left
the Stage*

SO! Mr Garrick, is it true ?
As folk report, the ſtage and you,
Took a French leave at parting ?
We hop'd th' Italian air and diet,
Had well reſtor'd your health and quiet,
And made you keen, for ſtarting.

In vain we liſten'd, to the tales,
Brought over, by the Foreign mails,
That you was home returning ;
To ſee your name in capitals,
Stuck up on p—g poſts, and walls,
With fond impatience burning !

Your wiſh'd arrival, vain to boaſt,
If never enter'd at the poſt,
You ſhun the race of glory ;
As well you might have travell'd on,
From Pope and Turk, to Preſton John,
The world was all before ye.

For, to be plain Sir, entre nous,
'Twas not about your wife or you,
We all were ſo ſolicitous ;

You

You might as well be there, as here,
 If as King Richard, Bays, or Lear,
 You mean no more to visit us.

Your friends, if friends they are indeed,
 Your spirit, or your spleen may plead,
 From acting to excuse you ;
 But, spite of what your friends declare,
 We, your admirers, cannot bear,
 In manner thus, to lose you.

'Tis true, they make a mighty stir,
 About you, as a manager,
 Intent on reformation ;
 Busy instructing in their parts,
 And proper attitudes, and starts,
 The rising generation.

But ah ! in vain remov'd from sight,
 The candles, to improve the light,
 (Which pleas'd the pit immensely)
 If all your pupils, need the rod,
 As much as fiddle faddle Dodd,
 Or blust'ring, bouncing Bensley.

To those, who ne'er have Garrick seen,
 Such acting, may not give the spleen ;
 To me, it is the Devil ;
 To sit three hours, with noddle bare,
 To see your *Holland*, rant and tear,
 And hear that Powel snivel !

I often, as I come to town,
 In order, to spare you a crown,
 Dine gratis, with my Printer ;
 But d — mn it, if I'm doom'd to see,
 Such mummers play, instead of thee,
 I'll come no more this winter.



On Miss Chudleigh

(the present Duchess of Kingston's) appearing in the Character of Iphigenia, at a Masquerade, drest in a robe of Lawn; Neck, Arms, and Legs, &c. bare.

By LORD CHESTERFIELD.

CHUDLEIGH has ev'ry charm, and grace,
Is lovely, as she wou'd be;
With Jacob's beauties, in her face,
And Esau's, where they shou'd be.



TALE of a TURD.

By DEAN SWIFT.

A Pastry cook, once moulded up a turd,
(You may believe me, when I give my word,)
With nice ingredients, of the fragrant kind,
And sugar of the best, right double refin'd;
He blends them all, for he was fully bent,
Quite to annihilate, its taste, and scent;
With outstretch'd arms, he twirls the rolling pin,
And spreads the yielding ordure, smooth and thin;
'Twas not to save his flour, but shew his art,
Of such foul dough, to make a fav'ry tart;
He heats the oven with care, and bak'd it well,
But still the crust's offensive to the smell;
The cook was vex'd, to see himself so foil'd,
So works it to a dumplin, which he boil'd;
Now, out it comes, and if it stunk before,
It stinks full twenty times so much, and more;
He breaks fresh eggs, converts it into batter,
Works them with spoon, about a wooden platter;
To.

To true consistence, such as cookmaids make,
 At Shrove-tide, when they toss the pliant cake ;
 In vain, he twirls the pan, the more it fries,
 The more the nauseous, foetid, vapours rise ;
 Resolv'd, to make it, still a fav'ry bit,
 He takes the pancake, rolls it round a spit ;
 Winds up the jack, and sets it to the fire,
 But roasting, rais'd its pois'nous fumes the high'r ;
 Offended much (although it was his own,)
 At length he throws it, where it shou'd be thrown ;
 And in a passion, storming loud, he cry'd,
 " If neither bak'd, nor boil'd, nor roast, nor fry'd,
 " Can thy offensive, hellish taint, reclaim,
 " Go to the filthy Jake, from whence you came."

The M O R A L,

This tale requires but one short application,
 It fits all upstart scoundrels in the nation ;
 Minions of fortune, wise men's jests, in pow'r,
 Like weeds on dunghills, stinking, rank, and four.



Epitaph on a Lawyer.

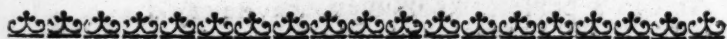
ENTOMB'D within this vault, a lawyer lies,
 Whom fame assureth us, was just and wise ;
 An able advocate, and honest too !——
 That's wondrous strange indeed !---if it be true.



On B U X T O N.

WHEN vig'rous health, thy lenient baths restore,
 Buxton, we bless thy salutary pow'r ;
 But when thy chilling mists, bring cold catarrhs,
 And 'gainst soft health, thy humid climate wars ;
 We

We curst thy mountains wild, the desarts bleak,
 And swear the sink of England, is the peak ;
 Then bring the bowl, my boys, fill, fill it up,
 Push round about, the mirth-inspiring cup ;
 'Spite of thy misty gloom, which clouds the day,
 Let you and I, my friend, be brisk and gay ;
 With this celestial nectar, cheer the brain,
 Heav'n's gifts, on us, are ne'er bestow'd in vain.



An EPILOGUE

On the Defeat of the King's Forces by the Rebels at Preston Pans, in 1745. Designed for Mrs Woffington, in the Character of a Volunteer.——Enters reading the Gazette.

CURSE on all cowards ! say I---why---bless
 my eyes——
 No---no---it can't be true---this Gazette lies——
 Our men retreat before a scrub banditti !
 Who scarce cou'd fight the buff-coats of the city !
 Well---if it is so---and that our men can't stand,
 'Tis time, we women, take the thing in hand ;
 Thus, in my country's cause, I now appear,
 A bold, smart, kheven huller'd Volunteer ;
 And really, mark some heroes in the nation,
 You'll find this, no unnatural transformation ;
 For if in valour it is, real manhood lies,
 All cowards are, but women in disguise.

They say these rebels, are so stout, and tall !
 Ah ! Lard ! I'd lower the proudest of 'em all ;
 Try but my mettle, place me in the van,
 And post me, if I don't bring down my man ;
Had

Had we an army, of such valourous wenches,
What men, d'ye think, wou'd dare, t'attack our
trenches ?

Oh ! How th' artillery of our eyes wou'd maul 'em,
But, our mask'd batteries,---Lord ! How they wou'd
gaul 'em !

No rebel 'gainst such force, durst take the field,
For,---Damme ! But I'd die, before I'd yield.

Joking apart---we women, have strong reason,
To stop the progress, of this Popish treason ;
For now, when female liberty's at stake,
All women ought to bustle for its sake ;
For if th' audacious sons of Rome prevail,
Vows, convents, and that heathen thing, a veil
Must come in fashion, and such institutions,
Wou'd suit but oddly, with our constitutions ;
What gay coquette wou'd brook a Nun's profession ?
And I've some private reasons 'gainst confession :

Besides, our good men of the church, they say,
(Who now, thank heav'n, may love, as well as pray)
Must then, be only wed, to cloyster'd houses,
Stop, there we're fob'd, of twenty thousand spouses ;
And faith, no bad ones, as I'm told---then judge ye,
Is it fit, we lose our ---benefit of clergy ?

In freedom's cause, ye British fair, arise,
Exert the sacred influence of your eyes ;
On valiant merit, deign alone to smile,
And vindicate the glory of our isle ;
To no base coward, prostitute your charms,
Disband the lover, who deserts his arms ;
Then will you fire each heroe to his duty,
And British rights be sav'd, by British beauty.

The Picture of a good Husband.

SHOULD providence present a man of parts,
 Not learn'dly vain, yet skill'd in lib'ral arts ;
 Whose principles are solid, pious too,
 Just to himself and to his monarch true ;
 In conversation grave, but not precise,
 Unmov'd in dangers, yet in council wise :
 His carriage humble, mixt with decent pride,
 Instruct by actions, and as mildly chide ;
 Who hates all flatt'ry, and does truth revere,
 Deeds prove his words, and every act sincere ;
 One who, the world's temptations, can withstand,
 And all his passions equally command ;
 If this uncommon creature should agree,
 To like an honest dull sincerity, }
 (For wit and beauty ne'er belong'd to me,) }
 I could, contentedly, accept the bliss,
 And with a pleasure, know no will but his.

Three excellent Maxims, worthy of Practice.

NEVER do that by proxy, which you can do
 yourself.
 Never defer that till to-morrow, which you can do
 to-day.
 Never neglect small matters and expences.

Reflections

*Reflections over a Pipe of Tobacco, and a Pinch
of Snuff.*

WHILST smoke arises from my pipe,
Thus to myself I say :
Why should I anxious be for life,
Which vanishes away ?

The social snuff-box does convey,
The same ideas just,
As if it silently would say,
Let's mingle dust to dust.

The woods, the fields, where e'er I walk,
In solemn truth declare ;
The blushing rose upon its stalk,
Say there's no resting here.

Let heav'n-born souls then look above,
Where joys eternal spring ;
Let them adore, with fervent love,
Their maker, God, and King.

On the Bottle Conjuror in the Haymarket, 1749.

WHEN conjurors, the quality can bubble,
And get their gold, with very little trouble ;
By putting giddy lies in public papers---
As jumping in quart bottles---such like vapours,
And further yet, if we the matter strain,
Wou'd pipe a tune upon a walking cane ;
Nay, more surprising tricks ! he swore he'd show,
Granmams, who dyed, a hundred years ago---
'Tis

'Tis whimsical enough, what think ye, Sirs ?
 The quality can ne'er be conjurers,——
 The de'el a bit :---no, let me speak in brief,
 The audience fools, the conjurer a thief.



A Country Quarter Sessions.

THREE or four parsons, full of October ;
 Three or four squires between drunk and sober ;
 Three or four lawyers, three or four lyars ;
 Three or four constables, three or four cryers ;
 Three or four parishes, bringing appeals,
 Three or four writings, and three or four seals ;
 Three or four bastards, three or four whores,
 Tag, rag, and bob-tail, three or four scores ;
 Three or four statutes, misunderstood,,
 Three or four paupers, all praying for food ;
 Three or four roads, that never were mended,
 Three or four scolds---and the sessions is ended.



On M A N.

LIKE leaves on trees, the race of man is found,
 Now green in youth, now with'ring on the
 ground,
 Another race, the following spring supplies,
 They fall successive, and successive rise :
 So, generations, in their course, decay ;
 So flourish these, when those, are past away.

On



On the Abuse of Cards.

SWEET are the joys that flow from moderate use,
 But pleasure grows, distasteful, in abuse :
 Where cards amuse, and not distract the thought,
 An evening may be past, without a fault ;
 But, when the mind is once, by play engross'd,
 Virtue is hazarded, and peace is lost.
 What tho' the gamester glitters to the eyes,
 The wretch, is but a monster in disguise ;
 Who, like the spider, watching to devour,
 Spreads his fell net, on ev'ry gaudy flow'r ;
 To catch the playful fly — a fatal snare !
 Then strips his plumes --and leaves the carcass here--
 How smiles the common enemy to find,
 Fiends like himself, to ruin half mankind !

Once let the breast this fatal passion seize,
 And avarice, succeeds by slow degrees ;
 At her approaches, honesty withdraws,
 No more the judgment yields to reason's laws :
 A thousand cares, the tortur'd soul molest,
 Nature no longer, tastes her wonted rest ;
 So much the love of God, employs the mind,
 It leaves no trace of former worth behind ;
 The heart that once could feel a social pain,
 Is lost to ev'ry pleasure now, but gain.
 The cheated dupe, instructed by his wound,
 Learns to dispense the mischief, he has found ;
 Creeps, like a wretch, neglected to his grave,
 And, as he liv'd a fool, he dies a knave.

A Moral



A Moral Reflection.

Written on the first Day of the Year, 1782.

Seventeen Hundred Eighty-one,
Is now for ever past ;
Seventeen Hundred Eighty-two,
Will fly away as fast.

But, whether life's uncertain scene,
Shall hold an equal pace ;
Or whether death shall come between,
And end my mortal race ;

Or whether sickness, pain, or health,
My future lot shall be ;
Or whether poverty or wealth,
Is, all unknown to me.

One thing I know, that needful 'tis,
To watch with careful eye ;
Since every season spent amiss,
Is register'd on high ;

Too well I know what precious hours,
My wayward passions waste ;
And oh ! I find my mortal powers,
To dust and darkness haste ;

Earth rolls her rapid seasons round,
To meet her final fire ;
But virtue is with glory crown'd,
Tho' suns and stars expire.

What awful thoughts ! what truth sublime !
What useful lesson this !
O ! let me well improve my time !
Oh ! let me die in peace.

The



The Country Parson's Blessings.

WOULD ye, my friends, live free from care,
 Attentive lend a willing ear ;
 While I, in humble verse relate,
 The blessings of my humble state.

I have a living brings in clear,
 About an hundred pounds a year ;
 The tythe well paid, without law — frise,
 (I'm not incumber'd with a wife)
 A single church, not grand, but neat,
 My people rather good, than great ;
 A strong-built house, and pasture good,
 Where sorrel crops his livelihood ;
 A garden cloath'd with greens, and fruits,
 And intermix'd with flow'ry roots ;
 A walk, with well-mow'd greensword laid,
 Where I may smoke, in sun, or shade ;
 A terrace rais'd, whence I survey,
 The market folk, who pass that way ;
 A shaded bench, where I may read,
 Old Baker's Chronicle, or Speed ;
 The neighb'ring clergy, kind and free,
 Who give and take civility ;
 Of humour good, of mirth and sense,
 Who o'er a glass, some wit dispense ;
 (For where's the crime to meet and prate,
 Of country news, and tricks of state ?)
 Some social Gents of goodly worth,
 Who scorn to boast of wealth or birth ;
 Who ne'er assume the courtier's frown,
 Yet keep above the homely clown ;
 Who love their country, King, and church,
 And in no dews, the parson lurch ;

With

With ease, I keep a maid and man,
 This *Harry* call'd, the other *Nan* ;
 A table-fleek, with pudding grac'd,
 Or plain or plum, as suits my taste ;
 Attended by a fav'ry dish,
 Of mutton, beef, or fowl, or fish ;
 A pile of sallad, fresh and green,
 In summer, fruit well pick'd, and clean ;
 Sound sparkling ale, and sometimes wine,
 When Patron deigns with Vic — to dine ;
 Oft, o'er the fields, with gun I stride,
 And faithful *Banter* by my side ;
 Then, if a mushroom is in sight,
 It serves to supper me, at night ;
 Or else a Veltfare or a Snipe,
 Sometimes a dish of double tripe. —

Thus joyous, do I pass my life,
 Stranger to tumult, or to strife ;
 Pleasures I feel, in this blest state,
 Unfelt, unknown, to rich and great ;
 When airy fancy mounts on wing,
 I think myself a sort of King ;
 My pipe, my scepter, cup, my crown,
 My elbow chair, my regal throne.



Self Examination.

LET not soft slumbers close your eyes,
 Before you've recollected thrice,
 The train of actions thro' the day :
 Where have my feet chose out their way ?
 What have I learn'd, where'er I've been,
 From all I've heard, from all I've seen ?
 What know I more, that's worth the knowing ?
 What have I done that's worth the doing ?
 What.

What have I fought, that I should shun ?
 What duty have I left undone ?
 Or into what new follies run ?
 These self inquiries are the road,
 That leads to virtue, and to God.

}



E P I G R A M.

WHAT legions of fables and whimsical tales,
 Pass current for gospel, where priestcraft
 prevails ?

Our ancestors thus were most strangely deceiv'd ;
 What stories and nonsense for faith they believ'd ?
 But we, their wise sons, who these fables reject,
 Even truth now-a-days, are too apt to suspect ;
 From believing too much, the right faith we let fall,
 So now we believe, faith ! nothing at all.



A N O T H E R.

CRIES Ned to his neighbours, as onwards they
 prest,
 Conveying his wife, to her place of long rest ;
 Take friends, I beseech you, a little more leisure,
 For, why should we thus, make a toil of a pleasure.



E P I G R A M

*On the Rev. Mr Charles Churchill wearing white Stock-
 ings, and Leather Breeches.*

TO Churchill the bard, cries the Westminster
 Dean,
 Leathern breeches ! white stockings ! pray what do
 you mean !

'Tis

'Tis shameful, irreverent,---you must keep to church
rules,
If wise ones—I will—and if not, they're for fools :
If reason don't bind me, I'll shake off all fetters,
To be black and all black, I shall leave to my betters.



A Patent to Medusa, the Termigant.

LET this patent of mine, throughout England
be known
To all persons whatever, in country and town ;
From Oxford to London, from Worcester to Warwick,
From Deal to St. Ives, and from Portland to Berwick ;
To all, whom it may, or it may not concern,
That my friends, and acquaintance, and others may
learn,
That I grant to Medusa, with serious intent,
Full licence, her rage, and her malice, to vent ;
In slander, abuse, and all black defamation,
Which the fiend can suggest, against my reputation ;
And moreover consult, the great father of lies,
When her stock is exhausted, to furnish supplies ;
She may likewise, encourage those furies, her breed,
In falshood and malice, their dam to exceed ;
And spread their infection, wherever they can,
Among imps like themselves, which admire their plan.
And, if any should question, her right to defame,
And revile, with her poisonous rancour, my name,
Provided she sticks to her falshood, and slander,
(Since, backwards, all persons of wit understand her)
This Patent for ever, I frankly declare,
Shall be her acquittance, in courts, and elsewhere,
From the date of these lines, and their first publication,
In force to continue, without revocation.

November 24, 1781.

On Six Sorts of People, who keep Fasts.

THE miser fasts, because he will not eat,
 The poor man fasts, because he has no meat;
 The rich man fasts, with greedy mind to spare,
 The glutton fasts, to eat the greater share;
 The hypocrite, he fasts, to seem more holy,
 The righteous man, to punish sinful folly.

Dean Swift's Certificate.

AT twelve o'clock, this stormy weather,
 I join'd this whore, and rogue, together:
 And none but he, that rules the thunder,
 Can put this rogue, and whore, asunder.

True Nobility, and False..

NOT all, that are accounted great,
 Deserve, to bear that name:
 The wicked, tho' in highest seat,
 To greatness, have no claim.
 The star, that shines on guilty breast,
 Or an illustrious pearl,
 May decorate, the outward vest,
 And tell us, "there's an Earl!"
 But, strip him of the brilliant coat,
 And shew the real man;
 And when the borrow'd light is out,
 Admire him, if you can?

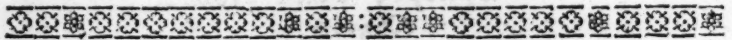
A

A servile world, may cringe, and bow,
 And homage pay, to names ;
 A servile world, we can't but know,
 Are mean, in all their aims ;

'Tis goodness, solid worth imparts,
 And, dignifies the poor ;
 Ye Nobles, then ! prepare your hearts,
 And, graft true goodness there.

Let true religion be your star,
 By virtue's dictates live ;
 You'll then have honour, greater far,
 Than gaudy titles give.

And when this visionary fort
 Of empty greatness dies,
 You will in heav'ns glorious court
 To endless honour rise.

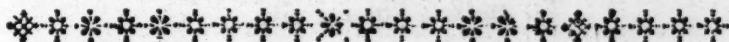


Epitaph on a Blacksmith.

MY sledge, and hammer, lie declin'd,
 My bellows too, have lost their wind ;
 My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
 My vice is, in the dust all laid ;
 My coal is spent, my iron gone,
 My nails are drove, my work is done.
 My fire-dry'd corpse, lies here at rest,
 My soul, smoke-like, soars to be blest.

T I T *for* T A T

SAYS Allen to his wife, before we part,
 I've some serious matter, much at heart ;
 When I was young I was prodigious wild,
 I fell in love and got a maid with child ;
 The babe is handsome, though she's rather brown,
 Do, take her home, and rear her as your own ;
 I wish indeed you'd her example be,
 I'm sure you'll love her for she's much like me ;
 'Tis well my dear, and you confess in time,
 I'm glad to find by you,---that 'tis no crime :
 I had a boy before I married you,
 Therefore together let us wed the two.



A Whimsical Epitaph, taken from a Stone in a Church.

HERE lies the body of Sarah Sexton,	}
Who as a wife, did never vex one ;	
We can't say that for her at th' next stone.	



On Quadrille.—To a Young Lady.

DEIGN, lovely nymph, to hear the least of bards,
 Who draws instruction from a game of cards ;
 What, tho' Quadrille perplex you, here is shown,
 How hard the task, for her, who plays alone.
 But, wou'd you then consent to be a wife ?
 Think first, Oh think ! you play your cards for life !
C
Shou'd

Shou'd fordid friends controul your right good will,
 Beware the wretched state, of forc'd Spadille.
 Shou'd man, by grandeur, strive your heart to fire,
 A cross fish, well denotes, a purse-proud 'Squire ;
 Then, pass by wealth, and power, for better sure,
 It is, with some kind swain, to play secure ;
 And he, dear girl, who does your charms adore,
 Now asks you leave, Oh ! let him soon say more.



To-Morrow. — An Epigram.

TO-MORROW you will live, you always cry ;
 In what far country, does to-morrow lye :
 That 'tis so mighty long, e'er it arrive ?
 Beyond the Indies, does this morrow live ?
 'Tis so far fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear,
 'Twill be both very old, and very dear.
 To-morrow, I will live, the fool does say,
 To day's too late ; the wise liv'd, yesterday.



*Spoke Extempore by the Earl of Rochester to a
 Parish Clerk.*

STERNHOLD, and Hopkins, had great qualms,
 When they translated David's Psalms,
 To make the heart full glad ;
 But had it been, poor David's fate,
 To hear thee sing, and them translate,
 By Jove, 'twould have made him mad.

Rhyme



Rhyme to Lisbon. — By the same.

HERE's a health to Kate,
 Our Sovereign's mate,
 Of the Royal House of Lisbon ;
 But, the Devil take Hyde,
 And, the Bishop, beside,
 That, made her bone, his bone.



On PUNCH.

HENCE, restless care, and low design !
 Hence, foreign compliments, and wine !
 Let generous Britons, brave, and free,
 Still, boast their punch, and honesty ;
 Life is a bumper, fill'd by fate,
 And, we the guests, who share the treat ;
 Where strong, insipid, sharp, and sweet,
 Each other duly temp'ring, meet ;
 A while, with joy, the scene is crown'd,
 A while, the catch, and toast, go round ;
 And, when the full carouse is o'er,
 Death puffs the lights, and shuts the door.
 Say then, physicians, of each kind ?
 Who cure the body, or the mind ;
 What harm, in drinking, can there be,
 Since punch, and life, so well agree ?



The Disappointed Husband.

A Scolding wife, so long a sleep possess'd,
 Her spouse presum'd her soul was now at rest;
Sable was call'd to hang the room with black,
 And all their cheer was sugar, rolls, and sack.
 Two mourning staffs stood centry at the door,
 And silence reign'd, who ne'er was there before;
 The cloaks, and tears, and handkerchiefs, prepar'd,
 They march'd, in woeful pomp, to the church yard;
 When, see, of narrow streets, what mischiefs come!
 The very dead can't pass in quiet home;
 By some rude jolt the coffin lid was broke,
 And, Madam, from her dream of death, awoke;
 Now all was spoil'd! The Undertaker's pay,
 Sour faces, cakes, and wine, quite thrown away;
 But some years after when the former scene,
 Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again;
 The tender husband took especial care,
 To keep the passage from disturbance clear;
 Charging the Bearers, that they tread aright,
 Nor put his dear, in such another fright.



Receipt to make an Epigram.

A Pleasing subject, first with care provide,
 Your matter must, with nature be supply'd;
 Nervous your diction, be your measure long,
 Nor, fear your verse be stiff, if sense be strong;
 In proper places, proper numbers use,
 And, now the quicker, now the slower chuse,
 Too soon, the dactyl, the performance ends;
 But, the slow spondee, coming thoughts suspends.

Your

Let me not faction's partial hate,
Pursue the Britain's woe,
Nor grasp the thunder of the state,
To wound a private foe.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Q U E R E.

WHAT verse in the Sacred Writings of the Old Testament contains the Alphabet of twenty-four letters ?

A N S W E R.

The seventh chapter of the Book of Ezra, verse the twenty-first, runs thus :

“ And I, even I, Artaxerxes, the King, do make a
“ decree to all the treasurers which are beyond the
“ river, that whatsoever Ezra the priest, the scribe
“ of the law of the God of heaven, shall require of
“ you, it be done speedily.”

L y a r s C o m p a r ' d .

SUCH a lyar is Tom, no one, can lie fairer,
Excepting his maid, and she'll lie with her master.

The



The T O P S.

FROM school, and from grammar, releas'd, as
one day,
Two youngsters at tops, were indulging, at play ;
With whipping, and scourging, while one was em-
ploy'd,

The other his castle-top, coolly enjoy'd :—
Old Busby their tutor, who, well knew the art,
From subjects, most trifling, wise rules, to impart,
Thus spoke, as he ey'd 'em, “ Good pupils, observe,
And close in your bosom, this lesson, preserve ;
Young boys are like tops : think a little, you'll find,
Like tops, you are all, of the versatile kind ;
Bad Lads are like whipping-tops, from the beginning,
Quite idle, unless Signior whip keeps 'em spinning ;
E contra, good lads, are like castle-tops found,
Who spin free, and willing, without lash, or wound ;
A lash would, a castle-top's spirit, abolish,
Would trip up its heels, and its spinning demolish ;
Good boys too, with whipping, would soon lose their
fire,
While idlers, like whipping-tops, lashing require ;
Then wisely the castle-top, take for your guide,
Spin freely—scourge never shall tickle your hide.”

What shall this Man do.

A P O E M.

NATURE and fortune, blythe and gay,
To pass an hour, or two ;
In frolick mood, agreed to play,
At, What shall this man do ?

C 4

Come,

Come, I'll be judge, then fortune cries,
 And therefore must be blind;
 Then whipp'd a napkin round her eyes,
 And ty'd it fast behind :

This done, she flump'd, upon her own,
 And loll'd on NATURE's knees ;
 So courtiers cringe but make the throne,
 A pillar for their ease :

Nature had now prepar'd her list,
 Of names on scraps of leather ;
 Which roll'd, she gave them each a twist,
 And husled them together :

Thus mixt, which ever came to hand,
 She, very surely, drew ;
 Then, bade her sister give command,
 For what that man shall do :

'Twould almost burst one's sides to hear,
 What strange commands she gave ;
 That *Cibber*, should the laurel wear,
 And *Cope* an army have ;

At length, when *Stanhope's* name was come,
 Dame nature smil'd, and cry'd ;
 Now tell me sister this man's doom,
 And what shall him betide ?

That man, said fortune, shall be one,
 Bless'd both by you and me ;
 Nay, then quoth nature, let's have done,
 Sister, I'm sure, you see.

Characters,

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Characters, Sentiments, and Moral Sayings,

Chiefly Extracted out of the Works of *Laurence Sterne*.

1. **A** Person may not merit favour, as that is only the claim of man ; but can never demerit charity, for that is the command of God.
2. Political and natural connections are different ideas, I look upon all ties of affinity or consanguinity merely to be of the first kind. Love and Friendship form the only natural alliances.
3. There is no such thing as an impartial representation. A looking-glass, one might be apt to imagine, was an exception to this proposition ; and yet we never see our own faces justly in one. It gives us nothing but the translation of them. A mirror even reverses our features, and presents our left hand for our right.---This is an emblem of all personal reflections.
4. Impatience is the principal cause of most of our irregularities and extravagancies. I would sometimes have paid a guinea to be at some particular ball or assembly, and something has prevented me going there. After it was over, I would not give a shilling to have had been there. I would pay a crown at any time for a venison ordinary. But after having dined on beef or mutton, I would not give a penny to have had it venison.---Think frequently on this resolution, ye giddy, and ye extravagant.

5. There is such a torture, happily unknown to ancient tyranny, as talking a man to death. Marcus Aurelius advises to assent readily to great talkers, in hopes, I suppose, to put an end to the argument.

6. Some persons think it sufficient to be good christians without being good men ; so spend their lives in whoring, drinking, cheating,---and praying,

7. People, who are always taking care of their health, are like misers, who are hoarding up a treasure, which they never have spirit enough to enjoy.

8. Titles of honour are like the impressions on coin ; which add no value to gold and silver, but only render brass current.

9. A certain person expressed himself once very happily (in making an apology for his epicurism) by saying, " he had unfortunately contracted an ill habit of living well."

10. Attornies are to Lawyers, what Apothecaries are to Physicians; only that they do not deal in scruples.

11. I have such aversion to ill temper ; that I could sooner forgive my wife adultery, than crossness ; I cannot taste Cassio's kiss on her lips ; but I can see a frown on her brow.

12. There are many ways of inducing sleep---the thinking of purling streams, or waving woods --reckoning of numbers--droppings from a wet sponge, fixed over a brass pan, &c. But temperance and exercise answer much better than any of these succedaneums.

13. Live to learn, and learn to live.

14. It

14. It shocks me to think how much mischief almost every man may do, who will but resolve to do all he can.

15. An epicure desires but one dish, a glutton would have two.

16. An atheist is more reclaimable than a papist; as ignorance is sooner cured than superstition.

17. Shakespear may be stiled the oracle of nature—he speaks science without learning, and writes the language of the present times.

18. I agree with Erasmus on the subject of the Trinity, --Satis est credere, and therefore shall never perplex myself, either with philosophizing or theologizing about the matter.

19. Positiveness is a most absurd foible. If you are in the right it lessens your triumph; if in the wrong, it adds shame to the defeat.

20. Desire in youth is a passion, in age, a vice; while it solicits us, it is pardonable; but when we pimp for it—O shameful!

21. Writings may be compared to wine, sense is the strength, but wit the flavour.

22. A man's fortune should be his rule for sparing, but not for spending. Extravagance may be supported, but not justified, by affluence.

23. To have respect to ourselves, guides our morals; and to have a deference for others, governs our manners.

24. Of all knaves, your fools are the worst, because they rob you both of your time and temper.

25. Drink never changes, but only shews our natures.

26. All young animals are merry, and old ones, grave.—An old woman is the only ancient animal that ever is frisky.

27. Lovers are apt to hear through their eyes, but the safest way is to see through their ears.—Who was it that said, speak that I may see you ?

28. The mind is naturally active, and will employ itself ill, if you do not employ it well. Magicians tell us, that when they raise the devil, they must find him work—and that he will as readily build a church as pull one down.

29. If time like money, could be laid by, while one was not using it, there might be some excuse for the idleness of half the world ; but yet not a full one. For even this would be such an œconomy as the living on a principal sum, without making it purchase interest.

30. There are three ways of dealing with time—losing it, spending it, or putting it out to use.

31. Mr. G——'s house is so kennelled with dogs, that one might fancy he lived in a forrest, and had no other neighbours, but bears.

32. I never drink—I cannot do it on equal terms with others. It costs them only one day ; but me three.—The first in sinning, the second in suffering, and the third in repenting.

33. A lie is a desperate cowardise :—it is to fear man, and brave God.

34. To

34. To put ourselves in other persons places, would obviate a great deal of the jealousies and resentments we are too frequently sensible of towards them ; and to put others into ours, would considerably abate the pride and haughtiness of ourselves.

35. Free thinkers are generally those who never think at all.

36. Sir Isaac Newton used to say, that it was mere labour and patient thinking which had enabled him to investigate the great laws of nature. Hear this, ye blockheads, and go study.

37. There be six things in physick, stiled non-naturals, and what do you think they are ? even the most natural things in nature,—Diet, evacuation, air, exercise, sleeping, and waking.

38. A lady of my acquaintance told me one day in great joy, that she had got a parcel of the most delightful novels to read, that she had ever met with before. They call them Plutarch's Lives, said she. I happened, unfortunately to inform her ladyship that they were deemed to be authentic histories. Upon which her countenance fell, and she never read another line in them.

39. The covetous man is poor ; but the contented man rich, said Bias the philosopher.

40. A watch, or clock, goes faster for being foul.

41. Theano a female philosopher, told Timæonides who had often reviled her, that notwithstanding his unkindness, she always spoke well of him,—But had the luck still to find that her panegyric had the same fate with his satire—to be equally discredited.—Prior and others have stolen Epigrams from this expression.
“ You

" You always speak ill of me
 " I always speak well of thee,—
 " But spite of all our noise and pother,
 " The world believes nor one nor t'other.

PRIOR.

42. I knew a man who was governed by no one principle in the world but fear. — He had no manner of objection to going to Church, but least the devil might take it ill.

43. Is it not an amazing thing, that men shall attempt to investigate the mystery of the redemption, when, at the same time it is propounded to us as an article of faith solely? we are told, that the very Angels have desired to pry into it in vain.

44. It is remarkable, that as by a woman we were all undone, so by a woman we were all retrieved again.—For as the virgin conceived without the co-operation of man, all the human nature that Christ took upon himself, must have been derived intirely from the feminine gender.

45. In the whole Hebrew Dictionary there is not one word to express nature or philosophy.

46. Sir Isaac Newton standing by the side of a quarry saw a stone fall from the top of it, to the ground---“ Why should this stone, when loosened “ from its bed, rather descend, than rise, or fly “ across? either of these directions must have been “ equally indifferent to the stone itself:”—such was his soliloquy; and this the first philosophic reflection he had ever made; this led him first into considering the nature of gravity, &c. — So that to a mere accident we owe all those deep researches, and useful discoveries with which he has since enriched the sciences.

47. Men

47. Men affect parrots, that disgrace human speech
---and are fond of monkeys, that ridicule human
action.

48. Great eaters have generally but dull intellects;
the dromedary is said to have four stomachs.

49. I was acquainted once with a gallant soldier,
who assured me that his only measure of courage was
this:---upon the first fire, in an engagement, he im-
mediately looks upon himself as a dead man. He
then bravely fought out the remainder of the day,
perfectly regardless of all manner of danger, as be-
comes a dead man to be. So that all the life or
limbs he carried back again to his tent, he reckoned
as clear gains; or as he himself expressed it, so much
out of the fire.

50. A man is shorter standing than lying along.
He is certainly near six lines, or about half an inch,
longer in bed than when up.

51. It is surprizing that there should be persons on
the face of the earth, who love themselves so little,
as to fret at every thing, to be constantly out of hu-
mour, and set the whole world against them.

52. The following is an inscription taken from
Saint Ann's, Aldersgate.

Qu	an	tris	di	c	vul	Stra
os	guis	ti	ro	um	nere	vit.
H	San	Chris	mi	t	mu	la

A Translation of the Inscription.

MAN, whom the serpents' envious mind destroy'd,
By Christ again the bliss of Heaven enjoy'd.

ANOTHER.

A N O T H E R.

THAT deadly wound, which Hell to man had giv'n,
Was heal'd, by Christ's dread sacrifice, in Heav'n.

53. Dr. Ruffel says, that a woman may have milk,
without being pregnant, or having had a child.

*An* E P I G R A M.

MUSIC's a crotchet, the sober thinks vain,
The fiddle's a wooden projection;
Tunes are but flirts of a whimsical brain,
Which the bottle brings best to perfection:

Musicians are half-witted, merry, and mad,
The same are all those that admire 'em;
They're fools if they play, unless they're well paid,
And the others are Blockheads to hire 'em.

*Advice to the Fair Sex.*

YE belles and ye flirts, and ye proud little things,
Who with malice and envy abound;
Pray tell me from whence your inconstancy springs,
My Nancy at once to confound?

Tho' her modest appearance you highly despise,
You secretly envy her charms;
Whilst you see her caress'd, by the young and the wise,
And each of them blest'd in her arms.

Let

Let my Nancy be fix'd, as a pattern for you,
 Her modesty gives no offence;
 The concealing indecencies, you place in view,
 Are samples she gives of her sense.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

On a Company Dancing.

THIS dance foretells that couple's life,
 Who mean to dance as man and wife;
 As here, they'll first with vigour set,
 Give hands, and turn, whene'er they meet;
 But soon will quit their former track,
 Cast of, and end in——back to back.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

To the World.

OBERVE a man thro' ev'ry scene of life,
 Blest in estate, in children, and a wife;
 And something you will ev'ry hour find,
 To spoil his pleasures, and distract his mind.
 The greedy miser makes his sole employ,
 To heap up riches, others may enjoy;
 And is the pleasure that from this he gains,
 Ev'n half enough to recompence his pains!
 Be then content with that decree of fate,
 That's first thy lot, and first thy destin'd state;
 Be wise, and wholly on thy God rely,
 This world's vain pleasures, and its pride defy;
 Whilst cankering cares this mortal life surround,
 In heav'n alone true happiness is found.

Caution



Cautions to Youth.

BETHINK, ye heedless youths, in time,
 The present hour enjoy,
 Nor, idly sportive, waste your prime,
 In pleasures that will cloy.

Let beauty's vain allurements cease,
 Your flutt'ring hearts to share;
 Her lawless sweets awhile may please,
 But end in grief and care.

Nor let the jovial charms of wine,
 Your blinded souls entrance;
 Or to the revel routs incline,
 Of song and tipsy dance.

Let virtue's footsteps guide your way,
 And where she leads pursue;
 Nor ever from her precepts stray,
 But keep them still in view.

Of her, possess'd, in her, you'll find,
 Delights of truer taste;
 Content of heart, with peace of mind,
 And joys that ever last.

In a garden in Surrey, are two elegantly carved Pedestals, on which are placed a Gentleman's and Lady's skull ; each of which here addresses the male and female visitants.

The LADY'S SKULL.

BLUSH not, ye fair, to own me——but be wise,
Nor turn from sad mortality your eyes ;
Fame says (and fame alone call tell how true)
I---once---was lovely, and belov'd, like you.

Where are my vot'ries, where my flatt'ers now ?
Fled, with the subject of each lover's vow.
Adieu the roses red, and lillies white,
Adieu those eyes, that made the darkness, light ;
No more, alas ! those coral lips are seen,
Nor longer breathes the fragrant gale between.

Turn from your mirror and behold in me,
At once what thousands can't or dare not see ;
Unvarnish'd, I the real truth impart,
Nor here am plac'd but to direct the heart ;
Survey me well, ye fair ones, and believe,
The grave may terrify, but can't deceive.

On beauty's fragril state, no more depend ;
Here youth and pleasure, age and sorrow, end :
Here drops the mask, here shuts the final scene,
Nor differs grave threescore, from gay fifteen ;
All press alike to that same goal——the tomb,
Where wrinkled Laura, smiles at Chloe's bloom.

When coxcombs flatter, and when fools adore,
Here learn the lesson, to be vain no more ;
Yet virtue still against decay can arm,
And even, lend mortality a charm.



The GENTLEMAN'S SKULL.

WHY start?---The case is yours---or will be soon,
 Some years, perhaps before another moon ;
 Life, at its utmost length, is still a breath,
 And those, who longest dream, must wake in death.

Like you, I once thought ev'ry bliss secure,
 And gold, of ev'ry ill, the certain cure ;
 Till steep'd in sorrow and besieg'd in pain,
 Too late I found all earthly riches vain ;
 Disease, with scorn, threw back the sordid fee,
 And death, still answer'd---what is gold to me ?

Fame, titles, honours, next I vainly fought,
 And fools, obsequious, nurs'd the childish thought ;
 Circled with brib'd applause, and purchas'd praise,
 I built on endless grandeur, endless days ;
 Till death awoke me from my dream of pride,
 And laid a prouder beggar by my side.

Pleasure I courted, and obey'd my taste,
 The banquet smil'd, and smil'd the gay repast ;
 A loathsome carcase, was my constant care,
 And worlds were ransack'd, but for me to share ;
 Go on, vain man, to luxury be firm,
 Yet know---I feasted---but to feast a worm.

Already, sure, less terrible I seem,
 And you, like me, shall own---that life's a dream.
 Farewell ! remember ! nor my words despise---
 The only happy are---the early wise.



On K I T T Y.

AS on my Kitty's lovely face.
 With rapture faint, I gaz'd ;
 Admir'd each feature's charming grace,
 Delighted and amaz'd ;
 A dart, a keen envenom'd dart,
 By wanton Cupid aim'd ;
 Pierc'd thro' my tender yielding heart,
 And all my soul inflam'd ;
 Conscious of victory, she smil'd,
 Pleas'd with her lover's smart ;
 Whilst I exclaim'd, a form so mild,
 Can't hide a cruel heart ;
 She blush'd, I snatch'd her hand, she sigh'd,
 I clasp'd the yielding fair ;
 She gently struggled, faintly cry'd,
 Ah ! Jockey, can you dare !



On D E G R E E S.

BY slow degrees, experience we attain,
 Abstruse affairs, we by degrees explain ;
 We by degrees, the steps of science trace,
 And by degrees, to others, leave our place ;
 By slow degrees, the polish'd steel takes rust,
 And by degrees, we moulder into dust ;
 Then, why should man be lofty, proud, or vain,
 Who's made of dust, and turns to dust again.

Epitaph

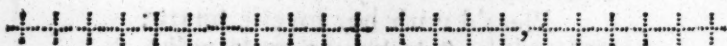


Epitaph on Dr. Sterne,

*Author of Tristram Shandy ; born 24th November 1713,
died March 18th, 1768.*

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

SHALL pride a heap of sculptur'd marble raise,
Some worthless unmourn'd titled fool to praise ;
And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn,
Where genius, wit, and humour, sleep with *Sterne*.



O Tempora ! O Mores !

SINCE madness reigns, and Britain's sons complain,
Since wealth and pow'r intoxicate the brain,
Ambition fires, frail mortals' chief disgrace,
To rest a stranger, and a foe to peace ;
Since folly rules ; since schemes abortive prove ,
Since faction calls her sons, still foes to love ;
Since virtue's fled ; since honour's but a name ;
Since fools conspire to blast an honest fame ;
Since vice and black corruption stand for law ;
Since men from these do their opinions draw ;
Since courtiers flatter, authors write for pay ;
Since cow'rd's aspire their country to betray ;
Since men, the gifts of providence despise,
Since prostitutes, in pomp are seen to rise ;
While sense, a foundling, blasted in her prime,
Lies unregarded in the womb of time ;
Since our grandees adopt their fathers crimes ;
Since manners alter principles with times ;

Since

Since all conspire their country to distress ;
 Faction encourag'd foe to happiness ;
 Since men in office, grow imperious, proud ;
 Since Britain for redress, still calls aloud ;
 To ease the nation, with one voice agree,
 Tax fools and knaves, of debt 'twill set us free.



Search after Friendship.

THE Gods were met on certain day,
 Whether in April or in May,
 To question would be folly ;
 All that I know, these pow'rs divine,
 Drank nectar, for the Gods hate wine,
 And faith were very jolly.

Jove sat at top with kindly pride,
 The sage Minerva grac'd his side,
 Whig'd Hermes gave the toast :
 Apollo sang some merry tunes,
 Plump Bacchus play'd upon the spoons,
 And Vulcan stood the roast.

The cloth remov'd ; 'twas Jove's command,
 Hermes should visit all the land,
 To find a real friend.
 Th' inspecting God had orders giv'n,
 To fix a seat for him in heav'n :
 The search was to no end.

He

He fought the parson there, no doubt,
 Thinking to find the maiden out,
 In virtue's ancient school ;
 But he with yawn, and outstretch'd arm,
 Poor man ! meant neither good nor harm,
 A pedant and a fool.

As by the camp he chanc'd to stray,
 He met a soldier in his way ;
 In him success was sure :
 But guess how great was Hermes' fright ;
 The chief could hardly read or write,
 Was silly, dull, and poor.

Then at his Grace's door he knock'd,
 But that, alas ! was double lock'd ;
 Friendship was never there :
 He try'd from house to house around,
 That heav'n born maid, from Britain's ground,
 Was flown, I knew not where.

With humble heart and suppliant knee,
 We therefore bend, great Jove, to thee,
 For thou canst form us right ;
 Grant it may be thy sacred will,
 Whom once we've lov'd, to love on still,
 Though hell and earth unite.

Then shall this globe be blythe and gay,
 The fearful lamb with wolves shall stray,
 A happy, harmless world ;
 Till at thy nod, thou King of Kings,
 This mass of unsubstantial things,
 Be into Chaos hurl'd.

The Gambler Corrected.

A Gambler full of discontent,
 His humours thus began to vent ;
 " Wretched man of woman born,
 " Plucks no rose without a thorn ;
 " All the joys he snatches here,
 " Carry poison in their rear ;
 " Pleasure never comes alone,
 " Pain attends, we sigh, we groan."
 A friend who heard each fretful word,
 Struck with complainings so absurd,
 And with his folly much affected,
 The Gambler smartly thus corrected :
 " Peace, thou gloomy grumbler, know
 " That nothing's perfect here below ;
 " Yet half the woes which life invade,
 " Are by our own misconduct made ;
 " Bless'd with the rosy bloom of health,
 " By fortune crown'd with stores of wealth ;
 " What cause has thou, in strains like these,
 " To censure heav'n's all-wise decrees ?
 " The blessings in thy pow'r enjoy,
 " Nor seek their value to destroy ;
 " 'Tis impious in a clouded state,
 " To murmur at the strokes of fate ;
 " But when we bask in sunny days,
 " The heart shall bound with grateful praise ;
 " No longer then, vain man, repine,
 " Life's greatest blessings, all are thine ;
 " Enjoy them with a grateful mind,
 " And be to providence resign'd."
 Too often in a grumbling vein,
 In life, we of our lot complain ;
 And in the search of discontent,
 Ourselves ingeniously torment ;

D

Unhappy

Unhappy truly so are they,
 Who fancy's wildest flights obey,
 Who fear-struck, frightful phantoms make,
 And at ideal scarecrows shake.

Without a chearful disposition,
 We relish life in no condition ;
 And with it, we can hardly miss
 (Whatever be our lot) of bliss ;
 In every rank, and various station,
 The evils of our own formation
 Are numberless, and far exceed,
 Those by omnipotence decreed ;
 Some are by real misfortunes press'd,
 By accidental pains distress'd ;
 Far more, the griefs they feel create,
 And sink beneath a fancied weight ;
 Where one receives substantial blows,
 A thousand smart with shadowy woes.

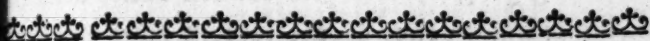


A Recipe for a Modern Critic.

TWO drachms of stale sense, and a scruple of wit,
 A lump of old learning, of taste a small bit ;
 A line or two out of the stagyrite's rules,
 And a satchel of nonsense glean'd up from the schools ;
 Of Lethe's thick stream, a full gallon well shook ;
 Of sarcasms two hundred from an old book ;
 Of candor a grain, and of scandal a ton ;
 Of knowledge two ounces, of merit not one ;
 An handful of rue, and of onions a load ;
 The brains of a calf, and the breast of a toad ;
 The eye of a mole, and the nail of a cat ;
 The tooth of a mouse, and the wing of a bat ;

The

the purse of old poverty, hunger's lank jaw ;
 the gander's long wind-pipe, the monkey's crimp
 maw ;
 take this dose, my good author, you quickly will do,
 Critical, Monthly, or any Review.



The Easy Couple : or, Wedlock in Fashion.

WHO says my Lord and Lady disagree ?
 A pair more like in all things cannot be ;
 Lord will often curse the marriage chain,
 Lady wishes it unloos'd again.
 Her with bloods, my Lord is ne'er at home ;
 Her engag'd, my Lady likes his room ;
 He swears his boy is not his real son ;
 My Lady thinks it is not all his own.
 I'll have a sep'rate bed ; - -tis her desire. —
 Meets warm'd, ---bed made, ---the smiling pair retire ;
 The cause tho' hidden, yet the same their want ;
 He sends for Miss, — and she, for her gallant.
 Their union then makes blest the marriage life,
 The same the husband, and the same the wife ;
 In two breasts, one mind gives joy sincere,
 That two more happy than this happy pair ?



An Address to the charitable Contributors to the
GENERAL INFIRMARY at LEEDS.

If laurel wreaths successful tyrants claim,
 And realms they desolate still yield them fame ;
 In distant times in pompous statues see,
 Who slew the guiltless, and enslav'd the free ;

From earth to heav'n, what glories must attend,
 The poor's protector, and the sick-man's friend;
 To shelt'ring roofs, who welcomes the distress'd,
 Where the most wretched are the most care's'd !
 When gaping wounds and broken bones demand,
 The saving touches of the lenient hand ;
 With fatal heat, when raging fevers glow,
 Or pale consumption aims a silent blow ;
 Here sinking nature, healing arts sustain,
 Repel diseases, and relieve from pain.
 For this the sage, deep-skill'd in nature's laws,
 Each symptom traces backward to its cause ;
 Prescribes the med'cine, and in med'cines aid,
 Bids hope's bright sunshine dark despair pervade ;
 While unambitious by his master taught,
 To heav'n the priest directs the prayer unbought ;
 And careful matrons, in their seasons, spread
 An healthful table, and a decent bed.
 O ! justly honour'd with the christian name !
 Still let your charity your worth proclaim !
 Still to the sick, our Saviour's words address,
 Go and be heal'd--and heav'n that heals you, bless.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

The Court-Dance ; or Perpetual Change.

YOU first lead up, then turn about,
 Join hands as tho' they'd part no more
 Strike off again, turn in, turn out,
 Then stand just as you was before.
 Whilst thus they dance, you may be certain,
 The music plays behind the curtain.

A W I L L.—*Attempted in Verse.*

IN th' name of God, the King of Kings,
 Whose glory fills the mighty space ;
 Creator of all worldly things,
 And giver, both of time and space.

To him, I do resign my breath,
 And that immortal soul he gave me,
 Sincerely hoping, after death,
 The merits of his life will save me.

To CLIFTON's airy, holy ground,
 I dedicate my lifeless clay ;
 'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
 Shall raise me to eternal day.

No costly funeral prepare ;
 'Twixt sun and moon I only crave,
 A hearse, and mourning coach to bear,
 My wife and children to my grave.

My goods and chattles, I desire,
 May pay the honest debts I owe ;
 The rest (if any) I require,
 May to my wife and children go.

My blessings, unto them, I give,
 Let that suffice, instead of wealth ;
 May grace attend them, while they live,
 And virtue long preserve their health.

My wife I do appoint the sole
 Executrix of this my will ;
 And set my hand unto the scroll,
 In hopes the same she will fulfill.



The Praise of Temperance in High Life.

HAPPY the great, who, by experience, know,
 What temperance is ! what blessings from
 flow !

Thro' this the mind holds sound, preserves its rule ;
 The pulse beats even, and the head is cool ;
 The nerves are brac'd, the spirits in due plight,
 The stomach wants not heat, nor appetite ;
 It both enjoys, without the costly fee,
 Or aid of Berkeley's* studied remedy.
 A life of temperance augments their days,
 Affords them satisfaction, gains them praise ;
 While in themselves they're bless'd, in life are wise,
 Where'er they go they meet applause's eyes ;
 A good old age they happily enjoy,
 A good old age they worthily employ ;
 They make their pious worth, and gladness known,
 Neither inactive, dull, or useless grown ;
 Thus Waller's florid eve of life was spent,
 Much to God's honour, and his own content.

The

* Bishop of Cloyne.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

*The Epitaph of JOHN BUTLER, Parish-Clerk
of Cornhill 22 years, who died in 1768.*

OF have I view'd the gloomy place,
Which claims the relics of the human race ;
And read on the insculptur'd stone,
" Here lies the body of _____
" _____ But now my own,
" Dissolves to native dust, and as you see,
" Another here, has done the same for me."

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

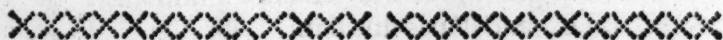
Change of Times.—By Pope.

TIME was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock ;
Instruct his family in every rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school ;
To worship like his fathers was his care,
And teach their frugal virtues to his heir ;
To prove that luxury could never hold,
And place on good security his gold ;
Now times are chang'd, and one poetic itch,
Has seiz'd the court and city, poor, and rich ;
Sons, fires, and grand-fires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays ;
To theatres, and to rehearsals, throng,
And all our grace at table, is a song.

~~~~~

*An Invocation to Omnipotence.*

**O** Power Supreme ! O high above all height !  
 Thou gav'st the sun to shine, and thou art light,  
 Whether he falls, or rises in the skies,  
 He, by thy voice is taught to fall, or rise ;  
 Swiftly he moves, refulgent in his sphere,  
 And measures out the day, the month, the year ;  
 He wakes the flowers that sleep within the earth,  
 And calls the fragrant infants out to birth ;  
 The fragrant infants paint th' enamell'd vales,  
 And native incense lead the balmy gales ;  
 The balmy gales the fragrancy convey,  
 To heav'n, and to their God an offering pay.



*A Paradoxical Wedding.*

**A** Wedding there was, and a dance there must be ;  
 And who shou'd dance first, thus all did agree :  
 Old grandfire and grandam, shou'd lead the dance  
                   down,  
 Two fathers, two mothers, shou'd step the same  
                   ground ;  
 Two daughters stood up, and danc'd with their fires,  
 (The room was so warm they wanted no fires,)  
 And also two sons, who danc'd with their mothers,  
 'Three sisters were there, and danc'd with three  
                   brothers ;  
 Two uncles vouchsafed with nieces to dance,  
 With nephews to gig it, it pleased two aunts ;  
 Three husbands wou'd dance with none but their  
                   wives,  
 (As bent so to do, all the days of *their* lives.)

The

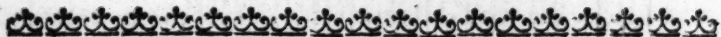
The granddaughter chose the jolly grandson,  
 And bride, she wou'd dance with bridegroom, or none;  
 A company choice ! their number to fix,  
 I told them all o'er, and found them but six;  
 All honest and true, from incest quite free;  
 Their marriages good,—pray how cou'd that be ?



*An Answer to the above.*

OLD Priam the King, with Hecuba wed ;  
 Creusa was glad Æneas to bed ;  
 And Helena fair, made Paris her head.  
 Old Priam was grandfire, and Hecuba grannam,  
 (Æneas's sister, and Paris his dam,  
 By husband suppos'd, and not by Priam.)  
 Creusa and Helen, direct in a line,  
 Were offsprings that came from King Priam's loin ;  
 A father was Priam, Æneas another,  
 Creusa was called, and Hecuba mother.  
 A daughter is Cruse, and Helena fair ;  
 Æneas a son ; had Paris for heir ;  
 Two sisters had Cruse ; Æneas two brothers ;  
 Although they were born of different mothers ;  
 The brother of Hele was uncle to Cruse ;  
 So Hele's call'd Priam, and yet no abuse !  
 Old Hec. is an aunt to husband of niece ;  
 Creusa is aunt to nephew Paris ;  
 The granddaughter Hele made Paris grandson ;  
 The one was a bride, the other bridegroom ;  
 The men were three husbands, the women three wives,  
 How to part 'em, the Proctors can't think for their lives.

Suppose old Priam married Hecuba ; Creusa married Æneas, brother of Hecuba ; Helena married Paris, son of Hecuba, supposed by a former husband, once wife to Menelaus.



*The Cripple of Bethesda ; or, The Honest Country  
Curate's Complaint.*

A T fam'd Bethesda's pool near Salem's gate,  
 Whilst Salem flourish'd in her legal state,  
 Still crouds of cripples in arrangement lay,  
 Impatient, waiting the restoring day ;  
 Where, at set times, as we recorded find,  
 An angel, in compassion to mankind ;  
 By tinge divine, such efficacy gave,  
 Who first immerg'd, was rescu'd from the grave ;  
 And quite forgetful of his former pain,  
 View'd his less happy brothers with disdain :  
 Yet, still but one, at one commotion cur'd,  
 The rest their pains another year endur'd ;  
 Whilst he who no kind aid at hand had got,  
 In fight of health might on the margin rot.

A cripple, here for years neglected lay,  
 Still hoping every turn, to get away ;  
 But friends in town, still otherwise employ'd,  
 Forgot his pains, as they their health enjoy'd ;  
 Not so they promis'd, when they fix'd him there,  
 But words are wind, and vanish into air.

So when death's angel, with a cold embrace,  
 Welcomes a rector to the throne of grace,  
 The Lazar curates in their fortunes lame,  
 Strive to immerge into preferment's stream ;  
 Each has his friend to aid him on the way,  
 They plunge, emerge, then cast the crutch away ;  
 Forget their cot, small beer, and rusty gown,  
 Get taste for wine, and residence in town ;  
 Grow dull and ruddy, insolent, and bluff,  
 And think their quondam brethren have enough.

Whilst



Whilst cripple I, of interest bereft,  
 Still on the cold clay margin here am left ;  
 No friendly hand its timely aid supplies,  
 And still I totter when I strive to rise ;  
 Yet eight long years have I this station kept,  
 Of all the joys of social life bereft ;  
 Banish'd from town, from friends, from all that's  
     dear, }  
 To starve genteel on forty pounds a year,  
 Scarce felon's diet, eaten bread, and beer ;  
 Four helpless babes, three servants, and a wife,  
 To furnish with the requisites of life ;  
 A cottage built in patriarchal taste,  
 Where artists' tools have made but little waste ;  
 A farm so barren, that my yearly hope,  
 Will scarce support six chickens in a coop ;  
 A purse-proud upstart, sneering on my farm,  
 Who'd pledge his soul, to do a gownsman harm ;  
 Whose conscience checks not, when he can defraud,  
 His King, his country, neighbour, or his God ;  
 To close the scene, the wretch who here doth sit,  
 Must to each insult, unredress'd submit,  
 Of fam'd Astrea, here no trace is found,  
 Her feet so tender, and so rough the ground.

Say, O ye pow'rs ! for what atrocious crime,  
 Too black to mention, or pollute a rhyme ;  
 Am I condemn'd to dwell in oozy fens,  
 'Midst dreary mountains, and more hideous glens ;  
 Where nought but murder, and rebellion lurk,  
 Waiting the signal, to begin the work ;  
 Which blind-led zealots fix their hearts upon,  
 To match the crimson scenes of forty-one.

O thou ! to whom I humbly here submit,  
 Myself, my cause, and my distresses great ;  
 Thou ! who in time could to the cripple send,  
 By all deserted, so divine a friend ;

Who

Who by a word could former health restore,  
 And break those chains, which fetter'd him before ;  
 Thou ! who the heart of man doth model still,  
 And make subservient to thy heav'nly will ;  
 With pity touch thy lov'd Apostle's breast,  
 To ease my wants, or take me to thy rest.

Small's my request, as little I deserve,  
 'Tis only, that I should not preach, and starve ;  
 Since sacred writings, these directions give,  
 " Who at the altar serve, should by it live."

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

*The Effect of erroneous Pointing : or, Truth  
 in a Veil.*

**I** SAW a peacock with a fiery tail ;  
 I saw a blazing comet rain down hail ;  
 I saw the clouds begirt with ivy around ;  
 I saw a sturdy oak creep on the ground ;  
 I saw a pismire swallow up a whale ;  
 I saw the briny sea brim full of ale ;  
 I saw a beaker glass fifteen yards deep ;  
 I saw a well full of men's tears that weep ;  
 I saw men's eyes all on a flame of fire ;  
 I saw a house as high as th' moon and higher ;  
 I saw the sun, just at the midnight hour ;  
 I saw the man who saw those things most sure,

\*\*\*\*\*

E P I G R A M.

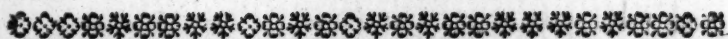
**S**AYS Johnny to Paddy, " I can't for my life,  
 " Conceive how a dumb pair, are made man  
 " and wife,  
 " Since they can't with the form, and the parson ac-  
 " cord."  
 Says paddy, " you fool ! they take each other's word."



*An Inscription on a small Country Seat:*

**H**ERE circumscrib'd, within a narrow spot,  
 (Calm and contented, with my humble lot;)   
 Let each rude dissonance, and tumult cease;  
 And none approach me, but the sons of peace;  
 Let plodding mortals, weave their cobweb schemes,  
 Or doze away their hours, in golden dreams;  
 Let smiling fortune, realize their store,  
 And to their mountain, add a mountain more;  
 Let them attempt to scale the blissful skies,  
 And catch the phantom which before them flies;  
 Foil'd in their giant wishes, they will find,  
 That happiness is seated in the mind;  
 Will shun the dazzling glare, that struck their sight,  
 And crave at last, for permanent delight;  
 Will scorn, the visionary cloud, that spread,  
 An unsubstantial rainbow round their head;  
 And when their setting sun has ceas'd to shine,  
 Will taste a happiness, as poor as mine;  
 Go then, ye plodding fools! pursue your chace,—  
 Pant for a feather in a toilsome race.—  
 Be mine the joy to soar on fancy's wing,  
 And, like the lark in grateful notes to sing;  
 To trace the beauties of the varied sphere,  
 And mark the changes of the circling year;  
 The twinkling gems of morning to behold,  
 And evening streak'd with fleecy clouds of gold;  
 To tread the paths which wisdom's sons have trod,  
 And rise, by sweet gradations, to my God.

*The*



*The B I T E R B I T.*

A Certain priest had hoarded up,  
 A secret mass of gold ;  
 But where he might bestow it safe,  
 By fancy was not told,

At last, it came into his head,  
 To lock it in a chest ;  
 Within the chancel, and he wrote,  
 Thereon, *Hic Deus est.*

A merry grigg, whose greedy mind,  
 Long wish'd for such a prey ;  
 Respected not the sacred words,  
 That on the casket lay.

Took out the gold, and blotted out ;  
 The priest's inscript thereon,  
 Wrote, *Resurrexit, non est hic,*  
 " Your God is rose and gone."



*The Terror of a Chambermaid.*

I N William's battles, Capt. Gregg,  
 Had lost an arm, and eke a leg ;  
 But art new limb'd his maimed side,  
 And mimic cork the loss supply'd ;  
 Return'd to Britain sound and well,  
 And once more lodges at the Bell.

" What



" What thou alive still ! honest Meg !  
 " Here then, good girl, lay by that leg ;  
 " So, now this arm, he gravely said ;  
 " And now, my dear, screw off my head ;  
 " Your head, says Meg !—with all my heart—  
 " I fear'd, you'd lost a better part.

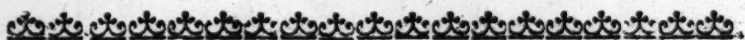


### ROBIN'S SPECTACLES.

**R**OBIN, who, to the plow was bred,  
 And never learn'd to write or read,  
 Seeing the good old people use,  
 To read with glasses, cross their nose :  
 Which constantly, they wore about 'em,  
 And said, they could not do without 'em ;  
 Happen'd one day, to come to town,  
 And, as he faunter'd up, and down,  
 He chanc'd to spy where such like things,  
 Hung dangling, in a row of strings ;  
 It took him in the head to stop,  
 And ask the master of the shop,  
 If he could furnish folk, that need,  
 With glasses, that could make 'em read ?  
 Or sell a pair of what d'ye call it ?  
 Would fit the nose, and would not gall it ?  
 The man his drawer in one hand took,  
 The other op'd the bible book,  
 The drawer contain'd of glasses plenty,  
 From ninety, down to less than twenty ;  
 Some set in horn, and some in leather,  
 But Robin could approve of neither ;  
 And when an hundred pair he'd try'd,  
 And still had thrown them all aside,  
 The man grew peevish,—both grew vex'd,  
 And swore he could not read the text.

" Not

“ Npt read ” — “ Confound you for a fool ;  
“ I’ll hang, if e’er you went to school.” —  
“ Did you e’er read without the help  
“ Of spectacles ? ” — “ Why, no, ye whelp ;  
“ Do people, who can walk without,  
“ Buy crutches for to stump about ? ”



*On the Death of Dr. Secker, late Archbishop of  
Canterbury.*

WHILE Secker liv’d, he shew’d how Seers  
should live ;  
While Secker taught, heav’n open’d to our eye ;  
When Secker gave, we know, how angels give ;  
When Secker dy’d, we knew, e’en Saints must die.



*Queen Elizabeth, in her Progress through the King-  
dom, called at Coventry, and was addressed by  
the Mayor, as follows :*

WE men of Coventry, are very glad to see,  
Your Royal Majesty---good Lord, how fair  
you be !

*To which her Majesty answered, as follows :*

My Royal Majesty, is very glad to see,  
Ye men of Coventry---good Lord, what fools ye be !  
*A Clergyman.*

\*\*\*\*\*:\*\*\*\*\*

*A Clergyman received the following Letter from an unknown Friend, with a handsome pecuniary Present, and gave the following Answer in the public papers, as an Acknowledgment to the Donor.*

L E T T E R.

**Y**OU are desired to accept the inclosed from  
A FRIEND.

A N S W E R.

A Friend indeed!—how very rare, we find,  
A Friend, so truly good, so truly kind;  
Thus, in conformity to heav'n's command,  
My Friend gives not with ostentatious hand;  
The worthy name refuses to disclose,  
Nor knows the left hand, what the right bestows;  
May bounteous heav'n, my grateful prayer regard;  
The deed, with ample recompence, reward;  
And, with all heart can wish, or tongue express,  
The gen'rous friend, and pious christian bless.

\*\*\*\*\*

*The Observation of Bishop Corbet.*

**A**LL travellers this heavy judgment hear!  
An handsome hostess makes the reckoning dear;  
Each word, each look, your purses must requite 'em,  
And, every welcome adds another item.

*A Bagatelle.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*A Bagatelle.*

**M**ADAM Venus, attended by each pretty grace,  
With a suppliant knee, and a sweet begging  
face,

Ask'd of Bacchus this morning a favour ;  
When his Godship, at once, rais'd her up with a kiss,  
Then, tell me, says he, what the great favour is,  
For I cannot refuse one, so clever.

Why, the truth, says her Goddessship, and the whole  
truth,

Is, in spite of my beauty, my shape, and my youth,  
That I can't make a Profelyte now.—

Not a man do I find that is able to prove,  
Once a convert, from rambling to laudable love ;  
But, they all pay their homage to you.

Jolly Bacchus reply'd, and reply'd with a smile,  
Prithee Venus observe, and believe me the while,  
I am innocent here, it is plain ;  
For I ne'er see a man, till you first wound his heart ;  
Then he flies to the doctor to take out the dart ;  
Which I do with a flask of Champaign.

Oh ! a flask, says fair Venus, would never do harm ;  
But they drink till e'er beauty no longer can charm,  
And I lose ever after my pow'r,---  
Prithee Venus, a truce, said the rosy-cheek'd God,  
For whatever my frolics may be all abroad,  
In this place they shall drink but an hour.

Thus



Thus shall friendship and love to its channel return,  
 And with virtue alone both sexes shall burn ;  
 But remember I only mean here,---  
 For in London I'll push the brisk glass as before,  
 And will rattle and prattle, and frolic and roar ;  
 For pray, who is my Godship to fear ?

Venus now ran away, to each fair blooming maid ;  
 Oh ! I came, I saw, and I conquer'd, she said ;  
 His proud godship at once buckles too---  
 For the bottle, he swears, shall henceforward submit  
 To your beauty, your sense, your good-nature and wit,  
 And that men shall give women their due,



*Against L I F E.*

**W**HAT tranquil road, unvex'd by strife,  
 Can mortals chuse through human life ?  
 Attend the courts, attend the bar---  
 There discord reigns, and endless jar :  
 At home, the weary wretches find,  
 Severe disquietude of mind ;  
 To till the fields, gives toil and pain ;  
 Eternal terrors sweep the main ;  
 If rich, we fear to lose our store,  
 Need and distress await the poor ;  
 Sad care, the bands of hymen give,  
 Friendless, forlorn, th' unmarried live ;  
 Are children born ? we anxious groan,  
 Childless, our lack of heirs we moan ;  
 Wild, giddy schemes our youth engage,  
 Weakness and want depress old age ;  
 Would fate then with my wish comply,  
 I'd never live, or quickly die.

*For*

*For L I F E.*

**M**ANKIND may walk, unvex'd by strife,  
Thro' every road of human life ;  
Fair wisdom regulates the bar,  
And peace concludes the wordy war ;  
At home, auspicious mortals find,  
Serene tranquility of mind ;  
All beauteous nature decks the plain,  
And merchants plow for gold the main ;  
Respect arises from our store,  
Security from being poor ;  
More joys the bands of hymen give,  
Th' unmarried with more freedom live ;  
If parents, our blest lot we own,  
Childless, we have no cause to moan ;  
Firm vigour crowns our youthful stage,  
And venerable hairs, old age,  
Since all is good, then who would cry,  
" I'd never live, or quickly die ?"

*The MISER and MOUSE.*

*An E P I G R A M.*

**T**O a mouse says a miser, " my dear little mouse,  
Pray what may you please to want in my house ?"  
Says the mouse, " Mr Miser, pray keep yourself quiet,  
You are safe in your person, your purse and your diet ;  
A lodging I want, which you e'en may afford,  
But none would come here, to beg, borrow, or board."

*Internal.*



*Internal Accomplishments preferable to external  
Beauty.*

GOOD nature and good sense, are sure to please;  
 Beauty tho' much admir'd, must yield to these;  
 New charms while life remains, from these arise,  
 While that, but some few years delights our eyes;  
 Alas! too soon the fair one's disarray'd,  
 The lillies wither, and the roses fade;  
 From the bright form, the transcient graces fly,  
 And scarce the lightnings languish in her eye;  
 By age or sickness brought, her bloom is past,  
 And that too frail is beauty long to last;  
 Trust not, Clarinda, then to pride or form,  
 That fools, as well as men of sense, can warm;  
 But as you boast th' endowments of the mind,  
 Which raise the brightest passions, strongest bind;  
 To shine with these, be your exalted aim,  
 And know, such charms inspire no vulgar frame;  
 That these alone, substantial joys impart,  
 At once attract, and fix the roving heart.



*An Inscription on a Column, erected on a Piece of  
Land often bought and sold.*

I Whom thou see'st, begirt with tow'ring oaks,  
 Was once the property of John o' Nokes;  
 On him, prosperity no longer smiles,  
 And now, I feed the flocks of John o' Stiles;  
 My former master call'd me by his name,  
 My present owner, fondly does the same;

While

While I, alike unworthy of their cares,  
Quick pass to captors, purchasers, or heirs ;  
Let no one, henceforth, take me as his own,  
For, Fortune ! Fortune ! I am thine alone.

XXXXXXXXXX:XXXXXXXXXX:XXXXXXXXXX

*The Hermit and the Devil.*

**A** Rev'rend Hermit, full of years,  
As by the legend plain appears,  
Was musing on his way ;  
Who should pop in his path so quick ?  
But Signior Satan, 'y clept Old Nick,  
Dress'd like a Friar grey.

A kind of outré character,  
Was this same master Lucifer,  
As authors all agree ;  
Could change with Proteus, shape at will,  
Now thought to prove the Father's skill,  
By putting questions three.

" What strangest thing in all the round,  
" Of the Creator's works profound,  
" Takes up the smallest space ?"  
The hoary sage, as sudden said,  
" Of all we know that God has made,  
" 'Tis sure the human face.

" When earth resembled heav'n, where,  
" The place and time now straight declare,  
" Since nature first had birth ?"  
The holy man reply'd, " the morn,  
" When Beth'lems radiant star was born,  
" Our Saviour, God on earth."

The



The fiend said lastly, " Father tell  
 " The distance true, from heav'n to hell,  
 " And I will instant hence."  
 The hermit cry'd, " you best should know,  
 " Can you forget the overthrow,  
 " When you was spurn'd from thence ?"

These answers struck the Devil dumb,  
 Who scratch'd his head, and bit his thumb,  
 Nor word could further say ;  
 But took French leave, with a presume,  
 For better company his room,  
 Resign'd, and flew away.



*The Chimney Sweepers.*

**A** Chimney Sweeper and his fair,  
 The sooty partner of his care,  
 (For fair's a term, we common find  
 For black, and brown, and every kind,)  
 Indulging in their homely cheer  
 Of bread and cheese, and good strong beer,  
 With mutual wish, and anxious joy,  
 Gaz'd on their only hope, a boy.  
 When the fond dame, whom fancy led,  
 To fashion castles in her head,  
 Buſs'd with a smack, her nown good man,  
 Then took a draught, and thus began :  
 " Sure Tommy's vastly grown, my dear,  
 " Come hither, child—I say—come here—  
 " Hold up thy head :---Ah ! he's not made,  
 " For such a black laborious trade ;  
 " He has not strength to buffle through,  
 " Nor writhe his body like a screw ;  
 " Lard !

" Lard ! He has genius far above,  
 " What you and I have been, my love ;  
 " Some gentler trade were not amiss——  
 " Go, child---go---give Papa a kifs."  
 Then looking kind, at one another,  
 Grim first kifs'd child, and after mother.  
 " Why Dame, (quoth he) why all this fufs  
 " This boy, our Tom, is all to us ;  
 " And han't I toil'd from year to year,  
 " For his sake, and for thine, my dear ?  
 " And shall not Tom, then make a figure,  
 " As big as father does ?——aye, bigger :  
 " For, zounds ! it never shall be said,  
 " That Grim's nown boy, was basely bred ;  
 " While neighbour Scrape put out his fool,  
 " To learn his book at parish-school.  
 " Come hither—Lad—look up—be bold ;  
 " Aye, there it is, my heart of gold ;  
 " Thou shalt compleat thy father's joy,  
 " And be a Bricklayer, my boy."  
 Thus every parent still pursues,  
 Ambition in his children's views ;  
 Would have his heir be something more,  
 Than what his father was before ;  
 The Bailiff makes his son a Proctor ;  
 Th' Apothecary, his, a Doctor ;——  
 And husband ever joins with wife,  
 That Tom shall push himself in life.



*The PLAY-HOUSE. A Satire.*

NEAR to the rose, where punks in numbers flock,  
 To pick up cullies to encrease their stock ;  
 A lofty fabric does the sight evade,  
 And stretches round the place a pompous shade ;  
Where

Where sudden shouts the neighbourhood surprize,  
 Where thund'ring claps and dreadful hisses rise ;  
 Here Garrick hires his monarchs by the day,  
 And keeps his mercenary kings in play ;  
 With deep mouth'd actors fills the vacant scenes,  
 And drains the town for goddeffes and queens ;  
 Here the lewd punk with crowns and scepters grac'd,  
 Teaches her eye a more majestic cast ;  
 And hungry monarchs with a numerous train,  
 Of suppliant slaves, like Sancho, starve and reign.

But enter in my muse, the stage survey,  
 And all its pomp and pageantry display ;  
 Trap-doors and pit-falls from unfaithful ground,  
 And magic walls encompass it around ;  
 On either side maim'd temples fill our eyes,  
 And intermix'd with brothel houses rise ;  
 Disjointed palaces in order stand,  
 And groves obedient to the mover's hand,  
 O'ershade the stage, and flourish at command. }  
 A stamp makes broken towns and trees entire ;  
 So when Amphitryon struck the vocal lyre,  
 He saw the spacious circuit all around,  
 With crowding woods and neighbo'ring cities crown'd.

But next the tiring room survey and see,  
 False titles and promiscuous quality ;  
 Confusedly swarm from heroes and from queens,  
 To those that swing in clouds, and fill machines ;  
 Their various characters they chuse with art,  
 The frowning bully fits the tyrants part ;  
 Swoln cheeks and swaggering belly make an host,  
 Pale meagre looks and hollow voice, a ghost ;  
 From careful vows, and heavy down cast eyes,  
 Dull cits, and thick-skull'd aldermen arise ;  
 The comic tone, by Foote or Farquhar, draws,  
 At ev'ry word, loud laughter and applause ;  
 The mimic dame continues as before,  
 Her character's unchang'd, and acts a whore.

Above the rest the prince with mighty stalks,  
 Magnificent in purple buskins walks ;  
 The royal robe his haughty shoulders grace,  
 Profuse of spangles and of copper lace ;  
 Officious rascals to his mighty thigh,  
 Guiltless of blood, th' unpointed weapon tye ;  
 Then the gay glittering diadem put on,  
 Pond'rous with brass, and starr'd with bristol stone,  
 His royal consort next consults her glass,  
 And out of twenty boxes culls a face ;  
 The whit'ning first her ghastly looks besmears,  
 All pale and wan, th' unfinished form appears ;  
 Till on her cheeks the blushing purple glows,  
 And a false virgin modesty bestows ;  
 Her ruddy lips the deep vermilion dyes,  
 Length to her brows, the pencil's touch supplies, }  
 And with black bending arches shades her eyes ;  
 Well pleas'd at length the picture she upholds,  
 And spots it o'er, with artificial moulds ;  
 Her countenance compleat ; the beaux she warms,  
 With looks not her's, and spite of nature charms.

Thus artfully their persons they disguise,  
 Till the last flourish bids the curtain rise ;  
 The Prince then enters on the stage in state,  
 Behind, a guard of candle-snuffers wait,  
 There, swoln with empire terrible and fierce,  
 He shakes the dome, and tears his lungs in verse ;  
 His subjects tremble, the submissive pit,  
 Wrapt up in silence, and attention, sit ;  
 Till freed at length, he lays aside the weight,  
 Of public business, and affairs of state ;  
 Forgets his pomp, dead to ambitious fires,  
 And to some peaceful brandy-shop retires ;  
 Where in full gills, his anxious thoughts he drowns,  
 And quaffs away the care that waits on crowns ;  
 The Princess next her painted charms displays  
 Where ev'ry look the pencil's art betrays ;

The



The callow 'squire, at distance feeds his eyes,  
 And silently for paint and patches dies ;  
 But if the youth behind the scenes retreat,  
 And sees the blended colours melt with heat,  
 And all the trick'ling beauty run in sweat,  
 The borrow'd visage he admires no more,  
 And nauseates ev'ry charm he lov'd before ;  
 So the same spear for double force renown'd,  
 Apply'd the remedy that gave the wound.

In tedious lists, 'twere endless to engage,  
 And draw at length, the rabble of the stage ;  
 Where one for twenty years have giv'n alarms,  
 And call'd contending monarchs to their arms ,  
 Another fills a more important post,  
 And rises ev'ry other night a ghost ;  
 Thro' the cleft stage his meagre face he rears,  
 Then stalks along, groans thrice and disappears ;  
 Others with shields and swords, the soldier's pride,  
 More than a thousand times have chang'd their side,  
 And in a thousand fatal battles dy'd.

Thus several persons, several parts perform,  
 Pale lovers whine, and blushing heroes storm ;  
 The stern exasperated tyrants rage,  
 'Till the kind bowl of poison clears the stage ;  
 Then hours vanish, and distinctions cease,  
 Then with reluctance haughty queens undress ;  
 Heroes no more their fading honour boast,  
 And mighty Kings in private men are lost ;  
 He, whom such titles swell'd, such pow'r made proud,  
 To whom whole realms, and vanquish'd nations bow'd,  
 Throws off the gaudy plume, the purple train,  
 And is, in statu quo, himself again.



*The Lawyer's Prayer.*

ORDAIN'D to tread the thorny ground,  
 Where few, I fear, are faithful found ;  
 Mine, be the conscience void of blame ;  
 The upright heart ; the spotless name ;  
 The tribute of the widows prayer ;  
 The righted orphan's grateful tear !  
 To virtue, and her friends, A Friend ;  
 Still, may my voice the weak defend !  
 Ne'er may my prostituted tongue  
 Protect th' oppressor in his wrong ;  
 Nor wrest the spirit of the laws,  
 To sanctify the villain's cause !  
 Let others with unsparing hand,  
 Scatter their poison thro' the land ;  
 Enflame dissention, kindle strife ;  
 And, strew with ills, the path of life ;  
 On such, her gifts, let fortune show'r ;  
 Add wealth to wealth, and pow'r to pow'r ;  
 On me, may favouring heav'n bestow,  
 That peace, which only good men know ;  
 The joy of joys, by few possess'd ;  
 Th' eternal sunshine of the breast !  
 Pow'r, fame, and riches, I resign—  
 The praise of honesty be mine ;  
 That friends may weep, the worthy sigh ;  
 And poor men bless me when I die !

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E P I G R A M,

*Occasion'd by the Words ' ONE PRIOR,' in  
 Burnet's History.*

ONE PRIOR !—and is this, this all the fame,  
 The Poet from th' Historian can claim !  
 No ; Prior's verse posterity shall quote,  
 When 'tis forgot *One Burnet* ever wrote.



*The Progress of Gallantry.*

SEE! from the nursery's gloomy fire,  
 In scarlet vest, the infant 'Squire,  
 With sisters and their play mates fair,  
 Ventures to breathe the balmy air;  
 By instinct led, he longs to rove,  
 With some young Sylvia through the grove;  
 Beneath the laurels darksome shade,  
 Eloping from th' attendant maid;  
 (For Molly is too pensive grown,  
 Indulging wishes of her own,)  
 The little pair close—nestling gets,  
 Picks primroses and violets;  
 Like Dido, and her Trojan spark,  
 Fondly retire to grottos dark;  
 Or rolling on the fragrant grass,  
 Our pigmy hero, and his lass,  
 The contact sweet and secrecy,  
 Already charm they know not why;  
 He longs from sympathising Miss,  
 He longs—but fears to steal a kiss:  
 Each feels the new-born latent fire,  
 Though blushes stifle young desire;  
 Thus early love soft hints imparts,  
 Thus flutters round e'en infant hearts.

But see! mature the stripling grows,  
 His cheeks the bloom of youth disclose;  
 The passions now their height attain,  
 And reason pleads her cause in vain;  
 Now in his eye each female face,  
 Assumes inexplicable grace;  
 Fair beauty's charms new joys impart,  
 And thrilling rapture swells the heart;

Now dress and splendid equipage,  
 The pomp of life ! his thoughts engage ;  
 Riddottos, routs, plays, brilliant courts,  
 Where'er the well-dress'd nymph resorts ;  
 At Bath and ev'ry public place,  
 With pomp and grandeur, shews his face ;  
 To dance, to fence, with graceful pride,  
 The snorting hunter to bestride ;  
 Each feat in youthful vigour warm,  
 He learns the female heart to charm ;  
 But fix'd at length on some chaste fair,  
 Sole object of his tender care ;  
 To her, each look, each thought inclines,  
 For her in solitude he pines ;  
 The echoing hills and vocal grove,  
 Are witnesses to his plaintive love.  
 Each smooth rin'd beech may rue his flame,  
 Condemn'd to bear his Delia's name ;  
 The pink and rose his breast adorn ;  
 Sweet emblems of her beauties worn !  
 Each ornament his taste in dress,  
 Whate'er his fondness may express,  
 To please his Delia is directed ;  
 And useful sciences neglected,  
 Tibullus, Petrarch, Waller's ease,  
 Those gentler bards alone can please,  
 That felt, and in soft numbers strove,  
 To paint the pleasing pangs of love.

And here the paths of love divide ;  
 And blest the mortals that decide  
 (Not merely as dull sophists preach)  
 As reason, honour, justice teach ;  
 Taught to prefer domestic bliss,  
 To the false harlot's venal kiss ;  
 For on a mistress or a wife,  
 Depends the good or bad of life ;  
 Let Hogarth's pencil, Hoadley's verse,  
 The fate of lawless love rehearse ;

Paint



Paint the remorse, the scorpion stings,  
 That unrestrain'd indulgence brings ;  
 The rake, when short-liv'd pleasures fail,  
 Condemn'd to Bedlam, or a jail.  
 Wou'd you be happy then ? be wise,  
 The road through hymen's temple lies ,  
 In virtuous wedlock, joys abound,  
 Which libertines have never found ;  
 If she for whom your bosom burns,  
 Your love with mutual warmth returns ;  
 Your heart, if not mere beauty warms,  
 But sense and virtue crown her charms ;  
 Ah ! seize the prize and live content,  
 You'll ne'er of this wise choice repent.

Yet hymen's self, true source of joy,  
 Th' experienc'd know, in time may cloy ;  
 If not by prudent care directed,  
 If decent forms are once neglected ;  
 Kind offices must now supply,  
 The place of youth and novelty ;  
 Let gallantry subsist through life,  
 And, as a lover, court your wife ;  
 Let her in trifles have her will,  
 Yet reign her gentle sovereign still ;  
 Should fancy sometimes lead to roam,  
 Confine her not too much at home ;  
 Her love, tho' center'd all in you,  
 Her charms let all with freedom view ;  
 With public shews she'll glut her eyes,  
 And soon the vain parade despise ;  
 Forbidden pleasures are more sweet,  
 But honey cloys, when freely eat.



*Epitaph on Dr. Goldsmith.*

**A** DIEU sweet bard ! to each fine feeling true,  
 Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few ;  
 Those form'd to charm e'en vicious minds, and these,  
 With harmless mirth the social soul to please ;  
 Another's woe, thy heart could always melt,  
 None gave more free, for none more deeply felt ;  
 Sweet bard adieu ! thy own harmonious lays,  
 Have sculptur'd out thy monument of praise ;  
 Yes—there survive to time's remotest day,  
 While drops the bust, and boastful tombs decay ;  
 Reader ! if number'd in the muses train,  
 Go, tune the lyre, and imitate his strain ;  
 But if no poet then, reverse the plan,  
 Depart in peace and imitate the man.



*On HUNTING.*

**S**OON as the morn unfolds the joyous day,  
 The vig'rous swains all rang'd in fair array ;  
 On neighing steeds, brisk for the chase, prepare,  
 From her known seat, to rouse the timid hare ;  
 Vain is her best precaution in the chase,  
 The scenting hounds her circling mazes trace ;  
 She cries in anguish, while the op'ning pack,  
 Close at her heels, spring furious on her back ;  
 The dogs dispers'd, the horn the huntsman strains,  
 Shrill thro' the woods, re-echoing thro' the plains ;  
 The dogs obey the blast, forsake the prey,  
 Pleas'd with the triumph of the happy day.

*On*



*On one Mrs. JUSTICE convicted for Shop-  
lifting.*

**I**N life with what surprizing turns we meet,  
E'en Justice is become an arrant cheat ;  
Alas ! who honesty herself would trust,  
Or truth believe ? when Justice is unjust.



*ADVICE, or Moral Reflections.*

**T**O God give glory, as he does command ;  
Consider well, 'ere ought you take in hand :  
Let your companions all be worthy men ;  
And of your own perfections be not vain,  
Rather with others in opinion join,  
Than fondly think they should conform to thine.  
All said to you, with close attention hear ;  
Aim not to make too much of wit appear.  
In point of promise use not too much haste,  
But firmly stick to't, when it once is past.  
Be courteous, affable, of gentle mind,  
And with no haughty airs, receive mankind.  
In conversation ever be sincere,  
And strive to suit it unto each man's sphere.  
Tho' not familiar, be in carriage free,  
Let nothing without thought decided be.  
Carefully strive to gain the love of all ;  
Shun the litigious bar, and lawyer's brawl.  
Love without int'rest, pardon without fear ;  
Respect to nobles, without cringing bear.  
Into th' affairs of others do not pry,  
And to conceal your own, with caution try.  
Lend with good grace, yet with discernment too ;  
Place your rewards but where you're sure they're due.

Whatever figure in the world you bear,  
 Know your own force, and don't exceed your sphere.  
 On the unfortunate compassion take,  
 Bear with men's failings, don't your friend forsake.  
 When griev'd your sorrow struggle to subdue ;  
 And with too poignant raillery none pursue.  
 Strive amongst friends to make contention cease ;  
 Where discord reigns endeavour after peace.  
 Reprove with mildness, without flatt'ry praise ;  
 Receive a jest, no noisy laughter raise.  
 Judge of each person on his better side,  
 And do not censure with too great a pride.  
 Upbraid no person with a service done,  
 But keep that secret in your breast alone.  
 Restrain your anger, check your boiling blood ;  
 Of persons absent nothing say, but good ;  
 Unless it be for this peculiar end,  
 That no such person should betray your friend.  
 Be not ungrateful ; to be sober chuse ;  
 Play for diversion, without passion lose.  
 To your poor debtor don't a tyrant be ;  
 To him and all men shew humanity.  
 Of nothing boast ; keep your own secret well ;  
 No tell-tale be, nor mind what others tell.



### *The Intestine War.*

ONE night I startled in my bed,  
 A noise, me thought, was o'er my head ;  
 Or else the watchman seem'd to roar ;  
 Or else was thumping at the door ;  
 Perhaps a rat might be the cause :  
 Or puss had got her game in paws ;

I fancy'd.



I fancy'd all the dreads of night,  
 As folks are us'd to do in fright;  
 At length, by being broad awake,  
 I quickly found out my mistake;  
 And that, as now I am to tell ye,  
 The rumbling was within my belly;  
 I straightway call'd for man of art,  
 Who told me he would do his part;  
 And send Cathartick to my aid,  
 This bold intruder to invade.  
 Down went the hero to his foe,  
 And found him well entrench'd below;  
 How now, quoth he, what's doing here?  
 Whose this that's got into my sphere?  
 Within this province all I find,  
 Flee out before, or else behind;  
 And tho' secure thou think'st thyself,  
 I'll drive thee out, thou filthy elf;  
 A mighty struggle strait there rose,  
 Hot the dispute, and fierce the blows;  
 Yet what will be most wond'rous thought,  
 Chiefly by pinch, and gripe, they fought;  
 But whilst they kept this mighty pother,  
 And seem'd such foes to one another,  
 Both pinch'd me so, I could not know,  
 Which was my friend, or which my foe;  
 I therefore sent Pacific Gruel,  
 To end this sad intestine duel;  
 Who shewing no respect to either,  
 Took 'em and jumbled 'em together;  
 And finding both so loosely bent,  
 The quickest way to work he went;  
 His motion was to quit the place,  
 And he join'd issue in the case;  
 So out they went with clam'rous roar,  
 And with a bang shut the back door.

*Receipt*



*Receipt to make a Macaroni.*

**T**O make a Mac'roni, or smart modern beau, }  
 From crown of his head to the tip of his toe, }  
 Five minutes attend, and the method I'll show.  
 I'll begin with his head.—You must put upon it,  
 What he calls a hat, but what I call a bonnet ;  
 Let it cock on the crown, nor approach to the ear,  
 That Midas's honours may plainly appear ;  
 From the tail of a horse, or tail of a cow,  
 Take hair fourteen pounds, for a dozen won't do ;  
 Tack't club'd to his head ; let it rest on his back,  
 Like Scotch Pedlar Sawney, with's braw fowthy pack ;  
 Round his neck put a cravat, put lace on't enough,  
 Puff'd and frill'd in the form of a Queen Bess's ruff ;  
 In his breast stick a nosegay---and I beg you'll be sure,  
 That its size may be that of a large colly-flow'r ;  
 His coat---psha---I'm wrong---his jacket I mean,  
 Must reach---that, below it, his bum may be seen ;  
 Waistcoat a-la-tambour, snips, snappers, and jaggs,  
 Must dance to the music of tassells and taggs ;  
 Make his breeches to fit full loose on his ham,  
 A-la-mode de Mynheer, from fair Rotterdam ;  
 Silk stockings with clocks interwoven with gold,  
 Shoes red-heel'd and buckles of Lilliput mould ;  
 With scent and perfume, and the devil knows what,  
 Let him stink full as rank as a Muscovy cat ;  
 For his hands chicken gloves ; and to make him  
 complete,  
 A stick like a may-pole, to thump thro' the street.

*London*



*London and Bristol Delineated.*

A SATYRE by RICHARD SAVAGE, Esq; when  
confin'd in Newgate, Bristol.

TWO sea-port cities mark Britannia's fame,  
They both from commerce diff'rent honors  
claim,  
What diff'rent honors shall the muses pay,  
While one inspires, and one untunes the lay ?

Now Silver Isis bright'ning flows along,  
Echoing from Oxford's shore each classic song ;  
Then weds with Thame, and these, O London ! see,  
Swelling with naval pride, the pride of thee ;  
Wide, deep, unsully'd Thames meandring glides,  
And bears thy wealth on mild majestic tides ;  
Thy ships, with gilded palaces that vie,  
In glitt'ring pomp strike wond'ring China's eye ;  
And thence returning, bear in splendid state,  
To Britain's merchants, India's Eastern freight ;  
India her treasures from her Western shores,  
Due, at thy feet, a willing tribute pours ;  
Thy warring navies distant nations awe,  
And bid the world obey thy righteous law ;  
Thus shine thy manly sons of lib'ral mind,  
Thy change deep busy'd, yet, as courts, refin'd ;  
Councils, like Senates, that enforce debate,  
With fluent eloquence, and reason's weight ;  
Whose patriot virtue, lawless pow'r controuls,  
Their English, emulating Roman souls ;  
Of these, the worthiest still selected stand,  
Still lead the Senate, and still save the land ;

Social,

Social, not selfish, here, O Learning ! trace,  
 Thy friends ; the lovers of all human race.  
 In a dark bottom sunk, O Bristol ! now,  
 With native malice lift thy low'ring brow ;  
 Then as some hell-born spright in mortal guise,  
 The shape of goodness, borrows and belies ;  
 All fair, all snug, to your proud hall invite,  
 To feast all strangers, ape an air polite,  
 From Cambria drain'd, or England's western coast,  
 Not elegant, yet costly banquets boast ;  
 Revere, or seem the stranger to revere,  
 Praise, fawn, profess, be all things but——sincere ;  
 Insidious now, our bosom secret steal,  
 And then, with sly sarcastic sneer,——reveal ;  
 Present, we meet thy sneaking treach'rous smiles,  
 The harmless absent; still thy sneer reviles ;  
 Such as in thee all parts superior find,  
 The sneer that marks the fool and knave combin'd ;  
 When melting pity would afford relief,  
 Thy ruthless sneer that insult adds to grief ;  
 What friendship can'st thou boast ? What honor claim,  
 To thee each stranger owes an injur'd name ;  
 What smiles thy sons can in their foes excite,  
 Thy sons, to whom all discord is delight ;  
 From whom eternal mutual railing flows,  
 Who in each other's crimes their own expose ;  
 Thy sons, tho' crafty, deaf to wisdom's call,  
 Despising all men, and despis'd by all ;  
 Sons ! while thy cliffs a ditch-like river laves,  
 Rude as thy rocks, and muddy as thy waves ;  
 Of thoughts as narrow, as of words immense,  
 As full of turbulence, as void of sense ;  
 Thee ! thee what senatorial souls adorn ?  
 Thy natives sure would prove a senate's scorn ;  
 Do strangers deign to serve thee ? what their praise ?  
 Their gen'rous services, thy murmurs raise ;  
 That fiend malign that o'er thy air precides,  
 Around from breast to breast inherent glides ;

And



And as he glides there scatters in a trice,  
 The lurking seeds of every rank device ;  
 Let foreign youth to thy indentures run,  
 Each, each will prove thy true adopted son ;  
 Proud, pert and dull—tho' brilliant once from schools,  
 Will scorn all learning's as all virtue's rules ;  
 And tho' by nature friendly, honest, brave,  
 Turn a sly, selfish, simp'ring, sharpening knave .  
 Boast petty courts where 'stead of fluent ease,  
 Of cited precedents, and learned pleas ;  
 'Steal of sage council, in a dubious cause,  
 Attornies chatter, and burlesque the laws ;  
 So shameless quacks, who Galen's art invade,  
 Of jargon and of poison, form a trade ;  
 So canting cobblers whilst from tubs they teach,  
 Buffoon the gospel, they pretend to preach ;  
 Boast petty courts whose quirks new rigour draw,  
 Unknown to nature's and to statute law ;  
 Quirks that explain all saving rights away,  
 To give the attorney and the catchpole, prey ;  
 Is there where law too rig'rous may descend ?  
 Does charity her kindly hand extend ?  
 Thy chests that shut when pity should redress,  
 Spontaneous open to inflict distress ;  
 Try misdemeanors—all thy wiles employ,  
 Not to chastise th' offender,—but destroy ;  
 Bid the large lawless fine; his fate foretell,  
 Bid it beyond his crime and fortune swell ;  
 Cut off from service due to kindred blood,  
 To private welfare and to public good ;  
 Pitied by all but thee he sentenc'd lies,  
 Imprison'd, languishes,—imprison'd, dies ;  
 Boast swarming vessels whose plebeian state,  
 Owes not to merchants, but mechanics freight ;  
 Boast nought but peddling fleets ;---in war's alarms,  
 Unknown to glory, and unknown to arms ;  
 Boast thy base Tolfey and thy turnspit dogs,  
 Thy halliers, horses, and thy human hogs ;

Upstarts.

Upstarts and muckworms, proud relentless hearts,  
 Thou blank of sciences ! thou dearth of arts !  
 Such foes as learning once was doom'd to see,  
 Huns, Goths and Vandals were but types of thee ;  
 Proceed great BRISTOL in thy righteous ways,  
 And let one justice heighten yet thy praise !  
 Still spare the Catamite, and swing the whore,  
 And be whate'er Gomorrah was before !



*Prayers and Supplications.*

**O**N diff'rent coasts the prayers we find,  
 Of ships, which wait a diff'rent wind ;  
 While this sails freely from the coast,  
 The voyage of another's lost ;  
 From East, West, South, and North, the cry,  
 Of many claimants tease the sky ;  
 One in the Torrid Zone, you hear,  
 Pray for a cooling breeze of air ;  
 Ninety degrees, a frigid soul,  
 Prays for the sun towards the Pole ;  
 And divers prayers of fundry form,  
 Implore the calm, or beg the storm.——

Then how shall Jove e'er reconcile,  
 The various suitors of this isle ?  
 Doctors and Sextons eat no bread,  
 But from the sickly, or the dead ;  
 The farmer has his diff'rent reasons,  
 To wish variety of seasons ;  
 No matter what the suppliants claim,  
 To Jove they think its all the same ;  
 Fair, frosty, hot, or wet, or dry,  
 They know he has a diff'rent sky ;  
 And sure the ruler of the ball,  
 Is bound alike to please them all !——

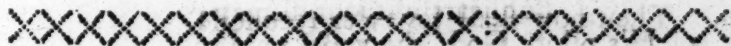
While

While war resounds from other skies,  
 " Give us a peace," the cobbler cries ;  
 While ev'ry paltry soldier knows,  
 'Tis better fighting with his foes ;  
 Disband the armies — where's the sense,  
 When robb'ries are the consequence ;  
 And ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry head,  
 Have something of their own to plead ! —

Coachmen, and chairmen, pray for rain,  
 And sailors for a war with Spain ;  
 The maiden prays to be a wife ;  
 Wedded, she begs a widow'd life ;  
 No sooner widow, but, again,  
 She prays to wear the marriage chain. —

The curate wishes to be vicar,  
 Then thinks preferments may come quicker ;  
 When once a dean, to fill his wish up,  
 He humbly prays to be a bishop ;  
 No sooner bishop made, than he,  
 Wishes for Canterbury's See :

'Tis so with Britons, never easy,  
 Nor Gods, nor Ministers can please ye.



### *A Moral Lesson.*

**T**HE Mahometans believe, that all sorts of figures, whether of statuary, painting, or otherwise, will at the last day appear in judgment, and accuse before God those who made them, for having given them a body without a soul. — This chimerical opinion may give room to a very instructive lesson. — That it is not sufficient to have given the First Being  
 to,

to children, without joining to it the second ; and that to the animal life they are indebted to us for, we ought to add the rational ; without which we may dread, with more justice than the blind followers of Mahomet, that God will hereafter punish the fathers for their neglect, in not giving the excellencies of the soul to those bodies, that is, proper instructions to animate them to acts of virtue, and all those noble qualities that may dignify and exalt man above other species of the creation.

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*The Pious Sailor.—An Ode.*

THE man whose heart from vice is clear,  
 Whose deeds are honest, true, sincere,  
 Whom God and virtue guide ;  
 With cautious circumspection wise,  
 The dang'rous wrecks of life defies.  
 And stems the mighty tide.

He hears the storms of fortune rise,  
 In adverse combat midst the skies,  
 But hears without dismay ;  
 His pilot, God, the vessel guides,  
 And o'er the steady helm presides,  
 And points the destin'd way.

In vain the Syrens tune the song,  
 With treach'rous music's luring tongue,  
 He still maintains his road ;  
 In vain they glance their beck'ning guiles,  
 Destructive charms and wanton wiles,  
 His soul is fix'd——on God.

At



At length he kens the promis'd land,  
 And hails aloud the wish'd for strand,  
     With Heav'nly joy possest ;  
 And 'midst the plenty of his store,  
 (His labour past, his toil no more,)  
     Enjoys the port of rest.



*On Good and Ill-Nature.*

**I**N virtue's cause to draw a daring pen,  
 Defend the good, encounter wicked men ;  
 Freely to praise the virtues of the few,  
 And boldly censure the degenerate crew ;  
 To scorn with equal justice to deride  
 The poor man's worth, or sooth the great one's pride ;  
 All this was once good-nature thought, not ill,  
 Nay some there are so odd, that think so still ;  
 Old fashion'd souls ! your men of modern taste,  
 Are with new virtues, new politeness grac'd ;  
 Good nature now has chang'd her honest face,  
 For smiling flattery, compliment, grimace ;  
 Fool grins at fool, each coxcomb owns his brother,  
 And thieves and sharpers compliment each other ;  
 To such extent, good-nature now is fled,  
 To be sincere, is now to be ill-bred ;  
 An equal brow to all, is now the vogue,  
 And complaisance goes now from rogue to rogue.

*Mrs.*

~~~~~

*Mrs. Lyttleton's Epitaph. By her surviving
Husband, the late Lord Lyttleton.*

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes !
 Tho' meek, magnanimous, tho' witty, wife !
 Polite as all her life in courts had been ;
 Yet good as she the world had never seen :
 The noble fire of an exalted mind,
 With gentlest female tenderness combin'd ;
 Her speech was the melodious voice of love ;
 Her song the warbling of the vernal grove ;
 Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
 Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong ;
 Her form each beauty of the mind express'd,
 Her mind was virtue by the graces dress'd.

+++++

On Content.—An Epigram.

IT is not youth can give content,
 Nor is it wealth's decree ;
 It is a gift from Heaven sent,
 Tho' not to thee or me.

It is not in the Monarch's crown,
 Tho' he'd give millions for't ;
 It dwells not in his Lordship's frown
 Or waits on him to court.

It is not in a coach and fix
 It is not in a garter ;
 'Tis not in love, or politics,
 But 'tis in Hodge the carter.



On the Cock-Lane Ghost, in 1762.

WHEN Popish ignorance o'er spread,
 This land, and science lay for dead ;
 Each night hobgoblin sprites arose,
 To trouble harmless folk's repose :
 No honest man could sleep in bed,
 For screams and knockings o'er his head.
 In vain was holy water ply'd,
 Adjuro Te, in vain was try'd ;
 If from one place the spirit flew,
 The next night he'd appear in two.

But when 'bright learning (long conceal'd
 Behind a cloud) at length reveal'd
 Her radiant light, and like the sun,
 On Britain's isle, refulgent shone ;
 Each neighbourhood — disturbing sprite,
 Fled, dazzled with the radiant light ;
 With horror, like the plague he'd stun ye,
 And not a ghost for love or money.

But now I find again they're come,
 And spite of science safely roam ;
 They rove at liberty each night,
 And thump, and scratch, and children fright.

Arise ye learned of the land,
 Unite in one tremendous band,
 And make yourselves renown'd in story,
 For driving ghosts and sprites before ye ;
 To them in Latin, Hebrew, speak,
 O'erwhelm 'em with a flood of Greek.

Should Latin, Greek and Hebrew fail,
 I know a charm which must prevail ;
 Take but an ounce of common sense,
 'Twill scare the ghosts and drive 'em hence.

Rebus



Rebus in a Sermon.

A Hermit was once engaged in fervent effusions to God, that he would give him to know the way of salvation: When lo! the evil spirit appeared to him in the form of an angel of light, and addressed him in these words; "Holy man, thy prayer is heard; God, whom I serve, has sent me to inform you, that the way of salvation lies in offering him Three Things; A New Moon, A Solar Disc, and the Fourth Part of a Rose: These three things being joined, you are to offer them to God, and you will be assuredly saved." He spoke, and vanished. This auricular message threw the Hermit into a most afflictive perplexity, till a real angel of light appeared to him, and cleared up the mystery.—The New Moon, said the celestial essence, is a crescent, that is, a C; which resembles it in shape: The Solar Disc is an O; and the fourth part of a Rose is R: Now these three things being joined make the word COR (i. e. Heart) and that is the offering which God requires of thee.



A Touchstone to distinguish Evangelical Truth.

That doctrine which tends, To humble the Sinner,
To exalt the Saviour,
To promote Holiness;

That doctrine which tends to accomplish ALL these designs, embrace as sound; that which is defective in its influences on ANY ONE of them, reject as corrupt.

Part of HORACE Imitated.

IF my advice regard may claim,
 Be tender of another's fame ;
 And be the man with caution try'd,
 In whose discretion you confide ;
 Th' impertinent be sure to hate,
 Who loves to ask, will love to prate ;
 The ears that ope to ev'ry tale,
 Intrusted secrets ill conceal ;
 And you shall wish, but wish in vain,
 To call the fleeting words again.

Be not by foolish love betray'd,
 To tempt your patron's favourite maid ;
 For, if he grants your fond request,
 He now believes you fully blest ;
 If he refuse, you sure must prove ;
 The tortures of despairing love.

With cautious judgment o'er and o'er,
 The man you recommend explore ;
 Lest when the scoundrel's better known,
 You blush for errors, not your own ;
 Then frankly give him up to shame,
 But boldly guard the injur'd fame
 Of a well known and valu'd friend,
 And with your utmost pow'r defend ;
 And be assur'd when he's defam'd,
 At you, th' invenom'd shaft is aim'd ;
 When flames your neighbour's dwelling seize,
 Your own with instant rage shall blaze ;
 Then haste to stop the spreading fire,
 Which, if neglected rises higher.

Untry'd

Untry'd how sweet a court attendance !
 When try'd, how dreadful the dependance !
 Yet while your vessel's underfail,
 Be sure to catch the flying gale ;
 Lest adverse winds with rapid force,
 Shou'd bear you from your destin'd course.

The grave, a gay companion shun,
 Far from the sad, the jovial run ;
 The gay, the witty, and sedate,
 Are objects of each other's hate ;
 And they who quaff the midnight glafs,
 Scorns those who dare a bumper pass ;
 Altho' they loudly swear they dread,
 A sick debauch, and aching head.

Be every look serenely gay,
 And drive all cloudy cares away ;
 The modest oft too dark appear,
 The silent, thoughtfully severe.

Consult the wisdom of each page,
 Enquire of ev'ry scienc'd sage ;
 How you may glide with gentle ease,
 A-down the current of your days ;
 Nor vex'd by mean and low desires,
 Nor warm'd by wild ambition's fires ;
 By hope alarm'd, depress'd by fear,
 For things but little worth your care.

Enquire if virtue's hallow'd rules,
 Proceed from nature or the schools ;
 What may the force of care suspend,
 What make thee to thyself a friend ;
 Whether the tranquil mind and pure,
 Or wealth or honour can insure ;
 Or down thro' life unknown to stray,
 Where lonely leads the silent way,

When

When happy in my rural scene,
 Whose fountains chill the shudd'ring swain ;
 Such is my prayer——let me possess,
 My present wealth, or even less ;
 And if the pow'rs above design
 A lengthen'd life, that life be mine ;
 Give me of books the mental cheer,
 Of wealth, sufficient for a year ;
 Nor let me float in fortune's pow'r,
 Dependent on the future hour ;
 To heav'n for life and health I pray,
 These heav'n may give or take away ;
 But for a firm and tranquil mind,
 That blessing in myself I'll find.



The ART of PRINTING.

HAIL mystic art, which men, like angels taught,
 To speak to eyes, and paint unbody'd thought !
 Tho' deaf and dumb, bless'd skill reliev'd by thee,
 We make one sense perform the task of three ;
 We see, we hear, we touch the head and heart,
 And take, or give, what each but yields in part ;
 With the hard laws of distance we dispense,
 And without sound, apart, commune in sense ;
 View, though confin'd ; nay, rule this earthly ball,
 And travel o'er the wide expanded All ;
 Dead letters thus with living notions fraught,
 Prove to the soul the telescopes of thought ;
 To mortal life a deathless witness give,
 And bid all deeds and titles last and live ;
 In scanty life eternity we taste,
 View the first ages, and inform the last ;
 Arts, hist'ry, laws, we purchase with a look,
 And keep, like fate, all nature in a book.

F

Epigram



*Epigram on a Gentleman's losing frequently to Lady
H——rr——n, at Lew.*

WHAT, tho' I hold of trumps a flush,
And boast a friend in Pam ;
Yet I dare own without a blush,
That I the loser am :

Nay more, this happens every day,
And is each night renew'd ;
For who with H——rr——n can play,
And fail of being lew'd ?



The Happy Couple.

SEE here the true joys of a long wedded life ;
How happy is Damon, how happy his wife !
Without any quarrel, or passion, or whim,
“ He's quite fond of her, and she's quite fond of him.”

Tho' twice thirty harvests have crown'd the rich plain,
Since Hymen presented the lass to the swain ;
Yet all these long years as a single one seem,
“ He's still fond of her, and she's still fond of him.”

Their lives and their loves together will last,
And each future moon be as blest as the past ;
When limbs are infirm, and when eye-sight is dim,
“ He'll be still fond of her, and she still fond of him.”

Sees

See, yonder twin roses their charms how they blend !
 Whilst each does the other adorn and defend ;
 See how they both bloom, and both fade on one stem !
 “ This, this is a pretty resemblance of them.”

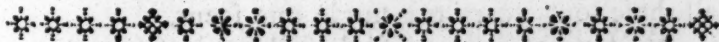
On yond lofty elms hear the soft cooing doves !
 Responsive in sighs, how they murmur their loves !
 Their want of true constancy none can condemn ;
 “ And, this is another resemblance of them.”

Be pleas'd to observe the new-married pair,
 How each to the other their passion declare ;
 My sweet one, my dear, my delight, and my gem,
 “ Believe me, 'tis just the resemblance of them.”

Their cloathing and food are supply'd by their farm,
 Their straw-colour'd dwelling, neat, decent and warm;
 With health and with honesty, chearful and gay,
 “ No pair upon earth live so happy as they.”

When plowing the ground, or when tending the
 sheep,
 How healthful their labours, how sweet is their sleep !
 Their children and grand children, brisk as the jay !
 “ No pair upon earth live so happy as they.”

And when they are dead, and are buried hard by,
 The cypress or yew, where their forefathers lie ;
 Their neighbours in tears, and lamenting will say,
 “ No pair upon earth are so happy as they.”



*The Charge of a certain Bishop to the Clergy
 of his Diocese, deliver'd in 1760.*

BRETHREN, by this, my mind you'll know,
 Learn to pronounce your sermons slow :

Give every word of a discourse,
 Its proper time, and life, and force ;
 And urge what you think fit to say,
 In a sedate pathetic way ;
 Grave and deliberate as 'tis fit
 To comment upon holy writ ;
 Many a sermon gives distaste,
 By being spoke in too much haste ;
 Which had it been pronounc'd with leisure,
 Would have been listen'd to with pleasure ;
 And thus the preacher often gains,
 His labour only for his pains ;
 As (if you doubt) it may appear,
 From every Sunday in the year ;
 For how indeed can one expect,
 The best discourse should take effect ;
 Unless the maker thinks it worth
 Some needful care to set it forth ;
 What ! does he think the pains he took,
 To write it fairly in a book,
 Will do the business—not a bit—
 It must be spoke as well as writ ;
 For what's a sermon, good or bad,
 If one repeat it like a lad ;
 To hear some people when they preach,
 How they run o'er all parts of speech ;
 And neither raise a word, nor sink,
 Our learned bishops one wou'd think,
 Had taken school-boys from the rod,
 To make ambassadors of God ;
 So perfect is the christian scheme,
 He who from thence doth take his theme,
 And time to have it understood,
 His sermon cannot but be good ;
 If he will needs be preaching stuff,
 No time indeed is short enough ;
 E'en let him read it like a letter,
 The sooner it is done the better ;

But

But for a man who has a head,
 Of whom it may with truth be said,
 That on occasion he can raise,
 A just remark, a proper phrase—
 For such a one to run along,
 Tumbling his accents o'er his tongue,
 Shews only that a man at once,
 May be a scholar and a dunce ;
 In point of sermons 'tis confess'd,
 Our English Clergy is the best ;
 But this appears (we must confess)
 Not from the pulpit, but the press ;
 They manage with disjointed skill,
 The matter well, the manner ill ;
 And what seems paradox at first,
 They make the best, and preach the worst ;
 Wou'd men but speak, as well as write,
 Both faculties would then unite ;
 The outward action being taught,
 To shew the inward strength of thought ;
 Now to do this our short-hand school,
 Lays down this plain and gen'ral rule ;
 " Take time enough, all other graces,
 " Will soon fill up their proper places."



The old Man, his Son, and Ass.

A Wood : nce held an aged fire,
 His summer's shade and winter's fire ;
 Where all his life he'd strove to gain,
 Content and ease, but strove in vain ;
 Still barr'd the joys of rustic life,
 By neighb'ring jars, and home bred strife ;
 And, O 'twere happiness to him,
 To live in ev'ry one's esteem ;

But woes on every creature fall,
And, on the impatient, most of all.

Disdaining to be thus ill us'd,
Thus one day with himself he mus'd,
"Maugre I live unhappy here,
"Who knows but if I liv'd elsewhere,
"An alteration in my state,
"Might alter the decrees of fate ;
"And in despite of sorrows past,
"Confirm me happy at the last ;
"I know my care among mankind,
"Must be to shift with every wind ;
"I ought to do what many say,
" 'Twill be my pleasure to obey ;
"And chearful what I can procure,
"Enjoy from henceforth or endure."
This said, he straight his son address'd,
(His family's one half and the best ;)
And his dear ass, that fed on chaff,
(His family's worst and t'other half ;)
"My friends with me it is decreed,
"To seek your fortunes with all speed ;
"Prepare this hour, 'tis my command,
"For my departure is at hand ;
"You, my dear son, I mean to lead,
"For thou art young, too young indeed ;
"And me to drive, so from thy bed
"Of turf arise—stir up poor Ned.—
So said, he led his son a while,
And drove his ass for many a mile ;
Anon, as on the road they pass'd,
"What !" says the folks, amaz'd !—aghast !
"Sure two such fools were never seen,
"As trudge along near yonder green
"Drive a leer ass ! why 'tis a sin !
"And trudge themselves thro' thick and thin."
With that they both the beast besfrid,
Like knight and squire, and on they rid ;
And

And ne'er had been with riding maim'd,
 But thus the folks again exclaim'd ;
 " How barb'rous is the English nation,
 " All over to the brute creation !
 " The truth whereof is now made good,
 " By yond two tyrants in the road."
 By these reflections he descry'd,
 'That one must walk and t'other ride ;
 And 'lighting from the beast with speed,
 On ass-back let his son proceed ;
 But as they pass'd along, the world,
 Again their shrewd reflections hurl'd ;
 " How weak must that old dotard be,
 " Who pleas'd, his youthful son, can see
 " Triumphant ride, whilst he himself,
 " Slaves it on foot, besotted elf !"

Resolv'd once more to change the scene,
 And please mankind, he mounts again ;
 And bids his son without delay,
 On foot to make the best of 's way ;
 Whereat the envious crowd enrag'd,
 With taunts like these the swain engag'd ;
 " Think'st thou vile wretch, that God will have,
 " Mercy for thee beyond the grave,
 " For all thy sins, when none you shew,
 " To one that ne'er offended you !
 " Nay more, your son a charming boy,
 " Whose sight should fill with gushing joy
 " Thy anxious eye ; for shame alight,
 " For nature can't endure the sight."
 Convinc'd at length, the search was vain
 Of happiness on earth—The swain
 Breaks forth—" How foolish, how absurd,
 " To place in ev'ry one's good word
 " Our chiefest good.—Return again,
 " And mend thy maxims, foolish man ;
 " Be honest and industrious still,
 " And let the world say what they will."

An Explanation of the last Verse of the 13th Chapter of Revelations ; proving that the Pope of Rome is the Beast therein mentioned—the Verse runs thus.

“ Here is wisdom ; let him that hath
 “ Understanding, count the number of the
 “ Beast, for it is the number of a man ; and
 “ His number is Six Hundred Three Score
 “ and Six.”

The Pope styles himself “ VICARIUS FILII DEI.”
 that is, *Vicar of the Son of God.*

Now the numerical letters contained in such title,
 being sum'd together, just make up the number of the
 beast ;—as per example,

V	5	R	F	D	500
I	1	I	I	E	
C	100	V	L	I	1
A		S	I		
			I		501
Total	106	6	53		53
					6
					106
					666

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Contempt of the World.

THE world's my scorn, its charms I all despise,
 My soul's athirst for joys beyond the skies ;
 Here I'm perplex'd with misery and grief,
 There is the place to find my sole relief ;

Now

Now sooth'd with hopes, then plung'd in dark despair?
 Wand'ring I roam to draw the vital air;
 O power supreme! assuage my anxious breast,
 And to thy pilgrim grant a joyful rest.



Prologue to Barbarossa.

Written by Mr GARRICK, and spoken by him in
 the Character of a Country Boy.

Measter! Measter!

IS not my measter here among you, pray?
 Nay, speak—my measter wrote this fine new play,
 The actor folks are making such a clatter!
 They want the Pro—log—I know nought o'th' matter!
 He must be there among you—look about——
 A weezen, pale-fac'd man, do—find him out——
 Pray, measter, come—or all will fall to sheame—
 Call Mifter—hold—I must not tell his neame——

Law! what a croud is here! what noise and pother!
 Fine lads and lasses! One o'top of t'other!

[Pointing to the Pit and Gallery]

I cou'd for ever, here, with wonder geaze!
 I ne'er saw church so full in all my days!
 Your survant, Surs! What do you laugh for? Eh!
 You donna take me, sure, for one o'th' play?
 You shou'd not flout an honest country lad——
 You think me fool, and I think you half mad;
 You're all as strange as I, and stranger too;
 And, if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you.

[Laughing]

I donna like your London tricks, not I;
 And, since you've rais'd my blood, I'll tell you why—

And, if you wull, since now I am before ye,
For want of Pro—log— I'll relate a story.

I came from country here to try my fate,
And get a place among the rich and great ;
But troth, I'm sick o'th' journey I ha' ta'en,
I like it not——wou'd I were whoame again.

First in the city, I took up my station,
And got a place with one of th' corporation ;
A round big man—he eat a plaguy deal,
Zooks ! he'd have beat five ploomen at a meal !
But long with him I could not make abode,
For, cou'd you think't—he eat a great sea toad !
It came from Indies——'twas as big as me,
He call'd it Belly-Patch and Capapee ;
Law ! how I star'd—I thought—who knows but I,
For want of monst'ers, may be made a pye ?
Rather than tarry here for bribe or gain,
I'll back to whoame, and country fare again.

I left toad-eater, then I serv'd a Lord ;
And there they promis'd !—but ne'er kept their word ;
While among the great this groaning work the trade is,
They mind no more poor servants, than their Ladies,

A Lady next, who lik'd a smart young lad,
Hir'd me forthwith---but, troth I thought her mad ;
She turn'd the world top down, as I may say,
She chang'd the day to neet, the neet to day !
I stood one day with coach, and did but stoop,
To put the foot-board down, and with her hoop,
She cover'd me all o'er——where are you, lout ?
Here, Ma'am, says I ; for heav'n's sake, let me out ;
I was so sheam'd with all her freakish ways,
She wore her gear so short, so low her stays—— }
Fine folks shew all for nothing now a days.

Now

Now I'm the poet's man---I find with wits,
 There's nothing fartain---nay we eat by fits;
 Our meals indeed are slender---what of that?
 There are but three on's---Measter, I, and Cat;
 Did you but see us all, as I'm a sinner,
 You'd scarcely say, which of the three is thinner.

My wages all depend on this night's piece!
 But shou'd you find that all our swans are geese;
 E'feck, I'll trust no more to Measter's brain,
 But pack up all, and whistle whoame again.

[*As he is going out returns.*]

O! I have seen the finest fights in all the nation!
 I've seen my Lord May'rs show, and th' Coronation;
 Aye, and ev'n since these fights have come to pass,
 I've seen the King's state coach, and the Queen's ass.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Epilogue to Barbarossa.

Written by Mr. GARRICK, and spoken by Mr.
 WOODWARD, in the Character of a Fine
 Gentleman.

[*Enter---Speaking to the People without.*]

PSHAW!---damn your Epilogue---and hold your
 tongue---

Shall we of rank be told what's right and wrong?
 Had you ten Epilogues you shou'd not speak 'em,
 Though he had writ 'em all in *Linguum Græcum*;
 I'll do't by all the Gods!---(you must excuse me)
 Though author, actors, audience all abuse me!

To the Audience.

Behold a Gentleman!---and that's enough!---
 Laugh if you please---I'll take a pinch of snuff!

I come.

I come to tell you---(let it not surprise you)
 That I'm a wit---and worthy to advise you.——
 How cou'd you suffer that same country booby,
 That Prologue-speaking savage---that great looby ;
 To talk his nonsense ? give me leave to say,
 'Twas low, damn'd low †---but save the fellow's play;
 Let the poor devil eat---allow him that,
 And give a meal to measter, man, and cat ;
 But why attack the fashions ? --senseless rogue ! ——
 We have no joys but what result from vogue ;
 The mode shou'd all controul---nay, ev'ry passion,
 Sense, appetite, and all, give way to fashion ;
 I hate, as much as he, a turtle feast ;
 But till the present, turtle rage has ceas'd,
 I'd ride a hundred miles to make myself a beast. }
 I have no ears — yet op'ras I adore !
 Always prepar'd to die---to sleep---no more !
 The ladies too were carp'd at, and their drefs !
 He wants 'em all ruff'd up, like good Queen Bess !
 They are, forsooth, too much expos'd, and free, }
 Were th' more expos'd, no ill effects I see,
 For more or less, its all the same to me. }
 Poor gaming too, was maul'd among the rest,
 That precious cordial to a high-life breast !
 When thoughts arise, I always game or drink,
 An English gentleman shou'd never think——
 The reason's plain, which ev'ry soul might hit on,
 What trims a Frenchman, oversets a Briton ;
 In us reflection breeds a sober sadness,
 Which always ends in politics or madness ;
 I therefore now propose---by your command,
 That tragedies no more shall cloud this land ;
 Send o'er your Shakespeares to the sons of France,
 Let them grow grave---let us begin to dance !
 Banish your gloomy scenes to foreign climes,
 Reserve alone to bless these golden times, }
 A farce or two---and Woodward's pantomimes. }



*To David Garrick, Esq; on his Prologue and
Epilogue to Barbarossa.*

GARRICK, at once corrected, we,
Our follies, and our vices see;
In innocence compleatly clad,
Struck speechless by a country lad.

Morals, in schools, let pedants teach,
In troops may priests divinely preach;
Fair virtue's paths they'll ne'er point out
Like * Foplin, and thy Colin clout.

Ah! wou'd the man of taste, awhile,
Weigh thy simplicity of style;
In words superfluous, his pride,
And fustian, soon he'd lay aside;
And from long definitions free,
Learn nature and true taste of thee.

* Woodward.



An Epigram.

SAYS Dick to Tom, these boxing cits,
Sure, more money have, than wits,
Methinks, says Tom, they've taken pains,
To shew they've got more guts than brains.

On

XXXXXXXXXXXX:XXXXXXXXXX:XXXXXXXXXXXX

*On Press Warrants ; otherwise the Comparison ; or
What's the Difference ?*

AS Tom Bowling was prowling the streets with
his gang,
Such fellows to press as would otherwise hang ;
He spy'd one he thought who would answer his end,
And slapping his shoulder, cry'd, " What ship, my
friend ?"
" You mistake," said the man, " fir you cannot take me ;
" I can prove how I live ; so by law I am free ;"
" Your law," said rough Tom, " I am not very apt in,"
" That's a thing which we leave to the reg'ulating
Captain ;"
" But this I know well, that whate'er you can say,
" I've a warrant to press, and so you must away."
Then strait with their prey, they set off to the boat,
And his children and wife left to sink or to float ;
A Frenchman, attentive observed all that past,
And thus to a friend, he broke silence at last ;
" Now sur, pray you tell a me en verite,
" Vat vas, you tink now, of your grand liberty ?
" You make de great joke of de lettre de cachet ;
" Ma foi de press-varrant vill very vell match it."

XXXXXXXXXXXX XXXXXXXXXX

*On the Death of DOLLY, who kept a famous
Beef-Steak House.*

MOURN all ye epicures, and city fops !
Like gravy let your tears run down in drops, }
That Dolly can no more delight your chops !
Lament ye Aldermen, and Temple rakes !
Lament, lament, ye lovers of beef-steaks !

Let

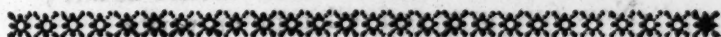
Let ev'ry appetite record her fame,
 And ev'ry stomach rise to belch her name !
 For never, never should it be forgot,
 That Dolly's cold, who once was hot and hot !
 Her death must cause an universal grief ;
 For all the world has been in Dolly's Beef.



The Comparison.

THO' Sol be deck'd with golden rays,
 Just ris'n from the orient sky ;
 Attracts with wonder and amaze,
 The curious philosophic eye.—

Yet; more my fair one's charms divine,
 Amazing wonders do excite;
 The God by day doth only shine,
 My charmer both by day and night.



The Day of Judgment.

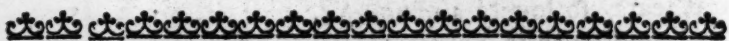
By DEAN SWIFT.

*[And not found in any Edition of the Dean's Works.
 It is here given as a Key to the Dean's religious
 Character, oddly compounded of the opposite Prin-
 ciples of Free-thinking and Bigotry. Lord Chester-
 field says he has the original in the Dean's own
 Hand-writing.]*

WITH a whirl of thought oppress'd,
 I sunk from reverie to rest.

An

An horrid vision seiz'd my head :
 I saw the graves give up their dead !
 Jove arm'd with terrors burst the skies,
 And thunder roars, and light'ning flies !
 Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
 The world stands trembling at his throne !
 While each pale sinner hung his head,
 Jove, nodding, shook the heav'ns, and said,
 " Offending race, of human kind,
 " By nature, reason, learning, blind ;
 " You who through frailty, step'd aside
 " And you who never fell,—through pride ;
 " You who in different sects were sham'd,
 " And come to see each other damn'd ;
 " (So some folks told you, but they knew
 " No more of Jove's designs than you :)
 " — The world's mad business now is o'er,
 " And I resent these pranks no more.
 " — I to such blockheads set my wit !
 " I damn such fools ! Go, go, you're bit."



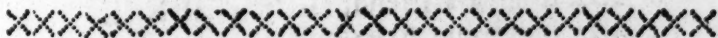
*The WISH.—Extempore by a Gentleman
 of a decay'd Family.*

WOULD heav'n but grant me my desire,
 A small request I wou'd require, }
 A decent house and a good fire :
 A pot of beer to give a friend,
 And wealth enough but to extend
 My charity unto the poor,
 And drive penury from my door.
 But, join to this a loving wife,
 A stranger to conjugal strife ;
 My happiness wou'd be compleat,
 I'd envy neither rich nor great ;
 But spend my days exempt from care,
 Or anxious thoughts of peace or war ;
 And quiet sleep beneath my roof,
 And ask no more, think this enough.



A Description of the Morning.

NOW glimm'ring light the purpled skies display,
 Aurora blushing, ushers in the day ;
 The sun his orient rays remotely spreads,
 And gayly gilds the cloud capt mountains heads ;
 The waking swains their labours now renew,
 The meadows glisten with the pearly dew ;
 The choristers their nests relinquish't, rove,
 The fields revisit, resalute the grove :
 The rising day their notes regaling seem,
 And join the murmurs of the purling stream ;
 With od'rif'erous wings the zephyrs fly,
 Joy fills each heart, and pleasure ev'ry eye ;
 Fair scenes appearing to the ravish'd view,
 The whole creation seems reviv'd and new ;
 In rural seats, so lovely and serene,
 Health is and truth in golden times was seen ;
 Such are the beauties of th' unblemish't mind ;
 (Surpassing all the charms of womenkind ;)
 And such, even such (cou'd we behold her here)
 So fair and tempting, virtue wou'd appear.



*A sure Method of gaining the good Opinion of the
 Ladies, by Lord CHESTERFIELD.*

WOULD you engage the lovely fair ;
 With gentlest manners treat her ;
 With tender looks and graceful air,
 In softest accents greet her.

Verse

Verse were but vain, the muses fail,
 Without the graces aid ;
 The God of verse could not prevail,
 To stop the flying maid.

Attention by attention's gain,
 And merit care by cares ;
 So shall the nymph reward your pain
 And Venus crown your prayers.

Billy's Whimsical's Will.

SINCE all men must return to dust,
 From which they first did spring :
 I give my gear from debts quite clear,
 In manner following :

But lest hot broils and endless toils,
 Shou'd 'bout my effects arise,
 Half to my Sue, half to my Prue,
 I frankly here devise.

My thrice soal'd shoes, my Sunday hose,
 A jacket made of leather ;
 An old straw bed that serv'd poor Ned,
 In boist'rous stormy weather.

A pottage pot, my grammum bought,
 Whilom of neighbour stich ;
 A great arm'd chair, so soft with hair,
 'Twou'd suit a lady's breech.

My crop-ear'd dog, my bob-tail'd hog,
 A pound of black sheep's wool ;
 An ax and saw, an old jack daw,
 A crazy three-leg'd stool.

A trundle

A trundle mop, a mutton chop,
 A quart of Holland's gin ;
 Two candlesticks, a bunch of leeks,
 A pifs-pot made of tin.

Some pitch and tar, an earthen jarr,
 A milk pail, seive and platter ;
 Two birchen brooms, to sweep your rooms,
 An ancient nutmeg grater.

A knife and fork, some pickled pork,
 Would tempt a very Jew ;
 All these I leave, and frankly give,
 Unto my daughter SUE.

The fairy tales, some horse-shoe nails,
 The book of common prayer,
 A leathern bag, a leaky cag,
 Two quarts of dead small beer.

Some purging pills to cure kibe-heels,
 And 'gainst fore toes to arm you,
 Some rotten wood, that's very good,
 In winter time to warm you.

A chriss'ning can, a closetool pan,
 A cupboard, cock, and cradle ;
 An oaken staff, a lousy calf,
 A long sword, lock and ladle.

Your mother's ring, that cursed thing,
 Which ruin'd me long since ;
 Besides the rest, I gave the priest,
 It cost me eighteen-pence.

A rotten cheese, a pint of pease,
 An old grey mare with one eye ;
 Some barley bread, some mustard-feed,
 And fifteen pence in money.

A rake

A rake and flail, an old cart nail,
 Three barrels good and true ;
 Brass buttons five, an old bee-hive,
 All these I give to PRUE.

Now to conclude, as I've bestow'd,
 My whole estate among you ;
 Pray daughters dear, always take care,
 Your neighbours never wrong you.

Be therefore kind, and of one mind,
 In nought but goodness vie ;
 Think that your dad, spoke this when bad,
 And just about to die.



A Description of a Tempestuous Morning.

THE morning is o'erspread with low'ring gloom,
 The breaking day appears the day of doom ;
 The sun seems sluggish, and, as loth to rise,
 Obliquely squinting thro' th' envelop'd skies ;
 His disk by fits reveals a fiery red,
 Descending clouds involve the mountain's head ;
 Hoarse thunder rumbling growls the horrid glare
 Of forked lightning rends the dusky air ;
 By flashing starts a rattling shower descends,
 The sturdy oaks a rushing tempest bends ;
 The birds their late abodes explore again,
 And flocks and herds mixt with th' affrighted swain,
 Hie to thick coverts from th' inclement plain. }
 Thus in the mind, which passion's force obeys,
 Foul lust, or wild imagination sways ;
 These its serener pleasures ruffling moil,
 And all the grace of heav'n and nature spoil.



On F R E E D O M.]

Written at an Inn.

TO thee, fair Freedom ! I retire
From flattery, cards and dice, and din ;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher,
Than the low cot, or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign,
And every health which I begin,
Converts dull port to bright champaign ;
Such Freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate !
I fly from falshood's specious grin ;
Freedom I love, and form I hate ;
And chuse my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter ! take my sordid ore,
Which lacqueys else might hope to win,
It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been ;
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

Written



Written in a Lady's Sherlock upon Death.

MISTAKEN fair, lay Sherlock bye;
His doctrine is deceiving;
For while he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know
Too soon, without a master;
Then let us only study now,
How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to blest be blest,
With mutual inclination;
Share then my ardour in your breast,
And kindly meet my passion.

But, if thus blest, I may not live,
And pity you deny;
To me at least your Sherlock give,
'Tis I must learn to die.



*To WILLIAM PITT, Esq; afterwards Lord
Chatham, on his losing his Commission in the
Year 1736.*

By LORD LITTLETON.

LONG had thy virtues mark'd thee out for fame,
Far, far superior to a Cornet's name;
This generous Walpole saw, and griev'd to find,
So mean a post disgrace that noble mind;
The servile standard from thy free born hand,
He took, and bade thee lead the patriot band.

An



*An Extract from Dean SWIFT's Verses
on his own Death.*

THE time is not remote when I
Must by the course of nature die ;
When I foresee my special friends,
Will try to find their private ends ;
And tho' 'tis hardly understood,
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak,
" See how the Dean begins to break ?
" Poor gentleman he drops a-pace !
" You plainly find it in his face ;
" That old vertigo in his head,
" Will never leave him till he's dead.
" Besides his memory decays,
" He recollects not what he says ;
" He cannot call his friends to mind ;
" Forgets the place where last he din'd ;
" Plies you with stories o'er and o'er,
" He told them fifty times before ;
" How does he fancy we can fit,
" To hear his out-of-fashion'd wit ?
" But he takes up with younger folks,
" Who for his wine will bear his jokes ;
" Faith he must make his stories shorter,
" Or change his comrades once a quarter :
" In half the time he talks them round ;
" There must another set be found.
" For poetry, he's past his prime ;
" He takes an hour to find a rhyme ;
" His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
" His fancy sunk, his muse a jade ;
" Pd have him throw away his pen ;—
" But there's no talking to some men."

And

And then their tenderness appears,
 By adding largely to my years ;
 " He's older than he would be reckon'd,
 " And well remembers Charles the Second ;
 " He hardly drinks a pint of wine,
 " And that I doubt is no good sign ;
 " His stomach too begins to fail,
 " Last year we thought him strong and hale ;
 " But now he's quite another thing,
 " I wish he may hold out 'till spring "
 They hug themselves and reason thus :
 " It is not yet so bad with us."

In such a case, they talk in tropes,
 And by their fears express their hopes ;
 When daily, " How d'ye's," come of course,
 And servants answer, " worse and worse."
 Wou'd please them better than to tell,
 That, " God be prais'd, the Dean is well."
 Then he who prophesy'd the best,
 Approves his foresight to the rest ;
 " You know I always fear'd the worst,
 " And often told you so at first."
 He'd rather chuse that I should die,
 That his predictions prove a lie.
 No one foretels I shall recover,
 But all agree to give me over.

Yet should some neighbour feel a pain,
 Just in the parts where I complain ;
 How many a message would he send ?
 What hearty prayers that I should mend ?
 Inquire what regimen I kept,
 What gave me ease, and how I slept ?
 And more lament when I was dead,
 Than all the sniv'lers round my bed.

Behold the fatal day arrive !
 " How is the Dean ?" " He's just alive."

Now

Now the departing prayer is read ;
 “ He hardly breathes ”——the Dean is dead.

Before the passing-bell begun,
 The news thro’ half the town is rung ;
 Oh ! may we all for death prepare !
 “ What has he left ? and who’s his heir ? ”
 “ I know no more than what the news is ;
 “ ’Tis all bequeath’d to public uses.”
 “ To public uses ! there’s a whim !
 “ What had the public done for him ?
 “ Mere envy, avarice and pride ;
 “ He gave it all —but first he dy’d.”

Now, Grubstreet wits are all employ’d ;
 With elegies the town is cloy’d ;
 The Doctors, tender of their fame,
 Wisely on me lay all the blame ;
 We must confess his case was nice,
 But he would never take advice ;
 Had he been rul’d, for aught appears,
 He might have liv’d these twenty years ;
 For when we open’d him, we found,
 That all his vital parts were found.

Now Curl, his shop with rubbish drains ;
 Three genuine tomes of Swift’s remains !
 He’ll treat me as he does my betters,
 Publish my will, my life, my letters ;
 Revive the libels, born to die ;
 Which Pope must bear as well as I.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
 Are tortur’d with suspense and fear ;
 Who wisely thought my age a screen,
 When death approach’d to stand between ;
 The screen remov’d, their hearts are trembling,
 They mourn for me without dissembling.

G

My

My female friends, whose tender hearts,
 Have better learn'd to act their parts,
 Receive the news in doleful dumps ;
 " The Dean is dead (pray what is trumps ?)
 " Then, Lord have mercy on his soul !
 " Ladies (I'll venture for the vole)
 " Six Deans, they say, must bear the pall ;
 " (I wish I knew what King to call.)
 " Madam, your husband will attend,
 " The fun'ral of so good a friend ;
 " No Madam, 'tis a shocking sight,
 " And he's engag'd to-morrow night ;
 " My Lady Club will take it ill,
 " If he should fail her at Quadrille ;
 " He lov'd the Dean---(I lead a heart,)
 " But dearest friends, they say, must part ;
 " His time was come, he ran his race ;
 " We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends should die !
 No loss more easy to supply.
 One year is past ; a different scene .
 No farther mention of the Dean,
 Who, now alas ! is no more mist,
 Than if he never did exist ;
 Where's now the fav'rite of Apollo ?
 Departed :—and his works must follow,
 Must undergo the common fate,
 His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country 'Squire to Lintot goes,
 Inquires for Swift in verse and prose ;
 Says LINTOT, " I have heard the name,
 " He dy'd a year ago."—The same ;
 He searches all the shop in vain.
 " Sir, you may find him in Duck-lane ;
 " I sent them with a load of books,
 " Last Monday to the pastry cook's ;

" To fancy they could live a year !
 " I find you're but a stranger here.
 " The Dean was famous in his time,
 " And had a kind of knack at rhyme ;
 " His way of writing now is past,
 " The town has got a better taste.
 " I keep no antiquated stuff ;
 " But, spick and span, I have enough.

Suppose me dead, and then suppose,
 A club assembled at the Rose ;
 Where from discourse of this and that,
 I grow the subject of their chat ;
 And while they toss my name about,
 With favour some, and some without ;
 One, quite indiff'rent in the cause,
 My character impartial draws.

The Dean, if we believe report,
 Was never ill-receiv'd at court ;
 Although ironically grave,
 He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave ;
 To steal a hint was never known,
 But what he writ was all his own.
 " Sir I have heard another story,
 " He was a most confounded Tory ;
 " And grew, or he is much bely'd,
 " Extreamly dull before he dy'd."

Can we the Drapier then forget ?
 Is not our nation in his debt ?
 'Twas he that writ the Drapier's letters !
 " He should have left them for his betters
 " We had a hundred abler men,
 " Nor, need depend upon his pen ;
 " Say what you will about his reading,
 " You never can defend his breeding ;
 " Who, in his satires, running riot,
 " Could never leave the world in quiet ;

“ Attacking, when he took the whim,
 “ Court, city, camp,—all one to him.”

Perhaps I may allow, the Dean
 Had too much satire in his vein ;
 And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
 Because, no age could more deserve it ;
 Yet malice never was his aim ;
 He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name ;
 His satire points at no defect,
 But what all mortals may correct ;
 For he abhor'd that senseless tribe,
 Who call it humour when they gibe ;
 Those, who their ignorance confess,
 He ne'er offended with a jest ;
 But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
 A verse from Horace, learn'd by rote ;
 Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
 Must be, or ridicul'd or lash'd ;
 If you resent it, who's to blame ?
 He neither knew you, nor your name ;
 Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
 Because its owner is a Duke ?

He never thought an honour done him,
 Because a Peer was proud to own him ;
 Would rather slip aside, and chuse,
 To talk with wits in dirty shoes,
 And scorn'd the fools with stars and garters,
 So often seen caressing CHARTRES ;
 He never courted men in station,
 Nor persons held in admiration ;
 Of no man's greatness was afraid,
 Because he sought for no man's aid ;
 Tho' trusted long in great affairs,
 He gave himself no haughty airs ;
 Without regarding private ends,
 Spent all his credit for his friends ;

And only chose the wise and good ;
 No flatt'ers, no allies in blood ;
 But succour'd virtue in distress,
 And seldom fail'd of good success ;
 As numbers in their hearts must own,
 Who, but for him, had been unknown ;
 He kept with Princes due decorum,
 Yet never stood in awe before 'em ;
 He follow'd David's lesson just ;
 In Princes never put your trust ;
 And would you make him truly four,
 Provoke him with a slave in power.

Fair liberty was all his cry,
 For her, he stood prepar'd to die ;
 For her, he boldly stood alone,
 For her, he oft expos'd his own ;
 Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
 Had set a price upon his head ;
 But not a traitor could be found,
 To sell him for six hundred pound.

He labour'd many a fruitless hour,
 To reconcile his friends in power ;
 Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
 While they pursu'd each other's ruin ;
 But, finding vain was all his care,
 He left the court in mere despair.

By innocence and resolution,
 He bore continual persecution ;
 While numbers to preferment rose,
 Whose merit was, to be his foes ;
 When e'en his own familiar friends,
 Intent upon their private ends,
 Like Renegadoes, now he feels,
 Against him, lifting up their heels.

" Alas ! Poor Dean ! his only scope,
 " Was to be held a MISANTHROPE ;
 " His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
 " But discontent against the times ;
 " For had we made him timely offers,
 " To raise his post, or fill his coffers ;
 " Perhaps he might have truckled down,
 " Like other brethren of his gown ;
 " For party he would scarce have bled ;
 " I'll say no more—because he's dead—
 " What writings has he left behind ?
 " I hear they're of a diff'rent kind ;
 " A few in verse—but most in prose,—
 " Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose ;—
 " Or libels yet conceal'd from sight,
 " Against the court to shew his spight ;
 " Perhaps his travels, part the third ;
 " A lie at every second word——
 " Offensive to a loyal ear :---
 " But---not one sermon you may swear."

He knew a hundred pleasing stories,
 With all the turns of Whigs and Tories ;
 Was chearful to his dying day,
 And friends would let him have his way.

As for his works in verse or prose,
 I own myself no judge of those ;
 Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em ;
 But this I know, all people bought 'em,
 As with a moral view design'd,
 To please and to reform mankind ;
 And if he often mist his aim,
 The world must own it, to their shame,
 The praise is his, and theirs the blame.
 He gave the little wealth he had,
 To build a house for fools, and mad ;
 To shew by one satiric touch,
 No nation wanted it so much ;

That

That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
 wish it soon may have a better ;
 And, since you dread no farther lashes,
 Me thinks, you may forgive his ashes.



The Delayer.

ON reformation bent, and growing wise,
 “ To morrow I’ll begin indeed” Jack cries ;
 To-morrow, and to-morrow’s gone, and o’er,
 Yet Jack’s the same sad dog he was before ;
 Still he, to-morrow, gravity assumes,
 Day follows day, yet no such morrow comes ;
 But ev’ry day, and present hours are seen,
 Such as have past, as yesterday have been.
 Prithee, no more of your to-morrows prate,
 Cou’d you grow wise to-morrow, ’twould be late ;
 Be late, tho’ not a moment you delay,
 He’s only wise, who was so yesterday.



*Epitaph to the Pie-house, memory of Nell Batchelor,
 an Oxford Pye-Woman.*

HERE deep in the dust,
 The mouldy old crust,
 Of *Nell Batchelor* lately was shoven ;
 Who was skill’d in the arts,
 Of pies, puddings, and tarts,
 And knew every use of the oven.

When she liv'd long enough,
 She made her last puff,
 A puff by her husband much prais'd ;
 Now here she doth lie,
 And makes a dirt pye,
 In hopes that her crust will be rais'd.



An Ode for Music.—On the Longitude.

R E C I T A T I V O.

THE Longitude mist on,
 By wicked Will. Whiston ;
 And not better hit on,
 By good Master Ditton.

R I T U R N E L L O.

So Ditton and Whiston,
 May both be bep—ft on ;
 And Whiston and Ditton
 May both be besh—t on.

Sing Ditton
 Besh—t on ;
 And Whiston
 Bep—t on.

Sing Ditton and Whiston,
 And Whiston and Ditton,
 Besh—t and bep—ft on,
 Bep—ft and besh—t on.

Tha.



The Travellers.

WHEN things inanimate could speak,
FIRE once agreed with WATER :
A friendly jaunt, one day to take,
But where, 'tis no great matter.

It happen'd that the day before
Each left their diff'rent station ;
They chose a third, worth twenty more,
And that was REPUTATION.

The three companions now reflect,
If chance should once divide 'em,
How each their letters might direct,
Or who shou'd surest guide 'em.

Says WATER,——friends you'll hear my name,
Tho' lost upon a mountain ;
Inquire at any murmuring stream,
Or seek me in a fountain :

Some time from deep cascades I pour,
Thro' meadows gently glide ;
I drop a dew, descend a shower,
Or thunder in a tide.

Your restless make, quoth FIRE, I know,
Just like your parent ocean ;
I love to rove as well as you,
My life consists in motion.

In poets, all my marks appear,
Since smoke and flash reveal me ;
To POPE and CHURCHILL, always near,
And SMART cannot conceal me.

In MILTON's page I glow, by art,
One flame, intense and even ;
In SHAKESPEAR's blaze, a sudden start,
Like light'ning flash'd from heaven.

In many more, as well as they,
Thro' various forms I shift ;
I'm gently lambient like a GAY,
But brightest when a SWIFT.

From smoky, sure tidings you may get,
It can't subsist without me ;
Or find me, like some fond coquet,
With fifty sparks about me.

The best of slaves I'm call'd by men.
When bound in proper durance ;
But if I once do mischief, then, —
I'm heard of at th' insurance.

Alas ! poor REPUTATION cry'd,
How happy in each other !
Such signal marks must surely guide,
Each straggler to his brother.

'Tis I alone must be undone,
Such ill has fate design'd me ;
If I be lost, 'tis ten to one,
You never more will find me.

EPIGRAM.



E P I G R A M.

TOM ever jovial, ever gay,
 To appetite a slave;
 Still whores and drinks his life away,
 And laughs to see me grave.

'Tis thus, that we two disagree,
 So different is our whim;
 The fellow fondly laughs at me,
 And I could cry for him.

*A London Street Walker going to Bed.*

BELINDA, pride of Drury-Lane,
 For whom no shepherd sighs in vain;
 Never did Covent-Garden boast,
 So bright a batter'd strolling toast!
 No drunken rake to pick her up,
 No cellar where on tick to sup;
 Returning at the mid-night hour,
 Four stories climbing to her bow'r;
 Then seated on her three legg'd chair,
 Takes off her artificial hair;
 Now picking out a chrystal eye,
 She wipes it clean, and lays it by;
 Her eye-brows from a mouse's hide,
 Stuck on with art on either side;
 Pulls off with care, and first displays 'em,
 Then in a play-book smoothly lays 'em;

How

Now dextrously she plumpers draws,
 That serve to fill her hollow jaws ;
 Untwists a wire and from her gums,
 A set of teeth compleatly comes ;
 Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop,
 Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.

Proceeding on, the lovely Goddess,
 Unlaces next her steel-rib'd boddice ;
 Which, by the operator's skill,
 Press down the lumps, the hollows fill ;
 Up goes her hand and off she slips,
 The bolsters that supply her hips ;
 With gentlest touch, she next explores,
 Her shankers, issues, running sores ;
 Effects of many a sad disaster,
 And then to each applies a plaister ;
 But must before she goes to bed,
 Rub of the daubs of white and red ;
 And smooth the furrows in her front,
 With greasy paper stuck upon't.

She takes a bolus e'er she sleeps,
 And then between two blankets creeps ;
 With pains of love tormented lies,
 Or if she chance to close her eyes,
 Of Bridewell and the Counter dreams,
 And feels the lash, and faintly screams ;
 Or by a faithless bully drawn,
 At some hedge tavern lies in pawn ;
 Or to Jamaica seems transported,
 Alone, and by no planter courted ;
 Or, near Fleet ditches oozy brinks,
 Surrounded with a hundred stinks,
 Belated seems on watch to lie,
 And snap some cully passing by ;
 Or struck with fear her fancy runs,
 On watchmen, constables, and duns ;

From

From whom she meets with frequent rubs,
But never from religious clubs;
Whose favour she is sure to find,
Because she pays them all in kind.

BELINDA wakes. A dreadful sight !
Behold the ruins of the night !
A wicked rat her plaister stole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole ;
The chrystal eye, alas ! is mist ;
And puffs had on her plumpers pist ;
A pidgeon pick'd her issue peas ;
And shock, her tresses fill'd with fleas.

The nymph, tho' in this mangled plight,
Must, every morn, her limbs unite ;
But how shall I describe her arts,
To recollect her scatter'd parts ?
Or shew the anguish, toil, and pain,
Of gathering up her self again ?
The bashful muse will never bear,
In such a scene to interfere ;
BELINDA, in the morning doizen'd,
Who sees will spue, who smells be poison'd.



K I S S *for* K I S S.

A S Collin saunter'd with his bride,
A rural 'Squire the couple spy'd ;
When tripping to 'em, COL, says he,
This beauty thine ? it ne'er can be ;
Troth ! but she is, cry'd lubber lout ;
Then, quoth his worship, turn about,
And let me kiss her damask lip ;
I must, I will, — but just a sip ;

When

When I am marrled, here's my hand,
A kifs shall be at thy command.

Nay, and its so, cries honest COL,
You're welcome, sure, to bufs our DOLL.

The 'Squire his eager lips applies ;
Quick to her cheek the colour flies ;
" Thank ye, sweet Sir"---away she hies.

But now his worship, folks declare,
Is married to a beauteous fair ;
Brisk COLLIN hastes ; he sees the 'Squire ;
The lady comes ; his heart's on fire ;
Quoth COLL, and grins---good Zir, I wot,
Your word you have not yet forgot :
No, No ;---Why then I'll kifs the dame ;
He smuggles, till she cries,---for shame.

The clown retires with awkward bow ;
" A worthy gentleman I trow ;
" But when our DOLLY's lips he prefs'd,
" I wish he'd carried on the jest ;
" For, had they slipt between the sheets,
" O ! I had tasted honey sweets."



The FIRST PAIR.

ADAM alone, could not be easy,
So he must have a wife, an 'please ye ;
And how did he procure this wife ?
To cheer his solitary life ?
Out of a rib, Sir, from his side,
Was form'd this necessary bride ;

But

But how did he the pain beguile ?
 How ?—He slept sweetly all the while ;
 And when this rib was re-apply'd,
 In woman's form to Adam's side ;
 How then, I pray you, did it answer ?
 " He never slept so sweet again, Sir."



A Modern Choice.

GIVE me a maid, (whene'er I take a wife)
 Inured to domestic cares of life ;
 With mind unstain'd by vanity, or art,
 Blest with good nature, chusing virtue's part ;
 Tho' modest, chearful ; love, her aim, her end ;
 To truth, religion, and to me, a friend ;
 Her tender bosom shall my heart retain,
 From all the world counts great, or I call vain :
 May grace be in her soul, heav'n in her eye ;
 With her, I'd chuse to live---with her, to die.



An Address to Prosperity.

CELESTIAL maid ! receive this prayer,
 If e'er thy beam divine,
 Should gild the brow of toiling care,
 And bless a hut like mine.

Let humble worth, without a fear,
 Approach my ready door ;
 Nor let me ever see a tear,
 Regardless, from the poor !

O! bless

O! bless me with an honest mind,
 Above all selfish ends;
 Humanely warm to all mankind,
 And cordial to my friends.

With conscious truth and honour still,
 My actions let me guide;
 And give no fear, but that of ill,
 No scorn, but that of pride.

Thus form'd, thus happy, let me dare,
 On heav'n's dread King to gaze,
 Conclude my night in ardent pray'r,
 And wake my morn with praise.

That hence my soul may hope to prove,
 The utmost Saints can know;
 And share his gracious smile above,
 Whose laws we keep below.



SIMILIES.—To MOLLY.

MY passion is as mustard strong;
 I fit all sober sad;
 Drunk as a piper all day long,
 Or like a march hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow,
 I drink, yet can't forget her;
 For tho' as drunk as David's fow,
 I love her still the better.

Pert as a Pear-monger, I'd be,
 If Molly were but kind;
 Cool as a cucumber could see
 The rest of womankind.

Like:

Like a stuck pig, I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake, with sighs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
But as a groat, now thin!

I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart, as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale;
And, merry as a grig, is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The God of love at her approach,
Is busy as a bee!
Hearts found as any bell, or roach,
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ay me! as thick as hops, or hail,
The fine men croud about her;
But soon as dead as a door nail,
Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my leg, her shape appears;
Oh! were we join'd together!
My heart would be scot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five-pence is her mein,
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as a razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter,

As soft as pap, her kisses are ;
 Methinks, I taste them, yet ;
 Brown as a berry is her hair,
 Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds ;
 Her pretty hand invites ;
 Sharp as a needle are her words ;
 Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
 Clean as a penny drest ;
 Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
 Round as the globe, her breast.

Full as an egg, was I with glee,
 And happy as a King !
 Good Lord ! how all men envy'd me !
 She lov'd like any thing :

But false as hell, she like the wind,
 Chang'd, as her sex must do ;
 Tho' seeming as the turtle kind,
 And like the gospel, true.

If I and Molly could agree,
 Let who would take Peru ;
 Great as Emp'ror should I be,
 And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
 I'm dull as any post ;
 Let us like burrs, together stick,
 And warm as any toast.

You'll find me truer than a die,
 And wish me better speed ;
 Flat as a flounder, when I lie,
 And, as a herring, dead.

Sure

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,
 And sigh perhaps, and wish,
 When I am rotten as a pear,
 And mute as any fish.



On P O M P.

WHAT profit golden heaps weigh'd by the
 pound?
 Or if a thousand oxen plow my ground?
 What profits me my house, although it stands,
 On stately columns wrought by curious hands?
 Or woods about my dwelling, set for state?
 Which seem, the sacred groves to imitate?
 My gilded cielings, floor with marble pav'd,
 Or my rich shining side-board, so much crav'd,
 By elegant observers? What my pride,
 In costly hangings in rich colours dy'd?
 Or what besides the vulgar sets on fire,
 Who still most envy, where they most admire.
 These, but the temp'ral gifts of fortune are;
 And 'tis no pomp can free my thoughts from care.



SEPTEMBER ; or, The Sportsman.

NOW law and liberty unite,
 The pheasant's race to kill;
 The partridge tribe to stop in flight,
 The leveret's blood to spill.

What

What has the harmless partridge done ?
 The pheasant what has he,
 Thus doom'd a victim to the gun.
 His life and liberty ?

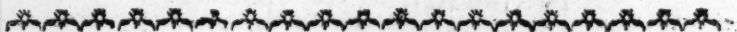
And frequent, wounded in his flight,
 In vain to rise he tries ;
 Creeps closely to the woodland-side,
 And there in anguish dies.

Poor is the triumph o'er the hare,
 While savage men of prey ;
 In wildest uproar urge the chace,
 With dogs less wild than they.

A thousand winds, a thousand shifts,
 The worried leveret tries ;
 Till jaded, breathless, faint, and lost,
 By the woodside he dies.

Close by that wood which gave him birth,
 And frequent shelter too ;
 He yields to fate his earthly breath,
 Which feeling hearts would rue !

But feeling hearts, and sporting souls,
 In no communion run ;
 The sportsman triumphs o'er his bowls,
 And boasts of MURDER done.



On a Young Lady.

BEHOLD a nymph, with ev'ry virtue grac'd,
 Minerva's head on Venus' shoulders plac'd !
 Kind nature here, displays her nicest art,
 With sweet relievos hides the soundest heart ;

But

But while it hides, it elegantly tells
 With what benevolence her bosom swells;
 Here's beauty mental, moral, and divine,
 To charm the lover, and his thoughts refine.



On the Word REPRESENTATIVE.

TO represent, is but to personate,
 Which shou'd be truly done at any rate;
 Thus they, who're fairly chose without a fee,
 Should give their votes, no doubt, with liberty;
 But when a seat is sold by th' venal tribe,
 He represents them best,—who takes a bribe.



On the Shortness of Human Life.

LIKE as a damask rose you see,
 Or like the blossom on the tree;
 Or like the dainty flower in May,
 Or like the morning to the day;
 Or like the sun, or like the shade,
 Or like the gourd which Jonas had;
 E'en such is man, whose thread is spun,
 Drawn out, and cut, and so is done;
 Withers the rose, the blossom blasts,
 The flower fades, the morning hastes,
 The sun doth set, the shadows fly,
 The gourd consumes, and mortals die.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
 Or like a tale that's new begun.

Or

Or like a bird that's here to day,
 Or like the pearled dew of May ;
 Or like an hour, or like a span,
 Or like the finging of a swan.
 E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
 Is here, now there, in life and death ;
 The grass decays, the tale doth end,
 The bird is flown, the dews ascend ;
 The hour is short, the span not long,
 The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
 Or in a glass much like a look ;
 Or like the shuttle in the hand,
 Or like the writing in the sand ;
 Or like a thought, or like a dream,
 Or like the gliding of the stream ;
 E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
 Is here, now there, in life and death ;
 The bubble's burst, the look's forgot,
 The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot ;
 The thought is past, the dream is gone,
 The water glides, man's life is done.



Epitaph on Captain Jones,

*Who published some marvellous Arcouuts on his Travels,
 the Truth of all which he thought proper to testify by*

A F F I D A V I T.

TREAD softly, mortals, o'er the bones
 Of the world's wonder, Capt. Jones !
 Who told his glorious deeds to many,
 But never was believ'd by any.
 Posterity let this suffice,
 He swore all's true, yet here he lies.

P Portrait



A Portrait from Life.

By Dr. SWIFT.

COME sit by my side, while this picture I draw,
In chatt'ring a mag-pye, in pride a jack-daw ;
A temper, the Devil himself cou'd not bridle,
Impertinent mixture of busy and idle ;
As rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed,
She swils like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit ;
A housewife in bed, at table a flattern,
For all an example, for no one a pattern ;
Now tell me, friend (a) Thomas (b) Ford, (b) Grattan
and (c) merry Dan,
Has this any likeness to good Madam Sheridan.

(a) Dr. Sheridan, (bb) the Dean's friends, (c) Mr D. Jackson.



An EPIGRAM,

On seeing a Young Lady writing Verses with a Hole
in her Stocking.

TO see a Lady of such grace,
With so much sense and such a face,
So flatternly, is shocking ;
Oh ! if you would with Venus vie,
Your pen and poetry lay by,
And learn to mend your stocking.

Who's

Who's the Greatest Sinner.

SEVERN times a day the just men sin,
So speaks the sage our hearts to soften ;
Well, the just women, they fall in !
Ah ! But no sage can tell how often.

*Mr. Foster Powell's Account of his Performance in
walking from London to York and back, in
Six Days.*

I Set out from Hick's-Hall on the 29th November,
1773, about twenty minutes past twelve in the
morning, for a wager of One Hundred Guineas,
which I was to perform in six days by going to York,
and returning to the above place.

I got to Stamford about nine in the evening.

Nov. 30th. Set out from Stamford about five in
the morning, got to Doncaster about twelve at night.

December 1st. Set out from Doncaster about five
in the morning, got to York at half past two in the
afternoon ; departed from York about six the same
afternoon, and got to Ferrybridge about ten that night.

December 2d. Set out from Ferrybridge at five in
the morning, and got to Grantham about twelve at
night.

Dec. 3d. Set out from Grantham at six in the
morning, and got to the Cock at Eaton about eleven
at night.

Dec.

Dec. 4th. Set out from Eaton the sixth and last day, about four in the morning, and arrived at Hickes's-Hall about half past six in the evening.

Mr. FOSTER POWELL was born at Horsforth, in Yorkshire, 1739, is about five feet eight inches high, his body slim, his legs and thighs stout.



An EPIGRAM.

AS Tom was, one day, in deep chat with his friend,
He gravely adviſ'd him, his manners to mend ;
That his morals were bad, he had heard it from many,
They lie, reply'd Tom, for I never had any.



On WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq;

By GARRICK.

WHOE'ER thou art, with rev'rence tread
The sacred mansions of the dead—
Not that the monumental buſt,
Or ſumptuous tomb here guards the duſt
Of rich or great ; let wealth, rank, birth,
Sleep undiſtinguiſh'd in the earth ;
This ſimple urn records a name,
That ſhines with moſt exalted fame.
Reader, if genius, taſte refin'd,
A native elegance of mind ;

H

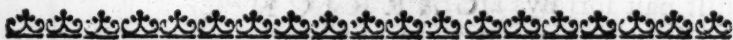
If

If virtue, science, manly sense,
 If wit, that never gave offence ;
 The clearest head, the tenderest heart,
 In thy esteem e'er claim'd a part ;
 Ah ! smite thy breast, and drop a tear ;
 For, know, thy Shenstone's dust lies here.



Epitaph on Lord Chatham.

SHOU'D some good Briton, in a future age,
 Muse o'er the tales of our historic page,
 And hap'ly weeping o'er his country's woes,
 Ask " where does CHATHAM's sacred dust repose ?"
 Proudly, shalt thou, O Monument ! relate,
 " Here lies that Atlas of the British state."
 Thy name, O patriot ! permanently great,
 Tells death, his triumph is but half compleat ;
 Yet, while the sad eulogium of a tear,
 From public love, aspires to grace thy bier ;
 Fame shall re-echo, round our pensive shore,
 " Let Bourbon triumph ! CHATHAM is no more."



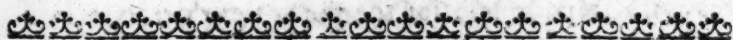
W I S H I N G.

SURE its absurd, impertinent, and vain,
 To wish for something, which we can't obtain !
 Life's present comforts, this at once destroys,
 And makes us restless, for untasted joys.
 Heav'n kindly grants the boon, which we implore,
 That boon receiv'd, we murmur as before :

By

By wild caprice, from youth to age, we're led,
 Nor cease complaints, 'till number'd with the dead.
 Those things we fondly doat on, when possess'd,
 Insipid grow, and are no more care's'd;
 One point obtain'd, another strikes the sight,
 And, hopes delude us with a dazzling light.
 The miser, brooding o'er his golden heap,
 Can no enjoyment, from possession reap;
 But always thirsting to increase his store,
 In plenty pines, ridiculously poor.
 The youthful statesman, by ambition fir'd,
 Burns with impatience, for the point desir'd;
 But, e'er the wish'd for prospect is in view,
 Soon, soon, he pants another to pursue.
 "Give me a horse," HILARIA cries "I'll ride,
 There's no diversion in the world beside;
 Till fancy gently whispers in his ear,
 "Methinks a pair would more genteel appear."
 These, when obtain'd, unnumber'd wants create,
 Now splendor charms him, equipage, and state;
 Shifting about, inconstant as the wind,
 In various schemes, at various times inclin'd;
 Whate'er is present, gives a transient joy,
 New objects strike him, and as quickly cloy.
 Fantastus, weary'd out with town delights,
 Days, spent in nonsense, and luxurious nights;
 Flies to the country, there expects to meet
 Ease for his mind, and happiness complete;
 But still past sorrows are impress'd so strong,
 No rural scenes can entertain him long.
 By fancy prompt, and greedy love of gain,
 Mercator braves the rough tempestuous main;
 To distant regions sails with heart elate,
 And home returns, both opulent and great;
 But has Mercator found, by change of air,
 The richest prize, an antidote for care?
 Sir Flutter hates a solitary life,
 And turns his thoughts on family, and wife;

By them, imagines to secure content ;—
 New cares perplex him—' furniture and rent ;'
 With children blest, anxiety commences,
 He talks of nothing then, but vast expences ;
 Thus, discontent seems woven in our frame,
 And perfect bliss, is nothing but a name ;
 Yet, if we strove, with diligence sincere,
 To keep our breast from cank'ring envy clear ;
 Much of this peevish humour wou'd subside ;
 The greatest bar to happiness, is pride.



On the Death of Dr. YOUNG,
 Author of the NIGHT THOUGHTS.

WHILST late for Churchill, party tears have
 flown,
 Britannia mourns misfortunes, now her own ;
 Stript of her rays, in the immortal YOUNG,
 Who virtue taught, and who sublimely sung :
 Who lash'd each vice, a moralist indeed,
 A friendly satyrift, by sense decreed ;
 Father of eloquence, above design,
 An unambitious, noble, great divine ;
 Who, shackled mitres with contempt observ'd,
 And knew, but ask'd not, what his worth deserv'd ;
 Lifted in life, he consecrated Night,
 *To books fair advocates, and virtue bright ;
 On hope's straw Babylons, he scorn'd to build,
 Or, on Truth's altar, superstition b'gild ;
 From hence, let genius seek the humble earth,
 And learn with him, that death is twin with birth ;
 Renew'd by seasons (like sweet Virgil's tomb)
 May Young's superior shrine, for ever bloom ;
 The muses bard, the English mentor gone,
 Despise the flattery of the Parian stone.

* See Night Thoughts.

EPIGRAM.



E P I G R A M.

SAYS Epicure Quin, "should the devil in hell,
" In fishing for men take delight ;
" His hook bait with ven'son, I love it so well,
" By G— I am sure I should bite."



An E P I T A P H.

UNDERNEATH this turf doth lie,
Back to back, my wife and I ;
Generous stranger, spare the tear,
For could she speak, I cannot hear ;
Happier far than when in life,
Free from noise, and free from strife ;
When the last trump the air shall fill,
If she gets up, I'll e'en lie still.



Learning, Genius, and Virtue.

Inscribed to Dr. ROBERT LOWTH, Bishop of
LONDON. 1778.

AS late with GENIUS, VIRTUE stray'd,
Beneath the laurel woven shade,
Where fam'd Castalia's Naiads pour,
From chrystal urns, the silver shower,
Fair GENIUS join'd the muses train,
That constant hymn th' immortal strain ;

Her fav'rite votaries grac'd the theme,
 And lull'd the gentle falling stream.
 Of MILTON, GRAY, the goddess sung,
 In strains, enchanting as their song ;
 Whose laurels crown their generous toil,
 Immortal NEWTON, LOCKE, and BOYLE ;
 Then twin'd the bays, to grace his name,
 Whose merits claim'd an equal fame ;
 While Virtue, 'midst the heavenly choir,
 Tun'd her voice, and strung the lyre ;
 She sung the good of every age,
 Whose lives adorn th' historic page ;
 Who ne'er their truth, or honour fold,
 Whose hands refus'd the venal gold ;
 Undazzled by the pomp of state,
 Greatly poor, and humbly great ;
 These, by no lordly pow'r oppress'd,
 The widow and the orphan bless'd ;
 Of names like these, her verse compos'd,
 Nor clos'd the song, till evening clos'd ;
 Then twin'd the bays, to grace his name,
 Whose merits claim'd an equal fame ;
 These, from their hands, fair VIRTUE took,
 With placid eye, and modest look ;
 Then, sweetly smiling, twin'd them both,
 To grace the brows, of Classic LOWTH.

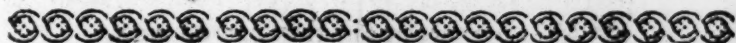


The Dying Rake's Soliloquy.

IN the fever of youth, ev'ry pulse in a flame,
 Regardless of fortune, of health, and of fame ;
 Gay pleasure my aim, and profusion my pride,
 No vice was untasted, no wish was deny'd ;
 Grown headstrong and haughty, capricious and vain,
 Not decency aw'd me, nor laws could restrain ;
 The

The vigils of Comus and Venus I kept,
 Though tired, not sated ; in sunshine I slept :
 All my appetites pall'd, I no pleasure enjoy'd,
 Excess made 'em tasteless, their frequency cloy'd ;
 When my health and my fortune to riot gave way,
 And my parts, and my vigour, felt total decay ;
 The doctors were sent for, who, greedy of fees,
 Engag'd that their skill, should remove the disease ;
 With looks most important, each symptom was
 weigh'd,
 And the farce of prescription full gravely was play'd ;
 Reduc'd by their arts, and quite worn to a lath,
 My carcase was sent to the vultures of Bath ;
 When drench'd and well drain'd by the faculty there,
 All the hope that remain'd, was to try native air ;
 To my old mortgag'd house, they convey'd my re-
 mains,
 Scarce a doit in my purse, or a drop in my veins ;
 No friend to assist, no relation to grieve,
 And scarcely a bed, my bare bones to receive ;
 With solitude curs'd, and tormented with pain,
 Distemper'd my body, distracted my brain.

Thus from folly to vice, and from vice to the grave,
 I sink, of my passions the victim and slave ;
 No longer debauch, or companions deceive,
 But alarm'd at the vengeance, I'd fain disbelieve ;
 With horrors foreboding, desponding I lie,
 Tho' tir'd of living, yet dreading to die.



The Happy Fire-Side.

THE hearth was clean, the fire clear,
 The kettle on for tea ;
 PALEMON, in his elbow chair,
 As blest'd, as man could be.

Clarinda, who his heart possess'd,
 And was his new-made bride ;
 With head reclin'd upon his breast,
 Sat toying by his side.

Stretch'd at his feet, in happy state,
 A fav'rite dog was laid ;
 By whom a little sportive cat,
 In wanton humour, play'd.

Clarinda's hand, he gently press'd,
 She stole an am'rous kiss ;
 And blushing, modestly confess'd,
 The fullness of her bliss.

Palemon, with a heart elate,
 Pray'd to Almighty Jove ;
 That it might ever be his fate,
 Just so to live, and love.

Be this eternity, he cry'd,
 And let no more be given ;
 Continue thus, my lov'd fire-side,
 I ask no other heaven.



On TIME.

SAY, is there aught that can convey,
 An image of its transient stay !
 'Tis an hand's breadth ; 'tis a tale ;
 'Tis a vessel under sail ;
 'Tis a courser's straining steed ;
 'Tis a shuttle in its speed ;
 'Tis an eagle in its way,
 Darting down upon its prey ;

'Tis

'Tis an arrow in its flight ;
 Mocking the pursuing fight ;
 'Tis a vapour in the air ;
 'Tis a whirlwind rushing there ;
 'Tis a short-liv'd fading flow'r ;
 'Tis a rainbow, on a show'r ;
 'Tis a momentary ray,
 Smiling in a winter's day ;
 'Tis a torrent's rapid stream ;
 'Tis a shadow ; 'tis a dream ;
 'Tis the closing watch of night ;
 Dying at approaching light ;
 'Tis a landscape vainly gay,
 Painted upon crumbling clay ;
 'Tis a lamp that wastes its fires ;
 'Tis a smoke that quick expires ;
 'Tis a bubble ; 'tis a sigh ;
 Be prepar'd, O Man ! to die.



To Sir Miles Stapleton, Bart.,

Wrote by a Yorkshire Freeholder in May 1734, on the
 Close of the Poll for that County.

AT length the contests cease, the courts are clear,
 Doubt is no more, and joy succeeds to care ;
 Success is yours, and gratitude inclines,
 To pay her tribute, where such merit shines ;
 Virtue like yours, contemns th' opposing shock,
 Of VENAL COURTIERs, and the SABLE FLOCK ;
 For you the bold * BRIGANTES bravely stood,
 True to the glories of their ancient blood ;
 By threats unmov'd, regardless of the bait
 Of fordid bribes, corruption of the State ;

H 5

To

● The ancient name of the people in Yorkshire.

To liberty, bright goddess, firmly just,
In you, they place the delegated trust:

So Rome untainted, her great consuls chose,
Her CATO thus, and thus her SCIPIO rose;
Indulgent heav'n, to you, compleatly kind,
Gives elocution, with the noblest mind,
To shine in Senates, manage the debate,
And with your councils, prop the tott'ring state;
In happier times, exert a patriot's care,
Wrongs to redress, and losses to repair;
When BRITAIN calls, and honour points the way,
With joy you'll follow, and with pride obey;
Surpass your own great ANCESTORS in fame,
And wear the * STARS, familiar to your name.

* Sir Miles, and Sir Bryan Stapleton, ancestors to the then present Baronet, were Knights of the Garter.



An Anatomical Epitaph on an Invalid.

Written by HIMSELF.

HERE lies an head, that often ach'd;
Here lies two hands, that always shak'd;
Here lies a brain, of odd conceit;
Here lies a heart, that often beat;
Here lie two eyes, that daily wept,
And in the night, but seldom slept;
Here lies a tongue, that whining talk'd;
Here lie two feet, that feebly walk'd;
Here lie the midriff, and the breast,
With loads of indigestion prest;
Here lies the liver, full of bile,
That ne'er secreted proper chyle;

Here.

Here lie the bowels, human tripes,
 Tortur'd with wind, and twisting gripes ;
 Here lies the livid dab, the spleen,
 The source of life's sad tragic scene ;
 That left side weight, that clogs the blood,
 And stagnates nature's circling flood ;
 Here lie the nerves, so often twitch'd,
 With painful cramps, and poignant stitch ;
 Here lies the back, oft rackt with pains,
 Corroding kidneys, loins, and reins ;
 Here lies the skin, by scurvy fed,
 With pimples, and eruptions red ;
 Here lies the man, from top to toe,
 That fabric, fram'd for pain and woe ;
 He caught a cold, but colder death,
 Comprest his lungs, and stopt his breath ;
 The organs could no longer go,
 Because the bellows ceas'd to blow.

Thus, I dissect this honest friend,
 Who ne'er, till death, was at wit's end ;
 For want of spirits, here, he fell,
 With higher spirits, let him dwell ;
 In future state of peace, and love,
 Where just men's perfect spirits move.



A R I D D L E,

To be solved by The FAIR of 1780.

WHEN Open Breasts, and 'Kerchief'd Gauze,
 Are now so modish got —
 Which shall we say ? — It gives us pause,
 " She wou'd" ---or--- " She wou'd not ?"

A POEM.



A P O E M.

By Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

SHALL I like an Hermit, dwell
 On a rock, or in a cell,
 Calling home the smallest part,
 That is missing of my heart,
 To bestow it, where I may
 Meet a rival ev'ry day?
 If she undervalue me,
 What care I, how fair she be?

Were her tresses, angel gold;
 If a stranger may be bold,
 Unrebuked, unafraid,
 To convert them to a brayde,
 And, with little more a-do,
 Work them into bracelets too;
 If the mine be grown so free;
 What care I, how rich it be?

Were her hand, as rich a prize,
 As her hairs, or precious eyes;
 If she lay them out to take,
 Kisses, for good manners sake;
 And let ev'ry lover skip,
 From her hand, unto her lip;
 If she seem not chaste to me;
 What care I, how chaste she be?

No, she must be perfect snow,
 In effect, as well as show;

Warming

Warming but, as snow-balls do,
 Not like fire, by burning too ;
 But, when she, by change, hath got
 To her heart, a second Lot ;
 Then, if others share with me,
 Farewell her, whate'er she be !



A POEM.—Occasioned by the foregoing.

PAIN'T, paint no more, no more with blots,
 Or chequer so thy face with spots,
 That I must view thee, as men strive
 To see eclipses, through a sieve ;
 Be thou but pleasing unto me ;
 What care I, what else thou be ?

Be thou fatter, than a hog,
 A butcher's doublet, or his dog ;
 Be thy cheeks butter, thy nose grease ;
 May we make brewis on thy face ;
 Yet if thou do not melt to me ;
 What care I, how fat thou be ?

Be thy nose, like fiery coals,
 Or a grater, full of holes,
 Let it turn up, or else hook in,
 And so be clasp'd unto thy chin ;
 Yet, if it turn not unto me,
 What care I, how crook'd it be ?

Though reading, thou must look so close,
 As thou wert reading with thy nose ;
 From thine eyes, let filth run more,
 Than broken boil, or plaguy fore ;
 Yet, if they do not look on me,
 What care I, how foul they be ?

Canst

Canst thou outscold a butter wench;
 Or a fresh lawyer, at the bench;
 Canst thou the noise of thunder drown,
 Sour all the beer about the town?
 Yet, if thou wilt not speak to me;
 What care I, how loud thou be?

Be thy mouth, like jaws of death,
 That they who kiss, must kiss thy teeth;
 And hold by th' handle of thy chin,
 Lest their foot slip, and they fall in;
 Yet, if thou wilt not gape on me,
 What care I, how broad it be?

Smells thy breath, like nurse's clout,
 Or a candle, just burnt out;
 Or so, that men mistake the place,
 And, untruss coming near thy face;
 Yet, if it smell not so to me;
 What care I, how strong it be?

Women, like paper, whilst they're white,
 Are fit for ev'ry man to write;
 I'd have a mistress such a one,
 I might be sure she was my own;
 Be thou then, but such to me;
 What care I, what else thou be?



The Relaxation of War; or the Hero's Philosophy.

By the KING of PRUSSIA.

LOVE, by hope is still sustain'd,
 Zeal, by the reward that's gain'd;
 In power, authority begins,
 Weakness, strength from prudence wins;
Honesty

Honesty, is credit's wealth,
 Temperance, the support of health;
 Joys, from calm contentment spring,
 Content, is competence, that King!
 Competence, as all may see,
 Springs from good œconomy;
 Maids, to fan a lover's fire,
 Sweetness, more than charms require;
 Authors, more from truth may gain,
 Than from tropes, that please the vain;
 Arts, will less than virtues tend,
 Happiness and life, to blend;
 He that happiness would get,
 Prudence more, must prize, than wit;
 More than riches, rosy health,
 Blameless quiet, more than wealth;
 Nought to owe, nought to hoard,
 Little land, and little board;
 Little favourite, true and kind,
 These are blessings to my mind.
 I, - when winter comes, desire,
 Little room, but plenteous fire;
 Temperate glasses, generous wine,
 Dishes few, whene'er I dine;
 Yes, my sober thoughts are such,
 Man must never have too much;
 "Not too much" — what solid sense
 Three such little words dispense?
 Too much rest, benumbs the mind;
 Too much strife, distracts mankind;
 Too much negligence, is sloth;
 Too much zeal, is folly's growth;
 Too much love, our peace annoys;
 Too much physic, life destroys;
 Too much cunning, 's fraudulent art;
 Too much firmness, want of heart;
 Too much sparing, makes a knave;
 Those are rash, that are too brave.

Too

Too much wealth, like weight, oppresses ;
 Too much fame, with care distresses ;
 Too much pleasure, death will bring ;
 Too much wit's a dangerous thing ;
 Too much truth, is folly's guide ;
 Too much spirit, is but pride ;
 He's a dupe, that is too free ;
 Too much bounty, weak must be ;
 Too much complaisance, a knave ;
 Too much zeal to please, a slave ;
 This too much, tho' bad it seem,
 Chang'd with ease, too good you deem ;
 But in this you are my friends,
 For, on trifles, all depends ;
 Trifles, great effects produce,
 Both of pleasure, and of use ;
 Trifles, often turn the scale,
 When, in love, or law we fail ;
 Trifles, to the great, commend ;
 Trifles, make proud beauty bend ;
 Trifles, prompt the poet's strain ;
 Trifles, oft distract the brain ;
 Trifles, trifles, more or less,
 Give us, or withhold success ;
 Trifles, when we hope, can cheer ;
 Trifles hurt us, when we fear ;
 All the flames that lovers know,
 Trifles quench, and trifles blow.



The Elephant or the Parliament Man.—By Swift.

Taken from Coke's Institutes.

ERE bribes convince you whom to chuse
 The precepts of Lord Coke peruse.—
 Observe

Observe an Elephant, says he,
 And let him like your Member be ;
 First, take a man that's free from gall,
 For Elephants have none at all ;
 In flocks or parties, he must keep
 For Elephants live just like Sheep ;
 Stubborn in honour, he must be,
 For Elephants ne'er bend the knee ;
 Last, let his memory be sound,
 In which, your Elephants profound ;
 That, old examples from the wise,
 May prompt him in his no's and aye's.

Thus the Lord Coke hath gravely writ,
 In all the form of Lawyer's wit ;
 And then with Latin, and all that,
 Shews the comparison is pat.

Yet, in some points, my Lord is wrong,
 One's teeth are sold, and t'other's tongue !
 Now men of Parliament, God knows,
 Are more like Elephants of shows ;
 Whose docile memory and sense,
 Are turn'd to trick, and gather pence ;
 To get their master half a crown,
 They spread their flag, or lay it down ;
 Those, who bore bulwarks on their backs,
 And guarded nations from attacks,
 Now practise ev'ry pliant gesture,
 Op'ning their trunk for ev'ry tester ;
 Siam, for Elephants so fam'd,
 Is not with England to be nam'd ;
 Their Elephants, by men are sold
 Ours sell themselves, and take the gold.



The DISGUISE.

VIRTUE and vice, tho' ever strangers,
Yet on a road may meet each other ;
And vice, to shun the chance of dangers,
Reports, that virtue is her mother.

Thus avarice, who hates the poor,
Nor heeds the wretched orphan's cry ;
But drives them from his iron door,
Calls griping, wise œconomy.

Blind zeal, who bids the faggot blaze,
Puts on the friar's pious hood ;
And statesmen find out means and ways,
To plunder—for their country's good.

Courage, and cowardice, once met.
The fleet and army were their topic ;
The latter, never had been beat,
Tho' he had fail'd from line to tropic.

The former, own'd he had been thrash'd,
And many a scar about him wore ;
The other, too with wounds was gash'd,
But could not shew a scar before.

He wore a soldier's coat, and sword,
And in his hat a fierce cockade ;
He fir'd like powder at a word,
Like powder flash'd, in mere parade.

He was of Hector's, generous nature,
A reptile worm, he crept to fight ;
But quick became another creature,
And was a very bird—in flight.

Courage

Courage, who never vaunted much,
 His fellow traveller bespoke,
 " What think you of our friends the Dutch ?
 " Think you they'll stand our British oak ?"

The Dutch, said t'other,—Sir I think 'em,
 Discreet and prudent in a war,
 Rather than let our cannon sink 'em,
 They'll wisely keep from danger far.

Their policy, in caution lies,
 As all fool-hardiness they shun ;
 When death, and danger, face our eyes,
 'Twere mad to fight, 'twere brave to run.

BENBOW, and CORNWALL both were fools
 Your HAWKES, BOSCAWENS all possest ;
 Tho' BYNG, a victim fell to tools,
 I still prefer him, before WEST.

KIRBY, and WADE, were shot 'tis true
 Because they chose their ships to save ;
 For had they fought—their selves and crew,
 And ships, had met a wat'ry grave.

When an advantage o'er the foe
 In numbers palpably appears,
 Then is the time to strike the blow,
 And nick the Crisis of their fears.

Says courage, does not he that flies
 Twice arm the soldier who pursues ?
 Doubtless, says t'other, if he dies,—
 Not so—if safe from wound or bruise.

If two to one be odds in play,
 In earnest, then the rule must hold,
 From odds, 'tis brave to run away,
 And, he that fights, is rashly bold.

But

But if a Par appears in fight
 Says courage, how would you behave ?
 E'en then, says cowardice, 'twere right
 Rather than hazard life,—to save.

While thus, this altercation past,
 A finger-post appear'd in fight ;
 The travellers were both in haste,
 One took the left, and one the right.

Well, Sir, says courage, grasp at life—
 Yonder I see a dear relation ;
 The road now parts us,—she's my wife,
 To you a stranger,—reputation.

They parted, courage clasp'd the fair,
 While cowardice took t'other road,
 T'o 'ertake a whore—in rags, and bare,
 Her name disgrace—and bore her load.



A CAUTION.

FOR ev'ry trifle, scorn to take offence,
 That always shews great pride, or little sense ;
 Good nature, and good sense, should ever join,
 To err is human, to forgive divine.



The Choice of a Wife by Cheese.

By Capt. THOMPSON.

THERE liv'd in York, an age ago,
 A man whose name was Pimlico :
 He lov'd three sisters passing well ;
 But, which the best, he could not tell.

These

These sisters three, divinely fair,
 Shew'd Pimlico, their tend'rest care ;
 For each was elegantly bred,
 And all, were much inclin'd to wed ;
 And all made Pimlico their choice,
 And prais'd him with their sweetest voice.
 Young Pim, the gallant and the gay,
 Like ass divided 'tween the hay ;
 At last resolv'd to gain his ease,
 And chuse his wife, by eating cheese.
 He wrote his card, he seal'd it up,
 And said, with them, that night he'd sup ;
 And beg'd that there might only be
 Good Cheshire Cheese, and but them Three
 He was resolv'd to crown his life,
 And by that means, to fix his wife.

The girls were pleas'd at his conceit ;
 Each dress'd herself extremely neat ;
 With faces, full of peace and plenty,
 Blooming with roses under twenty ;
 For surely Nancy, Betty, Sally,
 Were sweet as lillies of the valley ;
 But singly, surely buxom Bet !
 Was like new hay, and mignonet ;
 But each surpass'd a poet's fancy,
 For that of truth was said of Nancy ;
 And as for Sall, she was a Donna
 As fair as those of Old Crotona ;*
 Who to Appelles lent their faces,
 To make up Madam Helen's graces ;
 To those, the gay divided Pim,
 Came elegantly smart and trim ;
 When ev'ry smiling maiden certain,
 Cut of the Cheese, to prove her fortune.
 Nancy, at once, nor fearing—caring,
 To shew her saving, eat the paring ;

And

* Appelles, from five beautiful Virgins at Crotona, drew his
 Helen of Troy.

And Bet, to shew her gen'rous mind,
 She cut, and threw away the rind ;
 While prudent Sarah, sure to please,
 Like a clean maiden, scrap'd her cheese ;
 This done, young Pimlico replied,
 " Sally, I now declare my bride :
 " With Nan, I can't my welfare put,
 " For she has prov'd a dirty slut ;
 " And Betsy, who has par'd the rind,
 " Would give my fortune to the wind ;
 " Sally the happy medium chose,
 " And I, with Sarah, will repose ;
 " She's prudent, cleanly ; and the man,
 " Who fixes on a nuptial plan,
 " Can never err, if he will choose,
 " Like me—before he ties the noose."



An Ode to Spring.

HAIL beauteous Goddess ! smiling spring !
 Who, in thy chearful train does bring
 Gentle breezes, balmy showers,
 Budding leaves, and fragrant flowers :
 Come, with all thy roseate train,
 Cheer the cottages, and plain.

Hark ! the warbling birds do sing,
 A welcome to the lovely spring ;
 Review again the meads around,
 And see, how flowers adorn the ground,
 Entwin'd with the reviving greens,
 These are, O Spring ! thy charming scenes !

A Rural



A Rural Invitation.

LYCON, behold yon distant vale,
Content is center'd there ;
Health is diffus'd in ev'ry gale,
Fair peace reigns all the year.

There, high ambition ne'er is found,
Dire envy, nor her train ;
Detracting clamours, ne'er resound,
Nor violate the plain.

But honest rustics, healthy, gay,
Possess this calm retreat ;
No tyrant with despotic sway,
There claims his hostile seat.

Each morning, undisturb'd, save by
The lark's shrill early song ;
They haste to toiling joyously,
The flow'ry meads along.

The harmless woolly tribe, some tend,
Whilst piping some soft air ;
Others, to nature, aid may lend,
The fertile fields their care.

When lucid sol, the eve declares,
By burnishing the West ;
Relinquishing then, all their cares,
All labour's laid to rest.

Then

Then on the green, in sports and play,
 The sexes meet alert ;
 While jocund, by the lunar ray,
 Songs, and the dance divert.

Lycon, no longer then delay,
 But thither, let's repair ;
 Desert the inconsistent gay,
 True bliss, with them to share.



On the Choice of a Husband.

IF, O ye pow'rs celestial ! you decree,
 That e'er a husband is design'd for me,
 Attend propitious to your suppliant's voice,
 Accept my prayer, and ratify my choice ;
 Give me the man, whose mild and gentle sway
 Commands with love, and pleasure to obey ;
 In whom, good nature, and good sense combine,
 And all the manly virtues nobly shine ;
 With useful learning, let his mind be grac'd,
 Correct with reason, and refin'd by taste ;
 And, whatsoe'er his fortune, may he be
 By prudence rul'd, yet blest with charity ;
 And may religion regulate his life ;
 With such a mate, who wou'd not be a wife !



The Mourning Ring.

TAUGHT, silent monitor, by thee,
 I learn what I must quickly be :
 My flesh, to lifeless earth return,
 Like the dear friends—for whom I mourn ;

To worlds, unpierc'd by mortal eye,
 Let my unbodied spirit fly;
 Rise to her God in realms of light,
 Or sink in shades of endless night.
 Alarming thought! Oh! may my breast
 Feel it, with vital pow'r impress;
 And there chang'd by thee divine,
 The Saviours lovely image shine;
 Then let my moments haste away,
 My flesh return to lifeless clay
 My spirits fly to worlds unknown,
 Beyond where sun or stars have shone;
 There she shall find still brighter skies,
 My flesh at last in triumph rise;
 Both live in that divine abode,
 Where ever dwells the Saviour—God;
 Where his all-glorious throne beside,
 Sweet pleasure rolls her ceaseless tide;
 Where through the round of endless years,
 Not the least spark of grief appears.



The P E N and I N K.

A F A B L E.

OF old the quarrel had begun,
 Before the muse arriv'd;
 Ink call'd the Pen a goose's son,
 To an old gander wiv'd.

Thy mother was no bird of flight,
 (Continu'd angry Ink)
 And yet the son pretends to write,
 Who never learn'd to think.

The mother waddled in her gait,
 A mein, the child inherits ;
 'Tis still the Pen and poet's fate,
 To plead their waddling merits.

The waddling goose, the waddling bard,
 A graver walk assume ;
 Though hobbling does each step retard,
 To metre they presume.

The son of the most simple fowl,
 Forsooth pretends to fly ;
 And though more dull than any owl,
 Apes ingenuity.

Thus has thy tongue for scandal slit,
 For libel and high treason ;
 Dar'd to put in its claim to wit,
 Guiltless of rhyme or reason.

Yet, but for Ink, how vain thy plea !
 While all the merit's mine ;
 Like Venus rising from the sea,
 From me alone, you shine.

Emerging from my fable flood,
 You then, and only then,
 Write aught that can be understood,
 To boast the name of Pen.

Reverse of Lethe, I appear —
 Still thirsty at my stream ;
 Your memory grows bright and clear,
 As is the solar beam.

The sober Pen, with modest smile,
 To this abuse reply'd ;
 " Yourself of merit you beguile,
 Our interests are ally'd,---

What

What were the Pen without the Ink,
 Or Ink without the Pen ?
 Unable both to write or think,
 So let's be friends again."

XXXXXXXXXX:XXXXXXXXXX:XXXXXXXXXX

A Receipt for an Asthma.

CORIN, old friend, accept of me,
 The following rules without a fee ;
 An asthma is your case, I think,
 So you must neither eat or drink ;
 I mean of meats preserv'd in salt,
 Nor any liquors made of malt ;
 From season'd sauce avert your eyes,
 From hams and tongues, and pigeon-pies ;
 If ven'son pasty's set before ye,
 Each bit you eat, memento mori ;
 Your supper, nothing, if you please,
 But, above all, no toasted cheese ;
 'Tis likely, you will now observe,
 What I prescribe, will make you starve ;
 No ; I allow you, at a meal,
 A neck, a loin, or leg of veal ;
 Young turkies, I allow you four ;
 - Partridges, pullets, half a score ;
 Of house-lamb boil'd, eat quarters two ;
 The devil's in't, if that won't do ;
 Now, as to liquor, why, indeed,
 Might I advise, it should be mead ;
 Glasses of wine to extinguish drought,
 Drink two with water, three without ;
 Let constant exercise be try'd ;
 And sometimes walk, and sometimes ride ;
 Health's oft'ner found on Highgate hill,
 That in the Doctor's nauseous pill ,

Be not in haste, nor think to do
 Your business with a purge or two ;
 Some, if they are not well at once,
 Proclaim the Doctor for a dunce ;
 Restless, from quack to quack they range,
 When 'tis themselves they ought to change ;
 Nature hates violence and force,
 By method led, and gentle course ;
 Rules and restraints you must endure ;
 Ills, brought by time, 'tis time must cure ;
 The use of vegetables try,
 And prize pomona in a pye ;
 Young Bacchus' rites you must avoid,
 And leave fair Venus unenjoy'd ;
 Whate'er you take put something good in,
 And worship Ceres in a pudding ;
 For breakfast, it is my advice,
 Eat gruel, sago, barley, rice ;
 Take burdock roots ; and by my troth,
 I'd mingle daisies in the broth ;
 Thus you, with ease, may draw your breath,
 Deluding what you dread not, death ;
 Laugh with your friends, be gay, and thrive,
 Inrich'd by those whom you survive.



On the Death of King George the Second.

Presented to his Grandson King George III. on the
 31st of Oct. 1760, by the Rev. Francis Fawkes.

A H! fatal hour!--we must at last resign—
 Farewell, great hero of the Brunswick line ;
 For valour much, for virtue more renown'd,
 With wisdom honour'd, and with glory crown'd ;
'Twas

'Twas thy blest lot a happy reign to close,
 And die serene, triumphant o'er thy foes ;
 To see the faintless, vain, insulting Gaul,
 Like proud Goliath, nodding to his fall ;
 In chains the sons of tyranny to bind,
 And vindicate the rights of human kind.
 No brighter crown than Britain's, God could give
 To grace the Monarch, till he ceas'd to live ;
 Then gave him, to reward his virtuous strife,
 A heav'nly kingdom, and a crown of life.



The Stage Coach.

RESOLV'D to visit a far distant friend,
 A porter to the Bull-and-Gate, I send,
 And bid the slave at all events engage,
 Some place or other in the Chester stage ;
 The slave returns—its done as soon as said—
 Your honour's sure when once the money's paid ;
 My brother whip, impatient of delay,
 Puts to at three, and swears he cannot stay ;
 (Four dismal hours ere the break of day.)
 Rous'd from sound sleep, thrice call'd, at length I rise,
 Yawning, stretch out my arms, half clos'd my eyes ;
 By steps, and lanthorn, enter the machine,
 And take my place, how cordially ! between
 Two aged matrons of excessive bulk,
 To mend the matter too, of meaner folk ;
 While in like mode, jamm'd in on t'other side
 A bullying Captain, and a fair one, ride ;
 Foolish as fair, and in whose lap a boy—
 —Our plague eternal, but her only joy ;
 At last, the glorious number to complete,
 Steps in my landlord for that bodkin seat ;

When soon by ev'ry hillock, rut, and stone,
 Into each other's face by turns we're thrown ;
 This grannam scolds, that coughs, and Capt. swears,
 The fair one screams, and has a thousand fears ;
 While our plump landlord, train'd in other lore,
 Slumbers at ease, not yet aſham'd to ſnore ;
 And maſter Dicky in his mother's lap,
 Squalling brings up at once three meals of pap ;
 Sweet company ! next time, I do proteſt, Sir,
 I'll walk to Dublin, e're I'd ride to Cheſter.



HYMN to the CREATOR.

Extracted from Mrs. BUSHE.

ALL nature's works aloud proclaim,
 The great Creator's glorious name ;
 Where'er we turn, the thinking mind,
 The traces of his care we find ;
 At his command, who rules the ſpheres,
 And here in various forms appears ;
 Alternate roll the day and night,
 The one for reſt, and one for light ;
 And as the year directing ſun,
 Does, through the ſigns, his journey run,
 The ſeaſons, in ſucceſſive train,
 Viciffitude of rule maintain ;
 Now Zephyrus and Flora ſpread,
 Ambroſial odours o'er the mead ;
 Now Ceres does her harveſt yield,
 And paint with wavy gold the field ;
 Now autumn his ripe fruitage ſhows,
 And drunk with wine the vintage flows ;
 Now winter's froſt and nitrous ſnow,
 Prepare the way for vernal blow ;

Each,

Each, as the year revolves, profuse
 Of blessings given for human use ;
 Consider how the sun retires,
 And gradually withdraws his fires ;
 Lest sudden cold should chill the blood,
 And check too soon the circling flood ;
 And how, with gentle pace and flow,
 The radiant beam begins to glow ;
 Lest tortur'd sense too soon should feel,
 The fervor of his rapid wheel,
 'Ere rising gradual in his strength,
 He shoots his ray to utmost length ;
 Thus from each tropic, does he turn,
 Nor prone to freeze, nor prone to burn ;
 Is this retreat, and this advance,
 The work of providence, or chance ?
 Sage Socrates has gain the field,
 And made Aristodemus yield ;
 Aristodemus too is blest,
 His mind serene, his soul at rest.



The Way to be Wise.

POOOR Jenny, amorous, young, and gay,
 Having by man been led astray,
 To nunn'ry dark, retir'd ;
 There liv'd, and look'd so like a maid,
 So seldom eat, so often pray'd,
 She was by all admir'd.

The Lady Abbess oft would cry,
 If any sister trod awry,
 Or prov'd an idle flattern ;
 " See wise and pious Mrs Jane,
 " A life so strict, so grave a mein,
 " Is sure a worthy pattern."

A pert young flut, at length replies,
 " Experience, Madam, makes folks wise,
 " 'Tis that has made her such ;
 " And we, poor souls, no doubt, should be
 " As pious, and as wise, as she,
 " If we had seen as much."



The Last Will of a British Tar.

IN the name of God, I Thomas Oakham,
 Now compos mentis, sine jokum,
 On this good sixteenth day of April,
 Of neither palsy, gout, or vapour ill,
 Since all must strike, or late, or soon,
 Life's flag, to death, that Picaroon ;
 Do make, tho' not a jot my body's ill,
 This my last testament, or codicil—

Item for I must use the form,
 I leave my hull, to fish or worm ;
 As to my masts, and shrouds, and rigging,
 They'll serve some honest tar to pig in ;
 Since, all I have, is on my back,
 I leave 'em to my mess-mate Jack ;
 And having neither menks, nor splinter,*
 I leave my trowsers to DICK WINTER ;
 My buckles—for they're good hard plate,
 I leave for love to Portsmouth Kate—
 My soul to him that gave it, I
 Give back—but not before I die ;
 Hoping it may good harbour find,
 Safe anchor'd---both from seas and wind.

Having dispos'd of ev'ry thing,
 Except my country and my King ;

* Sea Terms for Money.

It is not decent sure to die,
 And leave to them no legacy;
 To Portsmouth, where I drew my breath,
 I leave my blessing at my death;
 For, in my life-time, free and willing,
 'Twas there I spent my ev'ry shilling—
 My country gave it, there I spent it,
 Nor do I, in the least, repent it;
 God spare *Old George*, both snug and warm,
 Long may he weather out the storm;
 Long may his guns do execution,
 To take the French, and help the Prussian;
 Oh! may he live to quell his foes,
 And pull *Old Lewis* by the nose—

My stock of honesty and wit
 I leave to Secretary *PITT*;
 (Who stood it in the roughest weather)
 Because, I know, he wants for neither.
 To all my trusty cousins loving,
 Who are our pilots for removing;
 My will is, when they come to helm,
 That they, as well may serve the realm;
 Or take it, found'ring, up like him,
 And put it in a better trim.

To *HENRY BILLSON LEGGE*, I leave,
 While he to *PITT* does firmly cleave;
 My compass, which, upon my soul,
 I ne'er saw vary from the pole;
 The needle to the touch was true,
 As ever steer'd a ship, or crew.

My Globe, to *ANSON*, I bestow,
 He sail'd round all the world you know,
 And having now no world to roam,
 He may take mine, and—stay at home;
 Like Alexander, to bewail,
 He has no other worlds to sail.

I love and honour honest HAWKE,
 Nor never knew him flinch, or baulk;
 But, 'tis my will, he never marry
 A jade, that's likely to miscarry;
 Had he but wed another wife,
 He'd carried Rochefort, on my life.

So having made my will in form,
 I set to sea — nor fear a storm.

From on Board the Dreadnought } THO. OAKHAM.
April 16th, 1759.



On REDEMPTION.

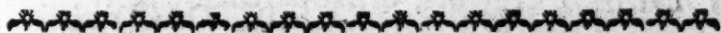
LORD! When my frighted soul with terror views,
 That direful vengeance which our guilt pursues;
 Struck with amaze, my blood, with horror chill'd,
 My anxious breast, with unknown terrors fill'd;
 Where shall I turn? What power shall I invoke?
 Can men or angels, guard me from the stroke
 Of wrath omnipotent? — Alas! in vain
 To mortal friends or angels I complain!
 Not all the force of men, or angels join'd,
 Can help afford to the distracted mind;
 Oppress'd with guilt; — But see, O grace divine!
 The son of God dies for this soul of mine!
 On wings of love the pitying Saviour flew,
 And met the vengeance to my follies due!
 O! matchless love! let ev'ry mortal tongue,
 Join in his praise, and heaven assist the song.

EPIGRAM.



E P I G R A M.

IN a coffee-room, Quin (whom you know very well)
 Calls—"give me some coffee---as hot, Sir, as hell"
 Sly GARRICK cries, Tom, (as the boy held the pot)
 Let me have a dish too—but not quite so hot.



*A Legacy, wrote on the Study Door of a Clergyman,
 to his Successor.*

WHOEVER thou art,
 That interest here ;
 If thou hast found the life of thy own soul,
 By faith and conversion ;
 And comest hither
 To attend thy CHARGE,
 And with an earnest good will,
 To serve the Lord JESUS CHRIST,
 In the MINISTRY,
 This Place
 Will be a Paradise to thee.
 But if thou art one of the worst
 Of fallen Mankind,
 An hireling,
 False to thy vows ;
 A traitor to
 Thy master,
 And leavest thy flock
 To follow their own will and pleasure ;
 Go where thou wilt,
 Conscience will follow thee ;
 Happiness will fly from thee ;
 And thou canst only be,
 A burthen to thyself.

An

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An EPITAPH on STERNE.

By a L A D Y.

STERNE, rest for ever, and no longer fear
 The critic's censure, or the coxcomb's sneer ;
 The gate of envy now is clos'd on thee,
 And fame, her hundred doors shall open free ;
 Ages unborn shall celebrate the page,
 Where, friendly join'd, the satirist and sage ;
 O'er Yorick's tomb, the brightest eyes shall weep,
 And British genius, mournful vigils keep ;
 Then, sighing, say, to vindicate thy fame,
 " Great were his faults, but glorious was his flame."

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

*Mr. GARRICK being asked by a Nobleman, if
 he did not intend to sit in Parliament? gave him
 an Answer in the following Lines.*

MORE than content with what my talents gain,
 Of public favour, though a little vain ;
 Yet not so vain my mind, so madly bent,
 To wish to play the fool in Parliament ;
 In each dramatic unity to err ;
 Mistaking time and place, and character ;
 Were it my fate to quit the mimic art,
 Pd " strut and fret" no more in any part ;
 No more, in public scenes, would I engage,
 Or wear the cap and mask on any stage.

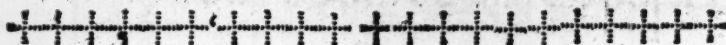
The

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The Publisher has no other Apology for inserting the following Account of Robert Ogleby, than, that he knew the Man, and believes he was also known to many Subscribers to this Collection.

ROBERT OGLEBY, commonly known by the name of the noted OLD TINKER, was born at Ripon in the county of York, on the 16th day of November, 1654, as appears by the register; and to corroborate which, his own account of himself is, that he was put apprentice in 1668, to one Sellers, a Brazier at York, when he was fourteen years of age; that he served seven years in that capacity, and two years more as journeyman; he then begun business for himself at Ripon, which he carried on five years, and failed; after which he went to Hull, and wrought journey work there four years, when he entered into King James's service; was sent with the regiment into Ireland, where he changed his master, and was among the number of those who fought under King William at the battle of Boyne in 1690, where he saw the Duke of Schomberg fall; he served about twenty three years longer in the army, in different places, and was discharged after the peace of Utrecht; but having neither wounds nor infirmities to plead for him, he got no pension; so he resumed his old trade, or rather took up the new one of travelling Brazier, which he continued till about four years of his death, and at the amazing age of 110, would carry his budget 20 miles in a winter day, and do his business with as much alacrity, as any other man at 50; but, he soon after, grew infirm and was obliged to give up the itinerant trade, he had carried on for above 50 years, and take to begging. He died at Leeds in 1768, after having compleated the 114th year of his age.

The



The PEASANT and LORD.

A T A L E.

OPPRESS'D by sickness, debts, and duns,
His Lordship to the country runs ;
In hopes to find that comfort there,
Which fortune had deny'd him here ;
Reluctant, leaves the seat of vice,
Assemblies, op'ras, cards and dice ;
To breathe awhile in silent shades,
And trifle with the country maids.

It chanc'd, as on a summer's morn,
He bent his steps across the lawn ;
Sweet sung the birds on ev'ry spray,
The laughing meadows all look'd gay ;
With mind unruffled, and at ease,
Across a neighbo'ring stile, he sees
A lab'rer come, with chearful smile,
Who whist'ling, sought his daily toil ;
Health's ruddy hue, his face o'erspread,
Tho' silver locks adorn'd his head.

As round the humid hay, he flung,
Blythe as the lark, he gayly sung ;
His honest lays, which plainly show'd,
His heart, with sweet contentment, glow'd ;
The Peer, with envious eyes, beheld
The clown, and thus with rancor fill'd ;
" Peace slave for once, let manners curb
Thy noise, nor my repose disturb ;
Thy ill-tim'd merriment give o'er,
Nor dare offend my ears thus more.

Or

Or soon, thou clod, I'll make thee know,
What rev'rence to a Lord is due."

What, thou a Lord ! replies the swain,
With looks of pity and disdain ;
And canst thou think, tho' poor, that I
Will with thy proud commands comply ;
Know, tho' obscure, and mean my lot,
The tenant of yon lowly cot ;
I boast an honest life well spent,
In recompence, for which, content
Gilds every hour, with calm delight,
And tells me, I have acted right.
With reverence, I my Maker serve,
Nor from his precepts ever swerve ;
This golden rule, keep still in view,
To do, as I'd have others do ;
Full threescore years, I, on these plains,
Have liv'd respected by the swains ;
A life of innocence have led,
And earn'd, by toil, my daily bread ;
For which, indulgent gracious heav'n,
Has plenty, independence giv'n ;
Of these possess'd, know, in one word,
I'm greater,---happier,---than a Lord.

Struck with the home-felt truth, the Peer
Sneak'd silent off---with haughty sneer ;
Unmindful---Hodge snatch'd up his fork,
And chearfully pursu'd his work.



The *CONTRAST.*

THE vain coquette, by study'd arts,
Endeavors to trepan our hearts ;
At auctions, operas and plays,
Heedless, she wastes whole nights and days ;
Trifling

Trifling, her every hour employs,
Nor can she taste sublimer joys ;
This, the whole business of her sphere,
And all her knowledge centers here.

But see Miranda, prudent maid,
Convinc'd of reason's solid aid ;
From foibles of her sex refin'd,
To other's failings, wisely blind ;
Her virtues in her conduct seen,
No self conceit does intervene ;
Tho' Heav'n has form'd her all that's fair,
Yet, is her mind her only care ;
With manly sense, her soul she decks,
And shines superior to her sex.

*Epitaph for Tom o'Combe, alias Thin Beard,
Brother to John o'Combe.*

By SHAKESPEAR.

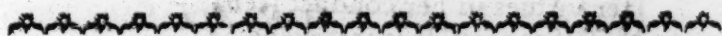
THIN in beard, and thick in purse,
Never man beloved worse ;
He went to the grave with many a curse,
The Devil and he had both one nurse.

The Wise and Tranquil State of Old Age.

THE seas are quiet, when the winds give o'er,
So calm are we, when passions are no more ;
For then we know, how vain it were to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost ;

Clouds

Clouds of affection, from our younger eyes,
 Conceal that emptiness, which age describes ;
 The souls dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
 Lets in new light, thro' chinks which time has made ;
 Stronger, by weakness, wiser, men become,
 As they draw near to their eternal home ;
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once, they view,
 Who stand upon the threshold of the new.



*Written by a Young Lady in a Consumption about
 a Week before her Death.*

PREPARE my soul to meet the day,
 When I must quit this house of clay,
 Leave all my dearest friends behind,
 And share the fate of human kind ;
 The Lord is my support and hope,
 'Tis that which keeps my spirits up ;
 Pardon, O Lord my ev'ry sin,
 Let me be pure, without, within ;
 And when the awful hour draws near,
 That I must part from all that's dear ;
 Then, O my God, do thou be nigh,
 And bear me, bear me, to the sky ;
 In the cold grave this frame must rest,
 And worms shall feed on this poor breast ;
 These hands will then be useless grown,
 And I, alas ! no more be known ;
 No more, these feet shall ever walk,
 This tongue, no more, shall ever talk ;
 For ever clos'd in death, these eyes,
 'Till, the last trumpet shakes the skies ;
 Then when the thunder echoes round,
 And the world trembles at the sound ;
 May I, with joy, my Saviour see,
 Jesus, who bore such pangs for me ;

Grant

Grant me, my Saviour an abode,
 An humble station near my God ;
 Where I may Hallelujah's raise,
 And spend eternity in praise.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

A PASTORAL.

HER sheep had in clusters crept close to the grove,
 To hide from the rigours of day ;
 And Phillis, herself in a wood bine alcove,
 Among the fresh violets lay :
 A youngling, it seems, had been stole from its dam,
 ('Twixt cupid and hymen a plot !)
 That Corydon might, as he search'd for his lamb,
 Arrive at this critical spot.

As through the gay hedge for his lambkin he peeps,
 He saw the sweet maid with surprise ;
 Ye Gods ! if so killing, he cry'd, when she sleeps,
 I'm lost, if she opens her eyes ;
 To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
 I'll onward, my lambkin to trace ;
 In vain, honest Corydon strove to depart,
 For love had him nail'd to the place.

Hush—hush'd be these birds ! what a bawling they
 keep,
 He cry'd—you're too loud on the spray !
 Don't you see foolish lark, that the charmer's a sleep,
 You'll wake her as sure as the day ;
 How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet maid !
 (Her cheek, he mistakes for the rose ;))
 I'd pat him to death, if I was not afraid,
 My boldness would break her repose.

Young

Young Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile,
 Kind shepherd, she cry'd, you mistake ;
 I laid myself down for to rest me awhile,
 But, trust me, have long been awake :
 The shepherd took courage—advanc'd with a bow,
 He plac'd himself close by her side ;
 And, manag'd the matter—I cannot tell how,
 But, yesterday made her his bride.



The PETITION.

ARTFUL painter, by this plan,
 Draw a female, if you can ;
 Paint her features bold and gay,
 Casting modesty away ;
 Let her air, the mode express,
 And fantastic be her dress ;
 Cock her up a little hat,
 Various colours this and that ;
 Make her cap, the fashion new,
 An inch of gauze or lace, will do ;
 Cut her hair the shortest dock,
 Nicely braid her forehead lock ;
 Put her on a negligee,
 A short sack, or shepherdee ;
 Ruff'd up, to keep her warm,
 Eight or ten upon an arm ;
 Let her hoop, extending wide
 Show her garters, and her pride ;
 Her stockings must be fine and white,
 For they are seldom out of sight ;
 Let her have an high-heel'd shoe,
 And a glittering buckle too ;
 Other trifles that you find,
 Make quite careless, as her mind ;
 Thus equipp'd, she's charming ware,
 Either for races, or a fair.

On

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*On the Rev. Mr. KILLINGBECK, formerly
 Vicar of Leeds.*

TRUE to the charge committed to his trust,
 To mankind faithful, to his master just ;
 God and religion did his hours employ,
 Goodness his choice, and charity his joy ;
 Cheerful thro' life in every healthy scene,
 In sickness patient, and in death serene ;
 Translated hence, of God and man approv'd,
 He lives and triumphs in that world he lov'd.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
 E P I G R A M.

YOU say Calista is no more a maid ;
 In this, I think, you very greatly err ;
 She lost, 'tis true, her maidenhead with Ned ;
 But then young Sam has since lost his with her.

She's got of Sam whate'er she lost with Ned ;
 How is she then without her maidenhead ?

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
 E P I G R A M.

A Yorkshire man !---and Ostler still !
 Ere this you might have been,
 Had you employ'd your native skill,
 Landlord, and kept the inn.

Ah ! Sir, quoth John, here 'twill ne'er do ;
 For, damn it, Meyster's Yorkshire too.

A Happy

A Happy Competency.

T' improve our present happiness
 What better means, dear friend, than these ?
 Devolving wealth not gain'd by toil,
 An house one's own, a grateful soil ;
 A temper not to strife inclin'd,
 Cloaths neat, tho' plain, an easy mind,
 And health with native vigour join'd. }
 Truth undisguis'd, a friend, or two,
 That perfect mirrours are of you ;
 A board not spread with costly food,
 But such as is both cheap and good ;
 A chearful glass, when night comes on,
 That may our cares, not reason drown ;
 A bed, that does sweet joys dispense,
 Where pleasure's join'd with innocence ;
 Sleeps which uncall'd to thee resort,
 And make the live long night seem short ;
 Pleas'd with thyself, thy fate enjoy,
 And neither fear, nor wish to die.

THOUGHTS on several Subjects.

WHY do you desire riches and grandeur ? Be-
 cause you think they will bring happiness
 with them. The very thing you want is now in your
 own power ; you have only to study contentment.

He who suffers lust to steal away his youth, ambi-
 tion his manhood, and avarice his old age, may la-
 ment too late the shortness of the useful part of his
 life ; a foolish youth makes a crazy old age.

You need not tell all the truth, unless to those who have a right to know it all : but let all you tell, be truth

Do not endeavour to shine in all companies ; leave room for your hearers to imagine something within you beyond all you have said ; and remember, the more you are praised, the more you will be envied.

To defeat calumny, despise it ; to seem disturb'd about it, is the way to make it be believed, and stabbing your defamer will not prove you innocent.---Also, live an exemplary life, and then your general good character will overpower it.---Likewise, speak tenderly of every body, even of your defamers, and you will make the whole world cry shame on them, who can find in their hearts to injure one so inoffensive.

Reproof is a medicine like mercury or opium ; if it be improperly administered, it will do harm instead of good.

Accustom yourself to the strict observance of your duty in all respects, and it will, in time, be as troublesome to omit, or violate it, as it is to many people to practice it.



On a Detractor.

MISTAKEN wretch, industrious to defame,
 With lies thy neighbour, and asperse his name !
 Unmov'd I suffer thy reviling tongue,
 Then least injurious, when it most wou'd wrong ;
 Whose praise or blame by contraries are took,
 Like crabs, whose motion contradicts their looks ;

In harmless slander may'st thou persevere,
 But, on thy life, malicious praise forbear ;
 Left bent on vengeance, for thy wrongs on me,
 I next proceed to say the truth of thee.

Last Words of the great Mr. Addison.

MR. ADDISON, after a manly, but vain struggle with a long and lingering distemper, dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life ; but with his hopes of life he dismissed not his concern for the living, but sent for a youth, nearly related and finely accomplished, but not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend :—He came :—But life now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent ;—after a decent, and proper pause, the youth said, “ Dear Sir, you sent for me ; I believe, and I hope, you have some commands ; I shall hold them most sacred.”—May distant ages not only hear, but feel, the reply !—forcibly grasping the youth's hand, he softly said, “ *See in what Peace a Christian can die.*”—He spoke with difficulty, and soon expired.—Through grace divine, how great is man ? Through divine mercy, how stingless is death ? Who would not thus expire ?

The Thought ; or, A Song of Similies.

I'VE thought ; the fair Narcissa cries,
 What is it like, Sir ?—“ Like your eyes—
 “ 'Tis like a chair—'tis like a key—
 “ 'Tis like a purge—'tis like a flea—

'Tis

" 'Tis like a beggar—like the sun——
 " 'Tis like the Dutch—'tis like the moon——
 " 'Tis like a kilderkin of ale——
 " 'Tis like a Doctor---like a whale——
 Why are my eyes, Sir, like a SWORD ?
 For that's the Thought, upon my word.
 " Ah! witness every pang I feel,
 " The deaths they give, the likenesses tell.
 " A sword is like a chair, you'll find,
 " Because, 'tis most an end behind.
 " 'Tis like a key, for 'twill undo one;
 " 'Tis like a purge, for 'twill run thro' one;
 " 'Tis like a flea and reason good,
 " 'Tis often drawing human blood."
 Why like a beggar?—" You shall hear,
 " 'Tis often carried 'fore the May'r;
 " 'Tis like the sun, because its gilt,
 " Besides it travels in a *belt*.
 " 'Tis like the Dutch, we plainly see,
 " Because that state, whenever we
 " A push for our own int'rest make,
 " Does instantly our sides forsake."
 The moon?—" Why when all's said and done,
 " A Sword is very like the moon;
 " For if his Majesty (God bless him)
 " When County Sheriff comes t' address him,
 " Is pleas'd his favours to bestow,
 " On him, before him kneeling low,
 " This o'er his shoulders glitters bright,
 " And gives the glory to the Knight (night)
 " 'Tis like a kilderkin, no doubt,
 " For its not long in drawing out.
 " 'Tis like a Doctor, for who will
 " Dispute a Doctor's pow'r to kill?"
 But why a Sword is like a whale
 Is no such easy thing thing to tell;
 " But since all Swords are Swords, d'ye see,
 " Why, let it then a backsword be,
 " Which, if well us'd, will seldom fail,
 " To raise up somewhat like a whale."



*Epitaph on Mr. Samuel Richardson, Author of
Sir Charles Grandison.*

IF ever warm benevolence was dear,
If ever wisdom gain'd esteem sincere,
Or genuine fancy deep attention won,
Approach with awe the dust of---RICHARDSON.

What tho' his muse, thro' distant regions known,
Might scorn the tribute of this humble stone ;
Yet pleasing to his gentle shade, must prove
The meanest pledge of friendship, and of love ;
For, oft will these, from venal throngs exil'd,
And, oft will innocence, of aspect mild,
And white rob'd chastity, with streaming eyes
Frequent the cloister where their patron lies.

This, reader, learn, and learn from one whose woe
Bids her wild verse in artless accents flow ;
For could she frame her numbers to commend
The husband, father, citizen, and friend ;
How would her muse display in equal strain,
The critic's judgment, and the writer's vein ?——
Ah ! No ! expect not from the chissel'd stone,
The praises, graven on our hearts alone.
There, shall his fame a lasting shrine acquire ;
And ever, shall his moving page inspire
Pure truth, fixt honour, virtue's pleasing lore ;
While taste and science crown this favour'd shore.



The Astronomer's Room.

ONE day I call'd, and, PHILO out,
 I op'd the door, and look'd about;
 When, all his goods being full in view,
 I took this inventory true :——

Item, a bed without a curtain,
 A broken jar to empty dirt in ;
 A candlestick, a greasy night-cap,
 A spitting pot to catch what might hap ;
 Two stockings darn'd with numerous stitches,
 A piece of shirt, a pair of breeches ;
 A three-legg'd stool, a four-legg'd table,
 Were fill'd with book unfit for rabble ;
 Sines, tangents, secants, radius, co-fines,
 Subtangents, segments, and all those signs ;
 Enough to shew the man who made 'em,
 Was full as mad, as he who read 'em ;
 An almanack of six years standing,
 A cup with ink, and one with sand in ;
 One corner held his books, and the rest,
 And, round the floor, were strew'd the rest ;
 That all things might be like himself,
 He'd neither closet, drawer, or shelf ;
 Here, piss-pot, sauce-pot, broken matter,
 Appear'd like heterogeneous matter ;
 In ancient days, the walls were white,
 But, who 'gainst damps and snails can fight ?
 They're now, in wreathy ringlets bound,
 Some square, some oval, and some round ;
 The antiquarian there may find,
 Each hieroglyphic to his mind ;
 Such faces there may fancy trace,
 As never yet knew time or place ;

And

And he who studies maps or plans,
Has all the work done to his hands ;
In short, the room, the goods, and author,
Appear'd to be one made for t'other.



The Patriot King; Or, George the Third.

Wrote at the Commencement of his Reign.

THREE GEORGES now for Britain's welfare born,
To latest times our annals will adorn ;
The FIRST, tho' view'd with party's envious eyes,
Contending factions own was GOOD and WISE ;
Thro' a long reign, brave, mild, and just, approv'd,
We style the SECOND GEORGE—the well-belov'd ;

Behold a youth now mounts the British throne,
Whom every Royal virtue calls her own !—
Proceed, great Prince, a Patriot King compleat,
And George the Third, henceforth be—*George the Great.*



The Commandments versified.

By Dr. D O D D.

1. ONE God there is---him only shalt thou fear,
2. Nor make to sculptur'd idols, fruitless pray'r ;
3. Take not thy awful Maker's name in vain,
4. Nor the grand sabbath of thy God prophane ;
5. Honour thy parents---blessing crowns the deed ;
6. Nor by thy murd'ring hands let others bleed ;
7. Shun with the wife unlawful lewd delight ;
8. Nor dare usurping steal another's right ;
9. False witness bear not and thy oath reverse ;
10. Nor madly covet, what's thy neighbour's share.



Anecdote of Sir Robert Walpole.

WHEN Sir Robert Walpole was Minister in the Spanish war 1739, a scheme was mentioned to him of taxing the American Colonies; he smiled and said, "I will leave that for some of my successors, who may have more courage than I have, and less a friend to commerce than I am." He added, "It has been a maxim with me during my administration, to encourage the trade of the American Colonies, in the utmost latitude, (nay it has been necessary to pass over some irregularities in their trade with Europe) for by encouraging them to an extensive growing foreign commerce, if they gain 500,000l. I am convinced that in two years afterwards full 250,000l. of their gains will be in his Majesty's Exchequer by the labour and product of this kingdom, as immense quantities of every kind of our manufactures go thither; and as they increase in their foreign American trade, more of our produce will be wanted."—He ended with saying, "This is taxing them more agreeably both to their own constitution, and to ours."



EPITAPH on Mr. QUIN.

By GARRICK.

THAT tongue which set the table on a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more;
Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spoke before the tongue what Shakespear writ;
Cold

Cold are those hands, which, living, were stretch'd
 forth,
 At friendship's call, to succour modest worth.

Here lies *James Quin*! deign, reader, to be taught,
 Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
 In nature's happiest mould however cast,
 "To his complexion thou must come at last."



The Pleasures of Reading.

FROM busy scenes, I oft clope,
 To chat with Addison, and Pope,
 In books, I never fail to find,
 A banquet for the hungry mind;
 Whene'er I'm in a merry mood,
 Swift's pieces always do me good;
 And often much delight I feel,
 From the arch strokes of sprightly Steel;
 And when I'm in a grumbling way,
 I vent my spleen with fretful Gay;
 Who with a true horacian spirit,
 Attacks the foes to shining merit;
 For mirth, I'm often Prior's debtor,
 No mortal told a story better;
 By Fielding's comic genius fir'd,
 I ne'er am with his writings tir'd;
 Sometimes I take a cup of ale
 With Boniface;—sometimes a tale,
 By waggish Chaucer told, I chuse;
 And crown the feast with Shakespear's muse.

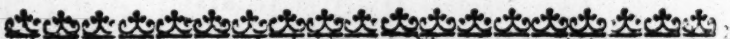
When I turn o'er historic pages,
 And take a view of former ages;

K 3

I learn

I learn the present times to prize,
 Nor my own countrymen despise;
 But think them full as good as those,
 Who fill'd both Greece and Troy with woes:

When I review our home-bred jars,
 Domestic feuds, and civil wars;
 I'm glad I live from tyrants free,
 In a mild reign of liberty,
 In which I can enjoy my own,
 Without a seizure from the throne.



On FRIENDSHIP.

TOO oft in chusing friends we err,
 By warm good nature prest;
 And in a dove-like form receive
 A serpent to the breast.

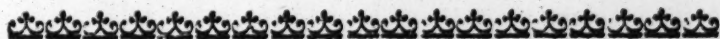
External beauties strike the eye,
 And such attractions wear;
 We nothing but perfection spy,
 And rush into the snare.

No wonder that a pleasing face,
 With winning manners join'd;
 Are lov'd by those who cannot trace,
 The motions of the mind.

There, must the lasting beauties reign,
 Which never know decay;
 For ev'ry charm, but those within,
 Is swept by time away.

Th' allurements of external charms;
 Can ne'er deceive us long;
Affection may the union bind,
 Esteem must make it strong.

A thousand smiling, flow'ry paths,
 To friendship's temple lead;
 But those who follow virtue's steps,
 Most happily succeed.



I N V E N T O R Y.

WITH conscience void of ill intent,
 With thought to all mankind well meant,
 With that religion in my heart,
 With grace may save my better part,
 With spirit that does more rejoice,
 With giving once, than giving twice,
 With heart that feels for others woes,
 With mind that would those ills oppose,
 With human frame, that, nature faith,
 With-holds long life and speedy death,
 With health enough to earn my bread,
 With thanks, I am not idly fed,
 With habit to plain wholesome food,
 With appetite to find it good,
 With human frailties not the least,
 With detestation of the past,
 With just enough, or perhaps more,
 With care, will keep the wolf from door,
 With thanks to God for blessings sent,
 With reason good, I am content,
 With stoic heed of scorning frown,
 With chearful cup, their pride I drown,

With temperance my course I steer,
 With rudder of celestial fear,
 With this my lot, I sit and sleep,
 With small concern, who riches reap.



An Epigram on the American War.

WHEN brothers fall out about trifles of state,
 And wrangle, and quarrel, and fight ;
 Enrag'd with each other they seek their own fate,
 Act wrong, from false notions of right ;
 It were well if a moment's reflection could show,
 That neither can e'er get their wishes ;
 That both will be losers by every blow,
 While they fight for the loaves and the fishes.



The Plaguy Tongue.

MIRANDA's form was more than grace,
 The dread of ev'ry fair ;
 A thousand loves compos'd her face,
 And revell'd in her hair ;
 Her sparkling wit was own'd by a'
 And if the charmer sung,
 Why,—" headlong streams forgot to fall"—
 But oh ! her plaguy tongue !

A While

A while, be-goddest and be-prais'd,
 A world obey her will !
 But though the comet widely blaz'd,
 We found it transient still ;
 The wondring crowds, her beauty's boast !
 That round her fondly hung ;
 Despis'd the Vixen in the toast,
 And curst her plaguy tongue.

Too feebly shot, her fleeting fire,
 Scarce warm'd a morning dream—
 For Myriads may with ease admire,
 Tho' not a soul esteem !
 When e'er she talk'd to fix for life,
 A downward head we hung ;
 And all were fearful of a wife
 With such a plaguy tongue.

Yet still her giddy course she drove,
 And on her charms rely'd ;
 For admiration, scorning love,
 And happiness, for pride ;—
 But see, alas ! the roses fade,
 And now no longer young ;
 She pines an old neglected maid,
 And mourns her plaguy tongue.

At such a fate, ye fair one's start,
 And trust my honest lays ;
 That one sincere, one worthy heart,
 Out counts a world of praise ;
 Then, when from cupid, bows you claim,
 With sweetness, see them hung ;
 For love ne'er guides a virgins aim,
 Who bears a plaguy tongue.



*On seeing a Great Commander fantastically drest
at Mrs. Cornely's.*

'TIS said, that our soldiers so lazy are grown,
With luxury, plenty, and ease ;
That they more for their carriage, than courage, are
known,
And scarce know the use of a piece.

Let them say what they will, since it nobody galls,
And exclaim out still louder and louder ;
But there ne'er was more money expended in balls,
Or a greater consumption of powder.



The BISHOP indeed.

THERE liv'd a Bishop, once upon a time,
Where, is not said, but England was the clime ;
An honest pious man who understood
How to behave as a true Bishop shou'd ;
But thro' an opposition form'd to blast,
His good designs by men of diff'rent cast ;
He had some tedious struggles, and a train
Of rude affronts, and insults to sustain ;
And did sustain ; with calm unruffled mind,
He bore them all, and never once repin'd ;
An intimate acquaintance, one who knew
What scorns, and perils, he had waded thro' ;
Time after time, and very much admir'd,
A patience so provok'd, and so untir'd ;
Made bold to ask him, if he could impart,
Or teach the secret of his happy art ;

Yes,

Yes, said the good old Prelate, that I can,
 And 'tis a plain, and practicable plan ;
 For all the secret, that I know of, lies
 In making a right use of my own eyes ;
 Begg'd to explain himself, how that shou'd be ?
 Why, in whatever state I'm in, said he,
 I first look up to heav'n, as well aware,
 That, to get thither, is my main affair ;
 I then look down upon the earth, and think
 In a short space of time, how small a chink
 I shall possess of its extensive ground ;
 And then I cast my prying eyes around,
 Where more distress appears on every side . .
 Amongst mankind, than I myself abide ;
 So that, reflecting on my own concern,
 First, where true happiness is plac'd, I learn ;
 Next, let the world to what it will, pretend,
 I see, where all its good and ill must end ;
 Last, how unjust it is, as well as vain,
 Upon a fair discernment to complain ;
 Thus, looking up, and down, and round about,
 Right use of eyes may find my secret out ;
 With heav'n in view—his real home—in fine,
 Nothing on earth, shou'd make a man repine.



*READING, and CONVERSATION, Or, a
 Hint for Improvement.*

WHEN reading authors, if you find,
 Bright passages, that strike your mind,
 And which perhaps you may have reason,
 To think on, at another season,
 Be not contented with the sight,
 But take them down in black and white ;
 Such a respect is wisely shown,
 That makes another's sense, one's own.

When

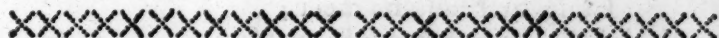
When you're asleep upon your bed,
 A thought may come into your head,
 Which may be of good-use, if taken
 Due notice of, when you're awaken;
 Of midnight thoughts to take no heed,
 Betrays a sleepy soul indeed;
 It is but dreaming in the day,
 To throw our nightly hours away.

In conversation when you meet,
 With persons, chearful and discreet,
 That speak, or quote, in prose, or rhyme,
 Things, or facetious or sublime;
 Observe what passes, and anon,
 When you come home, think thereupon;
 Write what occurs, forget it not,
 A good thing sav'd, 's a good thing got.

Let no remarkable event,
 Pass with a gaping wonder ment,
 A fool's device—Lord, who would think!
 Commit it safe, to pen and ink,
 Whate'er deserves attention now,
 For when 'tis pass'd, you know not how,
 Too late you'll find it, to your cost,
 So much of human life is lost,

Were it not for the written letter,
 Pray, what were living men the better,
 For all the labours of the dead,
 For all that Socrates e'er said?
 The morals brought from Heav'n, to men,
 He would have carried back again;
 'Tis owing to this short-hand youth,
 That Socrates does now speak truth.

EPIGRAM.



E P I G R A M.

I'LL hold a crown, quoth Dick to Ned,
Thou often wrongs thy neighbour's bed !
And I, quoth Ned, will lay my life,
Thou always had a tell-tale wife !



The Silent Conversation.

THE cloth remov'd, 'twas ten at night,
When Damon half undress'd ;
Seiz'd Laura's hand with true delight,
And clasp'd it to his breast.

With secret joy the youth survey'd,
The partner of his blifs ;
And Laura just a motion made,
That seem'd to beg a kiss.

Her arm thrown round his happy neck,
In equal fondness ey'd ;
And scorn'd the softer thought to check,
She scarcely wish'd to hide.

Damon assay'd to speak in vain,
His voice was lost in sighs ;
And all that Laura could explain,
Was mention'd in her eyes.

A look

A look declar'd the dear distress,
 Congenial bosoms meet ;
 Which sink beneath a soft excess,
 So passionately sweet,

But love as all the poets preach,
 Who still brings things about ;
 At last bestow'd the use of speech,
 And put—the candles out.

After *S U P P E R.*

'Twas ten o'clock, the cloth remov'd,
 The servants all retreated ;
 Two tapers blaz'd ; his fair belov'd
 On Strephon's knee was seated.

By love conducted Mira's cheek,
 On Strephon's bosom lay ;
 He gaz'd—he sigh'd—and wish'd to speak,—
 But knew not what to say.

His arms twin'd round her taper waist,
 Explain'd his wishful sighs ;
 And, well were Mira's thoughts express'd,—
 They glisten'd in her eyes.

But soon these mutual looks of love,
 Their mutual silence broke ;
 And thus (his lips scarce seen to move)
 The trembling Strephon spoke :

“ When will my Mira make me blest ?
 “ O ! when, my charmer ! when ? ”——
 The fair one leer'd, his hand she prest——
 “ Put out the lights—and THEN ! ”



An Original Epitaph.

HERE lies, fast asleep, awake me who can ?
 That medley of passions, and follies, A MAN ;
 Who sometimes lov'd license, and sometimes restraint,
 Too much of the sinner, too little of saint ;
 From quarter to quarter, I shifted my track ;
 'Gainst the evils of life, a most notable quack ;
 But, alas ! I soon found the defects of my skill,
 And my nostrums in practise prov'd treacherous still ;
 From life's certain ills, 'twas in vain to seek ease,
 The remedy oft, prov'd another disease ;
 What in rapture began, often ended in sorrow,
 And the pleasure to day, brought reflection to morrow ;
 When each action was o'er, and its errors were seen,
 Then I view'd with surprize, the strange thing I
 had been ;
 My body and mind were so oddly contriv'd,
 That at each other's failing, both parties conniv'd ;
 Imprudence of mind, brought on sickness and pain,
 The body diseas'd, paid the debt back again ;
 Thus coupled together lifes journey they past,
 Till they wrangl'd and jangl'd, and parted at last ;
 Thus tir'd and weary, I have finish'd my course,
 Am glad it is bed-time, and things are no worse.



The Birds Nest.

THE other day as Mira fair,
 Resolv'd to taste the rural air,
 To view what beaming smiles adorn,
 The vernal splendors of the morn ;
 Chance led me to that very way,
 My Mira had resolv'd to stray ;
Transported

Transported thus the fair to find,
 Intent for walk, I quickly join'd ;
 In meditation while we go,
 It happen'd in a quickset row ;
 Mira perceiv'd two birds distress,
 And hard at work to build their nest ;
 We stop'd to view the anxious pair,
 Contrive their house so firm and fair ;
 See Mira, see ! I then express,
 What various things compose the rest,
 What different parts connected join
 To make the whole both neat and fine ;
 So should the soul of every maid,
 With different beauties be array'd ;
 Virtue should guard the tender fair,
 From man's deceptive flatt'ring snare ;
 Prudence direct her wav'ring youth,
 And teach her feet the path of truth ;
 And modesty in outward mein,
 Should speak the harmless soul within ;
 Honour protect her virgin heart,
 From every low insidious art ;
 And soft good nature ever roll,
 Its tender impulse in the soul ;
 And when these excellencies join'd,
 Display a MIRA's lovely mind ;
 The composition soon will prove,
 A NEST of harmony and love.

All Fools' Day ; or 1st of April.

GODDESS of folly ! lend thy lyre,
 To harmonize the lay ;
 A very foolish bard inspire,
 Who sings of All Fools' Day.

First

First of the train in livery gay,
 Appears the courtly tool ;
 And does high honour to the day
 — A ministerial fool.

The flaming patriot next we see,
 Bred in the City school ;
 Half mad for Wilkes and liberty
 And more than half a fool,

The deep contractor now behold,
 Arithmetic his rule ;
 Who sells his voice for sordid gold,
 ---Far more a knave than fool.

The Eastern Nabob, with his cash,
 His country would enslave ;
 ---He well deserves the pointed lash,
 An equal fool, and knave.

The artful Lawyer courts the fee,
 And dupes his simple cull ;
 The Lawyer here the knave we see,
 The client is the fool.

Each lady with her lofty plumes,
 Beyond fair reason's rules ;
 Shews that she more than half presumes,
 That all the men are fools.

One moral let this day impress,
 Henceforth let folly cease ;
 For, " wisdom's ways are pleasantness,
 " And all her paths are peace."

Epitaph



Epitaph on an Honest Sailor.

WHETHER sailor, or not, for a moment avast !
 Poor Tom's mizen top-sail is laid to the mast ;
 He'll never turn out, or more heave the lead,
 He's now All-a-Back, nor will sails Shoot-a-Head ;
 He ever was brisk, and tho' now gone to Wreck,
 When he hears the Last Whistle, he'll jump upon Deck.



The Paper Kite.

MY waking dreams are best conceal'd,
 Much folly, little good they yield :
 But, now and then, I gain when sleeping,
 A friendly hint that's worth the keeping ;
 Lately, I dreamt of one, that cry'd.
 " Beware of self, beware of pride ;
 " When you are prone to build a babel,
 " Recall to mind this little fable."

Once, on a time a paper kite,
 Was mounted to a wond'rous height ;
 Where, giddy with its elevation,
 It thus express'd self admiration ;
 " See, how yon crouds of gazing people,
 " Admire my flight above the steeple ;
 " How would they wonder, if they knew,
 " All that a kite, like me can do ?
 " Was I but free, I'd take a flight,
 " And pierce the clouds beyond their sight ;
 " But, ah ! like a poor prisoner bound,
 " My string confines me near the ground ;

" Pd

"I'd brave the eagle's tow'ring wing,
 "Might I but fly without a string."
 It tugg'd and pull'd, while thus it spoke,
 To break the string—at last, it broke.
 Depriv'd at once of all its stay,
 In vain, it try'd to soar away ;
 Unable its own weight to bear,
 It flutter'd downwards thro' the air ;
 Unable its own course to guide,
 The wind soon plung'd it in the tide ;
 Ah ! foolish kite, thou had'st no wing,
 How could'st thou fly without a string.—

My heart reply'd, "O Lord, I see,
 "How much this kite resembles me ;
 "Forgetful, that by thee, I stand,
 "Impatient of thy ruling hand ;
 "How oft, I've wish'd to break the lines,
 "Thy wisdom for my lot assigns ;
 "How oft, indulg'd a vain desire,
 "For something more, or something higher ;
 "And, but for grace and love divine,
 "A fall thus dreadful, had been mine.



A B O N M O T.

THE late celebrated Dr. Brown courted a lady
 for many years, tho' unsuccessful, during which
 time it had been his custom to drink the lady's health
 before that of any other. But being observed one
 evening to omit it, a gentleman reminded him of it,
 said, "come, Doctor, drink the lady, your toast ?"
 The Doctor reply'd, "I have toasted her for many
 "years, and I can't make her BROWN, so I'll toast
 "her no longer."

On



*On Doctor (afterwards Chevalier) John Taylor,
being made Oculist to their Majesties.*

THAT fortune's blind we plainly see,
Or she had never fix'd on thee,
To serve the Royal family.

Not Mercury, although a God,
Could send so many with his rod,
To darkness and the land of Nod.

As you have blinded thro' all nations,
By caustics, pills, and fumigations,
With other wicked preparations.

Enough, to glut your bloody spleen,
Of subjects have your victims been
And won't you spare the King and Queen.

Hold, Sir, the bold impostor cries,
" Both Kings and Queens, however wise,
" Still see with other people's eyes."



*The Will of the late Nathaniel Lloyd, Esq; who
died at his Seat at Twickenham, in 1774.*

WHAT I am going to bequeath,
When this frail part submits to death,
But still I hope the spark divine,
With its congenial stars shall shine ;
My good executors fulfill,
I pray ye, fairly my last will,
With first and second codicil.

}
And

And first, I give to dear Lord Hinton,
 At Twyford School now, not at Winton ;
 One hundred guineas for a ring,
 Or some such memorandum thing ;
 And truly much I should have blunder'd,
 Had I not given another hundred
 To VERE, Earl Powlett's second son,
 Who dearly loves a little fun.

Unto my Nephew Robert Longdon,
 Of whom none says he e'er has wrong done ;
 The civil law he loves to ha'v,
 I give two hundred pounds in cash.

One hundred pounds to my niece Tudor,
 (With loving eyes, one MATTHEW view'd her.)
 And to her children just among 'em,
 A hundred more ; and not to wrong 'em,
 In equal shares I freely give it,
 Not doubting but they will receive it.

To Sally Crouch and Mary Lee,
 If they with Lady Powlett be,
 Because they round the year did dwell
 In Twick'nam house, and serv'd full well,
 When Lord and Lady both did stray
 " Over the hills and far away ;"
 The first, ten pounds ; the other, twenty ;
 And, girls, I hope that will content ye.

In seventeen hundred sixty nine,
 This, with my hand, I write and sign,
 The sixteenth day of fair October,
 In merry mood, but sound and sober ;
 Past my three score and fifteenth year,
 With spirits gay, and conscience clear ;
 Joyous and frolicksome, tho' old,
 And like this day, serene, but cold ;
 To foes, well-wishing, and to friends most kind,
 In perfect charity with all mankind. *The*



The Protestation.—*Wrote in 1773.*

YOU I love my dearest life,
 More than Georgy does his wife;
 More than Ministers to rule,
 More than North to play the fool;
 More than Nabobs love to rob,
 More than Pitt to catch the mob;
 More than Cambden loves grimace,
 More than Barrington, his place;
 More than Clive his black jagheer,
 More than Bute the royal ear;
 More than Patriots love their price,
 More than Fox loves cards and dice;
 More than Cits, the Court to spite,
 More than Townsend, not to fight;
 More than Colebrooke, heaps of pelf,
 More than Elliot loves himself;
 More than Aldermen their gut,
 More than Hillsborough to strut;
 More than Cullies love a jilt,
 More than Grosvenor Horns well gilt;
 More than Dartmouth loves field preachers,
 More than Huntington her teachers;
 More than Carlisle those who cheat him,
 More than Long Tom those who beat him;
 More than Pomfret a lead mine,
 More than Weymouth, play and wine;
 More than Fools at wits to nibble,
 More than Walpole loves to scribble;
 More than Lyttleton, to write,
 More than black-leg'd March to bite;
 More than Country Squires, their dogs,
 More than Mawbey loves his hogs;
 More than Demi-reps a spark,
 More than Martin a sure mark,

More

More than Grafton loves his pimps,
More than Satan loves his imps ;
More than Tories love the Stuarts,
More than Loyal Whigs all true hearts,

Thus my fair I love you more,
Than ever man lov'd maid before.



An Account of Robin Hood.

AT Kirklees in Yorkshire, the Seat of Sir George Armitage, formerly a Benedictine Nunnery, **ROBIN HOOD** lies buried under a Grave-Stone, which still remains there, near the Park. The Inscription upon it is not now legible, but Mr. Thoresby in his **DUCAT. LEOD.** gives us from the papers of Dr. Gale, Dean of York, the following **EPITAPH.**

Hear, undernead dis laitl Stean,
Laiz Robert Earl of Huntingtun.
Nea Arcir ver az hie sa geud ;
An Pipil kauld im **ROBIN HEUD.**
Sic Utlawz az hi, and iz Men,
Vil England nivv si agen.

It appears by the pedigree of Robin Hood, that he had some title to the Earldom of Huntingdon.

The

The Difference between Wit and Humour.

OF wit the true criterion is,
 In just and apt resemblances;
 Ideas variously combin'd,
 That flash conviction on the mind;
 That give to truth a brighter dye,
 To sense a double poignancy;
 Whose force of ridicule we see,
 In many a lively repartee;
 Which vent'ring often to explore,
 What to the mind was known before;
 Giving to thought a pleasing dress,
 Shews what all feel, but can't express;
 For as Hogarth, neglecting grace,
 By scratch of pen, could shew a face;
 So in Wit's finer strokes we find,
 Each varied image of the mind;
 Touch'd with the likeness all the while
 We feel its force, and only smile.

HUMOUR performs the other half,
 And leads us to a hearty laugh;
 Much she attempts, nor aught in vain,
 Still mistress of the comic strain;
 In form and manner sure to please,
 And most of all, by truth and ease;
 For as true Wit the wise agree,
 Is lively thought and repartee;
 So Humour is a combination,
 Of drollery and imitation.

On a Curate.—An Epigram.

A Vicar long ill, who had gained much wealth,
Desired his Curate to pray for his health;
Which oft having done, a parishioner said,
The Curate (he thought) rather wished him dead;
The Curate replied, he credit might give him
He ne'er pray'd for his death, tho' had oft for his living.

Humorous Description of a modern Head Dress.

A Cap like a Bat
(Which was once a cravat)
Part gracefully platted and pinn'd is;
Part stuck upon gauze,
Resembles Mackaws,
And all the fine birds of the Indies:

But above all the rest,
A bold Amazon's crest,
Waves nodding from shoulder to shoulder;
At once to surprize,
And to ravish all eyes,
To frighten and charm the beholder.

In short, head and feather,
And wig all together,
With wonder and joy would delight ye,
Like the picture I've seen,
Of th' adorable Queen,
Of the beautiful blest Otaheite.

L

Yet

Yet Miss at the rooms,
 Must beware of her plumes,
 For if Vulcan her feather embraces;
 Like poor Lady Laycock,
 She'll burn like a haycock,
 And roast all the loves and the graces.



The CONSULTATION.

THREE Doctors met in consultation,
 Proceed with great deliberation;
 The case was desperate all agreed;
 But what of that?—they must be feed;
 They write then, as 'twas fit they should,
 But for their own; not patients good;
 Consulting wisely, don't mistake, Sir,
 Not what to give, but what to take, Sir.



Epitaph on Ned Shuter, Comedian.

IF genius with nature, if humour with mirth,
 Ever lodg'd in a breast on this great globe the earth;
 If a heart to relieve, (or a mind to express
 A natural feeling) a friend in distress;
 If wit, repartee, if dry jokes, or if pun
 Ever flow'd with the streams of gay Bacchus' tun;
 How heartfelt the sorrow of great and of small,
 When they say, here lies one—who possessed them all;
 The debts which he ow'd unto nature were great,
 For few did she trust with so large an estate;
 By her bailiff, grim death, she demanded the loan,
 And hath robb'd half the world to recover her own.

The

The Sailor's Will.

SINCE all must die, as well as I,
 Let all like me prepare ;
 From fate to fly, is vain to try,
 This, all mankind declare.

Then while I'm well, I'll make my will,
 Lest sudden death befall me ;
 That I may find, myself resign'd,
 When fate shall please to call me.

Then, thus as under, I surrender,
 Myself, and all I'm worth ;
 First let the grave, my body have,
 Full six feet deep in earth.

Six tars, dead drunk, to bear my trunk,
 In coffin, heart of oak :
 And let six more, jog on before,
 With each a pipe to smoke.

Let grog or flip, to wet the lip,
 In plenty go around ;
 But let no eye, presume to cry,
 Because I'm under ground.

Instead of sighs, and weeping eyes,
 Sing songs of mirth and laughter ;
 For who can tell, what heav'n or hell,
 My fate may be hereafter.

Be sure with liquor, ply the vicar,
 As long as he can stand ;
 And when that he, no more can see,
 Then tip him t'other can.

Unto my wife, chief joy of life,
 My worldly store I give;
 With all I have, (if aught I save)
 In money while I live.

Two pair of shoes, and three of hose,
 My best new velvet breeches;
 Besides a pair, not fit to wear,
 With divers colour'd stitches.

My watchman's coat, of stuff so stout,
 To fear nor wind, nor rain;
 My jacket too, of good true blue,
 And trowsers void of stain.

My woollen cap, and small round hat,
 Of Macaroni make;
 My shirts of check, my oaken stick,
 Which stoutest heads would break.

My seal-skin pouch, my pinchbeck watch,
 My hammock, bed and bolster;
 A broken glass, to see her face,
 My pistols, case, and holster.

An empty cask, a powder flask,
 My shot, pouch, bag and wallet;
 An old firelock, with broken stock,
 But beg she'd overhaul it.

A pound of grease, in leathern case,
 A ladle, dish and strainer;
 An useful book, wherein to look,
 Which whilom had been cleaner.

A great arm'd chair, in good repair,
 And two, just all to pieces;
 A few old plates, a pair of grates,
 And three old Cheshire cheeses.

A tub of pork, just brought from Cork,
 A pound or two of bacon ;
 My Sunday wig, my sow and pig,
 And a well-fatten'd capon.

A rusty spade, a penknife blade,
 A sword without a handle ;
 A box of lint, my steel and flint,
 And half a small wax candle.

If aught I have, besides to leave,
 I give my rich relations ;
 That they may'nt cry, whene'er I die,
 But bless my kind donations.

Then this my will, let all fulfill,
 Though whimsical ye call it ;
 Nor landfman dare, with haughty air,
 To criticize, or maul it.

Be they, who break, the will I make,
 With endless plagues perplex ;
 On bottles broke, bare-footed walk,
 Thro' this world and the next.

*Epitaph on the Rev. Mr. Ralph Tyer, Vicar of
 Kendal in Westmoreland, who died in 1627.*

WRITTEN by HIMSELF.

LONDON bred mee, Westminster fed mee,
 Cambridge sped mee, my Sister wed mee,
 Study taught mee, living fought mee,
 Learning brought mee, Kendal caught mee,
 Labour pressed mee, sickness distressed mee,
 Death oppress'd mee, the grave possess'd mee,
 God first gave mee, Christ did save mee,
 Earth did crave mee, and Heaven wou'd have mee.



A R A P S O D Y.

On the Misery of Mankind, applied to the Inhabitants of Great Britain.

SCARCE Egypt's land more dire disasters knew,
 Than we are daily destin'd to run thro' ;
 Exempli gratia, rheumatism, corns,
 Itch, agues, jaundice, jealousies, and horns ;
 Cramp, gout, stone, cholic, chancery suits for life,
 The jilting mistress, or the brawling wife ;
 Foul linen, fleas, lice, bugs, domestic spies,
 False friends, loud scolds, and childrens noisy cries ;
 Landlords who seize for rent when we've no coin,
 Sour ale, small beer, bad reck'nings and bad wine ;
 Guttling churchwardens, overseers rapacious,
 And trading justices, of law tenacious ;
 Canters, quackdoctors, pettyfoggers, punners,
 Pimps, parasites and usurers, and dunners ;
 Tipstaves, tom-turdmen, messengers of state,
 A pack'd up jury, and the prison grate ;
 Cat calling clerks, pert city priggs, and cullies,
 Gamesters, informing constables, and bullies ;
 Newsmongers, balladfingers, and inditers,
 Journalists, chimney-sweepers, and reciters ;
 Coxcombs, and cowards, pick-pockets, and thieves,
 Great rogues who bribe, the little who receives ;
 The prude coquette, the macaroni rattle,
 Affected airs, chit chat, and tittle tattle ;
 Hard beds, coarse bread, and houses full of smoke,
 The statesman's promise, the mechanic's joke ;
 The curse of vain dependance on the great,
 And the starv'd poet's vain desire to eat ;

Qualit

Quality fools, and gentry sunk to fots,
 Projectors and decyphers of plots ;
 Illiterate lords, and courtiers never true,
 Beaus, bawds, whores, claps, and poxes not a few ;
 Attorney's clerks, to verse, who make pretence,
 Half witted poets, critics without sense ;
 Insipid squires, dull cits, and country clowns,
 Raw inns-of-court-men, empty fops, buffoons ;
 Bustle of city, pageantry of court,
 Long gresham lectures, and bear-garden sport ;
 Disputes of law, divinity and state,
 Serjeants who bawl, and senators who prate ;
 Faction, mock patriots, hypocrites, free-thinkers,
 Atheists, religion-menders, preaching tinkers ;
 Misguided zeal, enthusiastic rage,
 Farce, pantomime, and tumbling on the stage ;
 Bull-baiting, billingsgate, excising, mobbing,
 Establish'd companies, and vile stockjobbing ;
 Gin, poisonous punch, and yard long bill'd taylors
 Dice, cards, old women, watchmen, pimps, & jailors,
 Gangs of attornies, petty fogs of law,
 Mere herns that feast with men, like fish, their maw ;
 Bonds, writs, and effoign days, and scirefacias,
 Terms, affidavits, precedents, and capias ;
 Actions, arrests, mandamuses, and pleas,
 Stamps, executions, errors, trials, fees ;
 The habeas corpus, and the certiorari,
 Hard words, and harder deeds, that only vary ;
 Leases, reports, demurrers, special tail,
 Fee simple, feofments, judgments, bills of sale ;
 Ecclesiastic courts, crown office, 'peaching,
 Arraingsments, verdicts, sentence and jackcatching ;
 Porters, with coachmen, chairmen most uncivil,
 Pawnbrokers, bailiffs, booksellers, the devil.

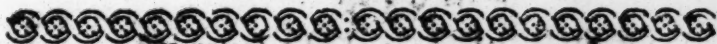
A Midnight Hymn.

TO thee, all glorious everlasting power !
 I consecrate this solemn midnight hour ;
 Whilst darkness robes in shades the spangled sky,
 And all things hush'd in peaceful slumbers lie ;
 Unwearied let me praise thy holy name,
 Each thought with rising gratitude inflame ;
 For the rich mercies which thy hands impart,
 Health to my limbs, and comfort to my heart ;
 Should the scene change, and pain extort my sighs,
 Then see my fears and listen to my cries ;
 Then let my soul by some blest foretaste know,
 Her sure deliv'rance from eternal woe ;
 Arm'd with so bright a hope, no more i'll fear,
 To see the dreadful hand of death draw near ;
 But my faith strength'ning as my life decays,
 My dying breath shall mount to Heaven in praise ;
 O ! may my prayer before thy throne arise,
 An humble but accepted sacrifice ;
~~Bravely~~ ^{Kindly} sleep my weary eyelids close,
 And cheer my body with a soft repose ,
 Their downy wings my guardian angels spread,
 And from all terrors screen my hapless head ;
 May, of thy powerful light, some gracious beams
 Shine on my soul, and influence my dreams.

A Poetical Simile.—Extempore.

By LEODIENSIS.

MORE black than is the darkest night,
 And than the fairest day more bright,
 Are Celia's eyes ;---Where can we find
 Such inconsistencies combin'd ?
 What Simile can be allow'd ?
 Save lightning flashing from a cloud !



SUMMER and WINTER.

By the SAME.

WHEN Summer in full pride appears,
And each gay mead green livery wears,
What joys the rural scenes do yield!
While tuneful birds with notes so shrill,
Sound sweetly on each neighb'ring hill,
And charm each smiling field.

But when we view the falling snow,
The plowman shudd'ring o'er the plow,
And feel th' effect of chilling wind;
When flow'ry plains are now no more,
But all with Winter candy'd o'er,
What pleasure can we find.

Thus Celia when she yields to love,
Seems fairer than a summer's grove,
And pleases more than shady bowers;
But, when I grieving see her frown,
Her sadness on her looks cast down,
I fear cold wintery showers.



The following is the first English Epigram made on a Schollar, pursuing his Studies successfully, but in the midst of his literary carreer married unfortunately.—The same is inserted in this Collection, more from curiosity than real merit.

A Student at his boke so plapt,*
That welth he might have wonne,
From boke to wife did flete in haste,
From wealth to wo to run.

L 5

* So pursuing his studies.

Now,

Now, who have plaid a feater cast,
Since juggling first begunne ;
In knitting of himself so fast,
Himself he hath undonne.



A Genealogical Paradox.

Question. SUPPOSE two women, and each a son, were walking together, and being met by a gentleman, he asked the boys in what relation they stood to each other ? They replied, we are Sons, and Grandsons, by the Father ; Brothers and First Cousins, by the Mothers ; who also are Aunts to each of Us. — This combination of kindred, once happened, but in what manner ?

Answer. LOT, committing incest with his two Daughters, and having by each of them a Son, produced the paradoxical relation of the Sons to each other ; for by that means, Lot became at the same time, their Father, and Grandfather ; and they were Brothers, and First Cousins to each other ; and also, each Mother was Aunt to the other's son. — See Genesis, chap, 19th, verse 31st, to the end.



Address to the Keeper of a Chop-House.

DEAR Sally, emblem of thy chop-house ware,
As broth reviving, and as white bread fair ;
As sinall-beer grateful, and as pepper strong,
As beef-stake tender, as fresh pot-herbs young ;
Sharp

Sharp as a carving-knife, or piercing fork,
 Soft as new butter, white as fairest pork ;
 Sweet as young mutton, brisk as bottl'd beer,
 Smooth as fresh oil, juicy as cucumber,
 And bright as cruet without vinegar ;
 Oh Sally !---cou'd I turn, and shift my love,
 With the same skill, that you your stakes can move ;
 My heart thus cook'd, might prove a chop-house feast,
 And you alone, should be the welcome guest ;
 But dearest Sal, the flames that you impart,
 Like chops on gridirons; broil my tender heart ;
 Which, if thy kindly helping hand be'nt nigh,
 Must like an unturn'd stake, hiss, burn, and fry ;
 And shall at last, thou scorcher of my soul,
 Shrink, and become, an undistinguish'd coal.



HALF a WIFE.

WHEN Thomas call'd his wife, his half,
 I lik'd the fellow's whim ;
 For why ; — She horns him ; so the jilt,
 Belongs but half to him.



*Epitaph on Margaret Scott, who died at Dunkeld,
 in Scotland, Feb. 28th, 1728.*

STOP passenger ! until my life you read,
 The living may get knowledge from the dead ;
 Five times five years, I led a virgin's life,
 Ten times five years, I liv'd a virtuous wife ;
 Ten times five years, I was a widow chaste,
 Now tired of this mortal life, I rest.

Betwixt

Betwixt my cradle and my grave hath been,
 Eight mighty Kings of Scotland, and one Queen;
 Four times five years, a common wealth I saw,
 Ten times, the subjects rose against the law;
 Twice did I see, old Prelacy pull'd down,
 And twice, the cloak was humbled by the gown;
 An end of th' STUARTS race, I did behold,
 I saw my country sold for English gold;
 Such desolation in my time hath been,
 I have an end of all perfection seen.



The Judicious Bacchanal.

WHILE, the bottle, to humour, and social delight,
 The smallest assistance, can lend;
 While, it happily keeps up, the laugh of the night,
 Or enlivens, the mind of a friend;
 Oh! let me enjoy it, ye bountiful powers!
 That time may, deliciously, pass;
 And, shou'd care, ever think, to intrude on my hours,
 Scare the haggard away, with the glass.

. But, instead of a rational feast of the sense,
 . Shou'd discord preside o'er the bowl;
 . And folly, debate, or contention, commence,
 . From, too great, an expansion of soul;
 . Shou'd the man I esteem, or the friend of my breath,
 . In the joy, feel nought but the rod;
 . Shou'd I make sweet religion, a profligate jest,
 . And daringly, sport with my God.

From my lips, dash the poison, oh merciful fate!
 Where, the madness, or blasphemy hung;
 And, let ev'ry accent, which virtue shou'd hate,
 Parch quick, on my infamous tongue;

From my sight, let the curse be eternally driv'n,
 Where my reason so fatally stray'd ;
 That, no more I may offer, an insult to Heav'n,
 Or give man a cause to upbraid.



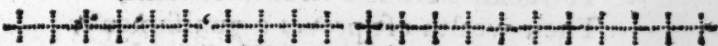
On a Landlord, Drunk.

LANDLORD, with thee, now even is the wine,
 For thou has pierc'd his hog'shead, and he, thine.



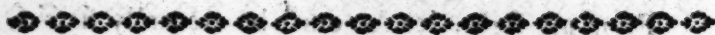
On Salisbury Church.

AS many days, as in one year there be,
 So many windows, in one church we see ;
 As many marble pillars, there appear,
 As there are hours, throughout the fleeting year ;
 As many gates, as moons, one year does view,
 Strange tale to tell, yet not more strange than true.



A R A P S O D Y.

AS I walk'd by myself, I said to myself,
 And myself said again to me ;
 Look to thyself, take care of thyself,
 For nobody cares for thee ;
 Then I said to myself, and thus answer'd myself,
 With the self same repartee ;
 Look to thyself, or look not to thyself,
 'Tis the self same thing to me.



An EPIGRAM.

IN a domestic tete a tete,
 Old gripe was sitting with his mate,
 And cry'd in angry whim—
 " I wish all cuckolds in the sea,"
 " Be not so rash, my dear," says she,
 " Unless you've learnt to swim."



On H A P P I N E S S.

THAT happiness is not confin'd,
 To purses gay with guineas lin'd,
 Is certain, as, we oft, behold,
 Those happy, who, nor purse, nor gold,
 Can boast of ; nay, we often see,
 Ev'n beggars, pinch'd with poverty,
 With more contented looks, appear,
 Than some, who in a splendid sphere,
 Can, all life's luxuries command,
 And each rich dainty of the land.
 To them, devour'd with discontent,
 Their wealth oft proves a punishment ;
 With passions uncontroul'd, they feel,
 The tortures of Ixion's wheel ;
 And in the midst of all their store,
 Their want of happiness deplore ;
 Too oft, are riches over-rated,
 What cares, by riches are created ;
 And if intemperately enjoy'd
 How frequently is health destroy'd !
 Health ! glorious goddess ! without thee,
 We ne'er can taste felicity ;
 Distinguish'd with a nabob's wealth,
 How poor is he, who pines for health.

A Rev. Gentleman having received an invitation, wrote on the Ten of Hearts, to dine with a Lady of beauty and fortune; wrote the following lines on the same Card, and returned it by her own Servant.

YOUR compliments lady, I pray now forbear,
For old English service is much more sincere;
You've sent me ten hearts, but the tyth's only mine,
So give me one heart, and take back t'other nine.

A Satirical Fragment on the York Comedians.

Wrote About 1768.

WITH arms and legs outstretch'd, like a pantine,
Lo! *Frodsham* roars, or whispers, thro' the
scene;
Or, blund'ring for the word, to th' prompter flies,
Or, cholic-struck, grunts, groans, twists, starts, and
dies;
He rants, he roars, he splits the groundling's ears,
And, Herod's self, out heroded appears;
Nor, like a man, pours he, his plaintive strains,
But, blubbers, school boy like, his love-sick pains,
And for his bread and butter lost—complains;
He starts, his attitudes, his sighs, his groans,
All forc'd, all quaint—nature the wretch disowns;
Not heav'n above, nor earth, nor seas below,
Such monsters, as he paints, cou'd ever show;
Still, in extreams, the madman glares confest,
When Bedlam, wilt thou hail, thy fav'rite guest!

There

There safely, may he, elocution teach,
And brother fools, and madmen, learn to preach.

See, *Robertson's* poor Merry Andrew meins,
The footman's Zany—mar the comic scene ;
He squints, distorts, and aims the scurvy jest,
An actor he ! —a mere buffoon, at best.

Here, mouthing *Leng*, with heart unfeeling dare,
'Gainst sense, and pathos, wage eternal war.

And preaching *Oram* labours up the hill,
Strive as you please, poor man ! 'tis labour still.

See coxcomb *Powell*, and his coxcomb wife,
Two greater coxcombs, ne'er were seen in life ;
All tonsor he, pert, frothy, empty, dull,
While she, in glaring colours, speaks the trull ;
Vain, of his awkward self, he struts, he squawls,
She, still more vain, more awkward,—oysters bawls.

Dullest among the dull, in gloomy mood,
Dame *Frodsham* comes, a mere, mere stick of wood ;
She says her lesson, as she says her prayers,
While pertly awkward, *Mabon* wildly stares,
And namby pamby *Phillips*, puts on childish airs. }

Lo ! nature's direst foe ! King *Crisp* appears,
And, with discordant notes distracts your ears ;
With toes, turn'd in, thumbs cockt, and Belman's
cant,
He scolds, nay, whispers, always in a rant ;
Ye Gods ! that such a wretch should e'er engage,
To quit the plow, and vilify the stage ;
Hence ! with th' unfeeling, bawling, stupid block,
He's only fit to cry,—“ Past twelve o'clock.”

And see too, Mother *Crisp*, that wither'd dame,
Murder the youthful parts, Oh shame ! shame ! shame !

In vain, she twines, wreaths, jerks,—the Hag still
glares,
And thro' the flimsy veil — old Abigail appears.

Achurch! don't laugh, my muse, for tho' I know,
So mean a subject's e'en thy scorn below ;
Yet, as he's now, first minister of state,
His staff of office, speaks the reptile, great ;
Here Crononhoton, --- Achurch flatly creeps,
He sleeps, he roars, or rather roaring sleeps ;
He's always sure, to act in nature's spite,
And on, or off the stage, he ne'er is right ;
A teasing, trifling blusterer, at best,
Of boys, and candle snuffers, e'en the jest ;
He's Viceroy, and companion for the fool,
Who, stupidly illiterate, bears the rule.

Your pardon, *Baker*, we almost forgot,
To name, so insignificant a sot ;
A beggar monarch, to a beggar train,
Wretches despis'd, and yet, alas how vain !
Bring him a horn-book, Sirs, he scarce ~~does~~ know ;
A single letter, in the Christ-cross row ;
But, e'en with that, we'd struggle to dispense,
Had he but one poor grain of common sense,
Bullying, or bully'd, still a lumpish tool,
He looks so wise, it's a pity he's a fool ;
Tim'rous, and mulish, always in extream,
Proud, groveling, ostentatious, and mean ;
The Theatre's Augustus, darling pride,
Where Phœbus, and the tuneful nine, preside ;
In grandeur, neatness, or conveniencies,
With ~~EBOW'S THEATRE~~ *Rising Tenebris*.

A THEATRE, — let not that word defame,
'Tis Baker's folly, that's its proper name ;
For who, like him, a Theatre could raise,
Where tasteless folly, squints a thousand ways ;

Wrote

Where, scarce one rule of architecture's seen,
 Childishly showy, and tho' large, yet mean,
 Where, churlish elements, of health the bane,
 Fogs, snows, and chilling winds, admittance gain,
 While "darkness visible," most gloomy shows,
 His paltry scenes, and yet, more paltry cloaths :

How diff'rent *Burlington's*! the neighb'ring pile,
 Where, graceful taste, and beauteous order smile;
 The muses' seat—the babel they disown,
 Here, darkness sits upon her fav'rite throne;
 Footmen, and fools, the Goddess here adore,
 While Savage, Hop, and Bearpark, keep the door;
 Who must but laugh, to hear the blockhead boast,
 "Yes Sirs, d'ye see! 'tis I that rule the roast;
 "A more compleater house, they ne'er did see,
 "More snuggler, cleverer, John; and if so be,
 "My audience seem displeas'd, and make a clatter,
 "My a——se, then they may kiss, John, that's the
 matter.

Non nulla defunt

The rest, tho' worse, yet, not worth notice, go,
 As grass escapes the scythe, by being low.



E P I G R A M.

I'VE lost my mistress, horse, and wife,
 But, when I think on human life,
 I'm glad, it is no worse:
 My wife was ugly, and a scold,
 My mistress was grown lean, and old;
 I'm sorry for my horse.

On

On seeing the Picture of the Rev. Mr. J. Wesley.

By a L A D Y.

HAIL, brightest orator, our nation boasts!
 Hail, vet'ran soldier of the Lord of Hosts?
 Hail, bright resemblance! in whose nervous lines,
 The Saint sublime, the finish'd Christian, shines;
 Thro' whom, appears, to each discerning eye,
 The depths of learning, wisdom, piety;
 All graces human and divine, are there,
 Soft temper'd, with the pensive mourner's air;
 Mild, heav'nly meekness, to the world unknown,
 Unto the lov'd disciple giv'n alone;
 A worth, so singular, since time began,
 But one surpass'd, and he was more than man.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

*Two ACROSTICS, by a Gentleman, on reading
 the above.*

JUST and true description, this,
 Of that hallow'd man of God;
 Holy, happy, full of peace,
 Never weary of his rod.

Wisdom, in his writings shines,
 Excellent, in depth of thought;
 Solidness, in all his lines,
 Love and clearness, full and short;
 Ever, giving God his time,
 Youth, old age, and all his prime.

Yonder,

Yonder, see him in the North,
 Ever spreading good around ;
 Loves to set his Saviour forth,
 Sluggish he, is never found ;
 East, and West, and South, shall see,
 Wesley's love, and labours, free.

Noted labour'r, like Saint Paul,
 Humble, loving, meek, to all ;
 Only to the end, endure,
 Jesu's great reward, is sure.



E P I G R A M.

SAYS Sir John to his spouse, as together they sat,
 Shall we first go to supper, or do you know what ;
 Dear Sir JOHN, with a smile, return'd the good lady,
 Let us do you know what, for supper's not ready,



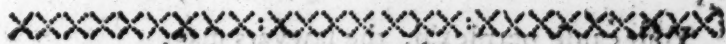
Sir Walter Rawleigh's Prophecy.

BEFORE the first day of the next new year,
 Strange wonders; in this kingdom, shall appear ;
 Four Kings shall be assembled in this isle,
 Where they shall make great tumult for a while ;
 And many a christian's heart shall quake for fear,
 Of sound of deadly trump, which they shall hear ;
 Dead bones shall then be tumbled up and down,
 In ev'ry city, village, cot, and town ;
 By night or day, this tumult shall not cease,
 Until an herald does proclaim a peace ;
 An herald strange, the like was never born,
 Whose beard is flesh, and mouth is made of horn,

To-

*To-Day and To-Morrow.*

TO-Day, man's dress'd in gold, and silver bright,
 Wrapt in a shroud, before to-morrow night;
 To-Day, he's feeding on delicious food,
 To-Morrow, dead, unable to do good;
 To-Day, he's nice, and scorns to feed on crumbs,
 To-Morrow, he's himself, a dish for worms;
 To-Day, he's honour'd, and in vast esteem,
 To-Morrow, not a beggar values him;
 To-Day, he rises from a velvet bed,
 To-Morrow, lies in one, that's made of lead;
 To-Day, his house, tho' large, he thinks but small,
 To-Morrow, no command, no house at all;
 To-Day, has forty servants at his gate,
 To-Morrow, scorn'd, not one of them will wait!
 To-Day, perfum'd, as sweet as any rose,
 To-Morrow, stinks, in every body's nose;
 To-Day, he's grand, majestic, all delight,
 Gashfull, and pale, before to-morrow night;
 True, as the scripture says, "man's life's a span,"
 The present moment is the life of man.

*E P I G R A M*

On a LADY, whose Name was FURY.

TO look like an angel, the ladies believe,
 Is the greatest of blessings, that nature can give;
 But 'faith, they're quite wrong, fair nymphs, I'll
 assure ye,
 The blessing's far greater, to look like a FURY.

On

On a Lady's saying, She wished for Nothing more
than she possess'd.

FEW are content, with what they've got,
But Something more desire ;
How widely diff'rent, is your lot,
Who Nothing do require.

Yet grant, their utmost wishes blest,
By having what they call ;
What's luxury, or wealth, at best,
Why, Nothing, after all.

Though, Something is, by all pursu'd,
With Nothing, most do rest ;
That Something, great, at distance view'd,
Proves Nothing, when possess.

The merchant, and the Tradesman too,
In Nothing much delight,
Sell what they will, they'll vow to you,
That they get Nothing by't.

Your cause perplex'd, the lawyers may,
For justice loudly bawl ;
Your cause, they lose, then both, you pay,
For Nothing, after all.

The courtier's levee, you attend,
Their very faults adore ;
He'll promise much, to be your friend,
But will do Nothing more.

When

When friends dispute, and disagree,
 To interfere is vain ;
 Each wonders, that you can't agree,
 When Nothing is so plain.

Though parsons preach, expound, and pray,
 At which their audience weep ;
 Yet most of them, as I've heard say ;
 Care Nothing, for their sheep.

With pious views, I grant their sheep,
 Like other silly elves ;
 Give all they have to such, and keep,
 Just Nothing for themselves.

When virgins sigh, or shed a tear,
 Which love, can cause, or cure ;
 You ask for what they grieve ?—Oh dear !
 For Nothing to be sure.

Though soldiers, with their swords unite,
 Their country's foes to slay ;
 You ask the reason, why they fight,
 For Nothing, but their pay.

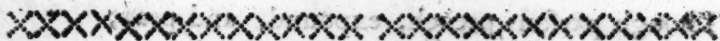
If in the streets a crowd you see,
 The cause, you may inquire ;
 The answer, probably, will be,
 Oh, Nothing, but a fire.

The passive husbands, sometimes run,
 From clamour, noise, and strife ;
 Ask each, what 'tis, they'd wish to shun,
 Why Nothing, but his wife.

For Nothing, we despair, and grieve,
 For Nothing, we contend ;
 For those endearing transports, live,
 That must in Nothing end.

Th'

Th' Almighty power, on Nothing hung,
 This univerfal ball;
 Which, at the first, from Nothing sprung,
 And must to Nothing fall.



The Poet and Spider.

ARTIST, who underneath my table,
 Thy curious texture, has display'd;
 Who, if we may believe the fable,
 Was once, a blooming beauteous maid.

Insidious, restless, watchful spider,
 Fear no officious damsel's broom;
 Extend thy artful fabric wider,
 And spread thy banners, round my room.

Swept from the rich man's costly stanchion,
 Thou'rt welcome to my dirty roof;
 Here, thou may'st find a peaceful mansion,
 Here, undisturb'd, attend thy wool.

Whilst, I thy wondrous fabric stare at,
 And think on helpless poet's fate;
 Like thee, confin'd to lonely garret;
 And widely banish'd, rooms of state.

And as, from out the tortur'd body,
 Thou draw'st thy slender strings, with pain;
 So, th' poet labours like a noddy,
 To spin materials, from his brain.

He, for some flatt'ring, tawdry creature,
 That spreads her chains, before his eye;
 And that's a conquest, little better,
 Than thine, o'er captive butterfly.

Thus

Thus far, 'tis plain we both agree,
 Perhaps our deaths, may better shew it;
 'Tis ten to one, but penury,
 Ends both the Spider and the Poet.



At Tadcaster, in Yorkshire, is a handsome Stone Bridge, over the River Wharf, which is so shallow and dry in Summer, that a Gentleman passing it then, wrote the following Distich :

NIL Tadcaster habet musis vel carmine dignum,
 Præter magnifice structum, sine flumine pontem.

IN ENGLISH.

Nought Tadcaster, can thee, to fame bequeath,
 But a proud bridge, with ne'er a stream beneath.

But the same Gentleman passing it again in Winter, he recanted in the following Lines.

Quæ Tadcaster erat, sine flumine, pulvere plena,
 Nunc habet immensum fluvium, et pro pulvere lutum.

IN ENGLISH.

Of Tadcaster, I sung not long ago,
 And its proud bridge, with ne'er a stream below ;
 But now, the scene is chang'd, from dust, to clay,
 And seas thro' its wide arches, make their way.



DONALD and COLLIN.—A Pastoral.

D O N A L D.

HOW calm the evening ! see the falling day,
 Gilds ev'ry mountain, with a ruddy ray !
 In gentle sighs, the softly whisp'ring breeze,
 Salutes the flow'rs, and waves the trembling trees.
 Hark ! the night warbler, from yon vocal boughs,
 Glads ev'ry valley, with melodious woes !
 Swift thro' the air, her rounds, the swallow takes,
 Or sportive, skims the level of the lakes.
 See ! how yon swans, with snowy pride elate,
 Arch their high necks, and sail along in state !
 Thy frisking lambkins, wanton o'er the plain,
 And the glad season, claims a glad some strain.
 Begin ye echoes ! —listen to my song,
 And with its sweetness pleas'd, each note prolong !

C O L L I N.

Feed round, my goats, ye sheep, in safety graze,
 Ye winds, breathe gently, while I tune my lays.
 The joyous spring draws nigh ! ambrosial show'rs,
 Unbind the earth, the earth unbinds the flow'rs ;
 The flowers blow sweet, the daffadils unfold,
 The spreading glories of their blooming gold.

D O N A L D.

As the gay hours advance, the blossoms shoot,
 The knitting blossoms harden into fruit ;
 And as the autumn, by degrees ensues,
 The mellowing fruit, display their streaky hues.

COLLIN.

COLLIN.

When the winds whistle, and the tempest roars,
The foaming billows, lash the sounding shores;
The blooming beauties of the pastures die,
And in gay heaps, of fragrant ruins, lie.

DONALD.

When glittering snow, incessant, downward pours,
And brightens the dull air, with shining show'rs;
The forest bends beneath the fleecy load,
And icy fetters bind the solid flood.

COLLIN.

Sweet is the spring, and gay the summer hours,
What balmy odours, breathe from painted flow'rs;
But neither sweet the spring, nor summer gay,
When she I love, my charmer, is away.

DONALD.

I love, and ever shall my love remain,
The fairest, kindest virgin of the plain;
With equal passion, her soft bosom glows,
Feels the sweet pains, and shares the heav'nly woes.

COLLIN.

With a feign'd passion, she I love, beguiles,
And gaily false, the dear dissembler smiles;
But let her still, those blest'd deceits employ,
Still may she feign, and cheat me into joy.

D O N A L D.

On yonder bank, the yielding nymph reclin'd,
 Gods ! how transported I, and she how kind ;
 There rise, ye flow'rs, and there, your pride display,
 There shed your odours, where the fair one lay.

C O L L I N.

O'er the steep mountains, and the flow'ry mead,
 From my embraces, the coy wanton fled ;
 Till by yon stream, restrain'd, she trembling stood,
 I seiz'd the captive, and I bless'd the flood.

D O N A L D.

From me, my fair one fled, dissembling play,
 And in the dark, conceal'd the wanton lay ;
 But laugh'd, and shew'd by the directing sound,
 She only hid, in secret, to be found.

C O L L I N.

Far else, to happier climes, Lucinda strays,
 But in my breast, the lovely image stays ;
 Oh ! to these plains again, bright nymph, repair,
 Or from my breast far hence, thy image bear.

D O N A L D.

If in the murmuring streams, be thy delight,
 If the gay rose, or lilly, please thy sight ;
 Here the stream murmurs, here the roses glow,
 Here the proud lillies rise, to shade thy brow.

COLLIN.

COLLIN.

Where e'er she roves, ye winds, around her play,
 Where e'er she treads, ye flow'rs, adorn her way ;
 From sultry fens, ye groves, my fair one keep,
 Ye bubbling fountains, murmur her to sleep.

DONALD:

Come, Laura, come ; till Laura bless those seats,
 Hide me, ye groves, within your dark retreats ;
 In hollow groans, ye winds, around me blow,
 Ye bubbling fountains, murmur to my woe.

COLLIN.

Aid me, ye muses, while I loud proclaim,
 What love inspires, and sing Lucinda's name ;
 Waft it, ye breezes, to the hills around,
 And sport, ye echoes, with the favourite sound.

DONALD.

Thy name, my Laura, shall improve my song,
 The pleasing labour of my ravish'd tongue ;
 Her name to heav'n, propitious Zephyrs bear,
 And breathe it, to her kindred angels, there !

COLLIN.

But see, the night displays her starry train,
 Soft silver dews, impearl the glitt'ring plain ;
 An awful horror, fills the gloomy woods,
 And bluish mists, rise from the smoking floods ;
 Haste, Donald, haste, to told the woolly care,
 And guard the younglings from th' unwholesome air.



A Poetical Will.

Entered in the COMMONS in 1737.

THE fifth day of May, being airy and gay,
 And to hyp, not inclin'd, but of vigorous mind,
 And my body in health, I'll dispose of my wealth,
 And all I'm to leave, on this side the grave,
 To some one or other, and I think to my brother,
 Because I foresaw, that my brethren in law,
 If I did not take care, wou'd come in for a share,
 Which I no wise intend, till their manners they mend,
 And of that there's no sign, I do therefore enjoin,
 And do strictly command, as witness my hand,
 That nought I have got, shall go in hoch-pot,
 But I give and devise, as much as in me lies,
 To the son of my mother, my own dearest brother,
 To have and to hold, all my silver and gold,
 As th' affectionate pledges, of his brother John Hedges.



An Inscription over a Gentleman's Chimney-Piece, near Barnsley.

TO my best, my friends are free ;
 Free with that, and free with me ;
 Free to pass, the harmless joke,
 And the tube, sedately smoke ;
 Free to drink---just what they please,
 As at home, and at their ease ;
 Free to speak, and free to think---
 No informers, with me drink ;
 Free to stay, a night, or so ;
 When uneasy, free to go.

*****:*****

An Address to Sir Robert Walpole, in the Year 1737.

By H. FIELDING.

WHILST at the helm of state you ride,
 Our nation's envy, and its pride ;
 Whilst foreign courts, with wonder gaze,
 And curse those councils, which they praise ;
 Wou'd you not wonder, Sir, to view,
 Your bard, a greater man, than you ?
 Which, that he is, you cannot doubt,
 When you have heard the sequel out.

You know, great Sir, that ancient fellows,
 Philosophers, and such folks tell us ;
 But small analogy, between
 Greatness and happiness, is seen ;
 If then, as it might follow, strait,
 Wretched to be, is to be great ;
 Forbid it Gods ! that you shou'd try,
 What 'tis to be, so great as I :

The family, that dines the latest,
 Is in our street, esteem'd the greatest ;
 But latest hours, must surely fall,
 'Fore him, who never dines at all :

Your taste in architect, you know,
 Hath been admir'd, by friend and foe ;
 But, can your earthly domes, compare,
 With all my castles—in the air :

We're often taught, it does behoove us,
 To think those greater, who're above us ;

M 4

Another

Another instance, of my glory,
 Who lives above you, twice two story ;
 And, from my garret, can look down,
 On the whole street, of Arlington.*

Greatness, by poets, still is painted,
 With many followers, acquainted ;
 This too, doth in my favour speak,
 Your Levee, is but twice a week ;
 From mine, I can exclude but one day,
 My door is quiet, on a Sunday.

Nor, in the manner of attendance,
 Doth your great bard, claim less ascendance ;
 Familiar you, to admiration,
 May be approach'd, by all the nation ;
 Whilst I, like great Mogul in Indo',
 Am never seen, but at my window :

If with my greatness, you're offended,
 The fault is easily amended ;
 For, I'll come down, with wond'rous ease,
 Into whatever place, you please.

I'm not ambitious, little matters,
 Will serve us great, but humble creatures ;
 Suppose a Secret'ry of this isle,
 Just to be doing with, a while ;
 Admiral, Gen'ral, Judge, or Bishop,
 Or, I can foreign treaties, dish up ;
 If the good genius, of the nation,
 Shou'd call me to negociation ;
 Tuscan, and French, are in my head,
 Latin I write, and Greek — I read.

If you shou'd ask, what pleases best ?
 To get the most, and do the least ?
 What fittest for ? You know, I'm sure,
 I'm fittest for ——— a SINE CURE.

* Where Sir Robert lived.

*On the Tombstone of James Craggs, Secretary of
State to George the First.*

STATESMAN, yet friend to truth ! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear ;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend ;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the muse he lov'd.

COUNTRY BUMKIN.

A Clownish mein, a voice, with rustic sound,
And stupid eyes, that ever lov'd the ground ;
The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercis'd in vain, on wit's despair ;
The more inform'd, the less he understood,
And deeper sunk, by flound'ring in the mud ;
His corn, and cattle, were his only care,
And his supreme delight, a country fair ;
His quarter staff, which he cou'd ne'er forsake,
Hung half behind, and half before his back ;
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

An ODE.—On LIFE.

LIFE's like a flow'r, the gard'ner plants,
That's rear'd with cost, and care ;
When gain'd, unless supply'd its wants,
It withers in the air.

Our infant years, like budding flow'rs,
 Require a skilful hand ;
 Short, and uncertain, are the hours,
 We have at our command.

As nipping frosts, and blighting winds,
 The tender flow'r destroys ;
 So pale-ey'd sickness, life decays,
 And blasts our promis'd joys.

Some infants, blossom into youth,
 Some drop into the grave ;
 So some buds die, before they bloom,
 And some, the sunshine save.

So fades the flow'r, so drop the leaves,
 When winter's cold appears ;
 As man decays, decrepid man,
 Borne down with many years.



The Fortunate Sailor.

HONEST Jack, and his wife, once to sea took a
 trip,
 When, a sudden cross wind, overset the light ship ;
 Hand in hand over deck, went this couple together,
 Susan sunk like a stone, Jack swam like a feather ;
 'Thank my stars ! says the man, safe escap'd from the
 flood ;
 'Tis a bad wind indeed, that blows no body good.



On a Sermon against Inoculation.

WE'RE told by one of the black robe,
The Devil inoculated Job ;
Suppose it true, what he does tell,
Pray, neighbours, did not Job do well ?



The **CHARACTER.**

AN easy mein, engaging in address,
Looks, which at once, each winning grace
 express ;
A life, where love and truth are ever join'd,
A nature, ever great, and ever kind ;
A wisdom solid, and a judgment clear,
The smile indulgent, and a soul sincere ;
Meek without meanness, gentle and humane,
Fond of improving, but yet never vain ;
So justly good, so faithful to his friend,
Ever obliging, cautious to offend ;
A mind, where gen'rous pity stands confess'd,
Ready to ease, and succour the distress'd ;
If these respect, and admiration raise,
They, surely, must demand our greatest praise ;
In one bright view, th' accomplish'd youth we see,
These virtues all are thine—and thou art he.

An



An EPIGRAM,

*Spoken by a Servant Maid in the Church, doing Penance
for defaming her Mistress.*

HERE do I stand, according to law,
Compell'd to deny, what I certainly saw;
His bre—s were down, his b—ll—y was bare,
And if he did nothing, what did he do there?



The Innocent Thief.

YOU tell us, Doctor, 'tis a sin to steal,
We to your practice, from your text appeal;
You steal a sermon, steal a nap; and pray?
From dull companions, don't you steal away?



Celia's Converse with Dean Swift.

SAYS Celia, to a Rev'rend Dean,
What reason can be given?
Since marriage is an holy thing,
That there is none, in heav'n?

There are no women, he reply'd,
She quick return'd the jest;
Women there are; but I'm afraid,
They cannot find a priest.

Epitaph



*Epitaph on a Tombstone in the Church-Yard of
Bakewell, Derbyshire.*

K NOW posterity that on the 8th of April in the
Year of Grace 1757 the Rambling Remains of
JOHN DALE were in the 86th Year of his Pilgrim-
age laid upon his Two Wives.

This thing in life might cause some jealousy,
Here all three lye together, lovingly ;
But from embraces, here no pleasure flows,
Alike are here, all human joys and woes ;
Here Sarah's chiding, John no longer hears,
And old John's rambling, Sarah no more fears ;
A period's com'd, to all their toilsome lives,
The good man's quiet, still are both his wives.



POVERTY and POETRY.

'T WAS sung of old, how one Amphion,
Cou'd, by his verses, tame a Lion ;
And by his strange enchanting tunes,
Make Bears, and Wolves, dance rigadoons ;
His songs, cou'd call the timber down,
And form it, into house, or town ;
But it is plain, now in these times,
No house is rais'd, by poet's rhymes ;
They for themselves can only rear,
A few old castles, in the air.

Poor,

Poor, are the brethren of the Bays,
 Down from high strains, to ekes, and ayes;
 The muses too, are virgins yet,
 And may be, till they portions get;
 Yet, still the doating rhymers dreams,
 And sings, of Helicon's bright streams;
 But Helicon, for all his clatter,
 Yields nothing, but insipid water;
 Yet, ev'n athirst, he sweetly sings,
 Of Nectar, and Elizian springs;
 The grave physician, who by physic,
 Like death, dispatches him, that is sick;
 Pursues a sure, and thriving trade,
 Tho' patients dye, the doctor's paid;
 Licenc'd to kill, he gains a palace,
 For what another, mounts a gallows:

In shady groves, the muses play,
 And love, in flow'ry meads, to stray;
 Pleas'd with a bleaky, barren ground,
 Where rip'ning fruits, are never found:

But then, some say, you purchase fame,
 And gain, a never dying name;
 Great recompence, for real trouble!
 To be rewarded, with a bubble;

Thus soldiers, who in many battles,
 Get bangs, and blows, and God knows what else;
 Are paid with fame, and wooden leg,
 And gain a pass, with leave to beg.



The following Definition of a Good Wife, answered.

A Good wife should be like three things,
 Which three things she should not be like.
Good.

Good wives, to snails should be akin,
 Always their houses keep within ;
 But, not to carry (fashion's hacks)
 All they are worth upon their backs.

Good wives, like echoes still should do,
 Speak, but when they are spoken to ;
 But, not like echoes (most absurd)
 To have for ever the last word.

Good wives, with city clocks should rhyme,
 Be regular, and keep in time ;
 But, not like city clocks aloud,
 Be heard by all the vulgar croud.



*On hearing of a Gentleman's Pocket being pick'd of
 his Watch.*

HE that a watch would wear, this he must do,
 Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.



On SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN nature to Athens, and Rome bid adieu,
 To Britain, the Goddess with extacy flew ;
 So tempting she look'd, and so blooming her charms,
 Jove quitted the sky, and indulg'd in her arms ;
 On Avon's fair banks, now the subject of fame,
 She brought forth a boy, and Will Shakespeare his
 name ;

Nor

Nor egg was to egg, more alike than in feature,
 The smiling young rogue, to his parent dame nature ;
 Of all her sweet prattlers, she lov'd Willy best,
 She nurs'd the young smiler, with milk from her
 breast ;

And as he grew elder, she nothing conceal'd,
 But all, all her secrets to Willy reveal'd ;
 She fed him with honey, from Hybla's sweet store,
 The same, which her Homer had tasted before ;
 A swan on the Avon, first taught him to sing,
 Whilst the loves, and the graces, danc'd round in a
 ring ;

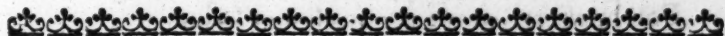
An eaglet from Jove's fav'rite hobby was giv'n,
 On which the young genius, oft frolick'd to heav'n ;
 And when Willy sung, all the deities swore,
 They ne'er heard such warbling, such wild notes
 before ;

With envy just bursting, with impudent lies,
 And sneers, Momus pelted the bard of the skies ;
 Jove kick'd the foul critic, from heav'n's abode,
 And, venting his spleen, now, at * Terney he trode ;
 To govern and lead, as he pleas'd in a string,
 Jove gave him the passions ; they hail'd Willy, King ;
 The muses, as handmaids, were doom'd to attend him,
 And Phoebus with wit's brightest ray, to befriend him ;
 A pow'r to create, Jove to Willy assign'd,
 This pow'r, tho' to fancy's bright regions confin'd ;
 Or Willy, all chaos, with life had endu'd,
 And Jove, for creations, had wanted new food ;
 Jove next gave the boy, from his thunder, a shaft,
 Will grasp'd it, and fearless play'd with it, and laugh'd ;
 Nor Jove, cou'd his lightning, dispatch with more art,
 Or send the wing'd vengeance, more sure to the heart ;
 The deities all, shew'd their love to the boy,
 Minerva gave wisdom, and Venus gave joy ;
 But Juno, quite jealous, with insolent pride,
 To Jove's love-begotten, all favours deny'd ;

Fresh

Fresh pluck'd from his wing, Cupid gave him a quill,
 Which Willy, long flourish'd, with magical skill,
 He penn'd with it, strains, that enchanted the spheres,
 And drew from the soul of stern Pluto, salt tears;
 The harp, when he founded, vice instant grew pale,
 Whilst virtue triumphant, rode high on the gale;
 Each note, to our inmost of cores, found its way,
 Nor like mortal notes, on the surface did play;
 The light tripping Fays,* still awaited his nod,
 Oft with them he danc'd, on the green circl'd sod;
 Sylphs, demons, and witches, straight flew at his call,
 And his magic, the mob of the air cou'd inthrawl,
 Ye bards of all ages, yield Shakespeare the bays,
 What star can be seen, 'mid the sun's dazzling rays;
 Let Britons, enraptur'd, their thanks swell on high,
 One Shakespeare on earth, and one Jove in the sky.

* Meaning Fairies.



*An Epistle, from the Cross at Wingate-Hill, to the
 Cross at Tadcaster.*

By J. FRETWELL, late Mercer at Tadcaster.

DEAR cousin Cross, my near relation,
 I'm sorry for thy situation;
 'Mongst brawling, fighting, yelping, clamouring,
 And Vulcans, at their horse-shoes, hammering;
 With hoave—gee up—and wo-a-aa—stop,
 But holy water, not a drop.—
 Thy steps heap'd up, with winns, and sticks,
 And scaling rods, and broken bricks;
 Thy bonfires too, of stolen wood,
 Disturb me, and the neighbourhood.
 Where brats, and shabraggs, shout by dozens,
 The Devil split their yelping weazons;

Of all the Croffes I have known,
 There's none e'er flood, in such a town ;
 'Twould vex a stone, as I'm alive,
 Near thee, there's none but landlords thrive ;
 Thou'ft such a crew of fingers, fidlers,
 Snarlers, gybers, rhymers, riddlers ;
 Such clerks, and parsons, and excise-men,
 Such doctors, lawyers, to advise men ;
 Such grocers, drapers, glaziers, turners,
 Boatmen, porters, and lime-burners ;
 Raff-merchants, hardwaremen, and nailors,
 Butchers, curriers, coblers, taylors ;
 Painters, joiners, wrights, and barbers,
 As no town else, in England, harbours ;
 Thy blundring blockheads too, will write
 Was it, for bread, they'd never bite ;
 And sure it is, that all their verses,
 Are good for nought, but wiping a—fes ;
 Indeed, thy concert's pretty mute,
 Nought, but a fiddle, and a flute ;
 For hunters. grant me patience heav'n !
 You turn out horsemen, six or sev'n ;
 I see them furious,—Hodge, trot by,
 And light, at hedges, two feet high ;
 Their footmen,—such a crew of ruffians,
 Such wide-mouth'd, bawling, raggamuffians ;
 When out of sight, of hare, and hounds,
 Then, of their nonsense, there's no bounds ;
 Some this, some that way, shew their tricks,
 And some, make dandys, of their sticks ;
 Others, are pelting me, with stones,
 If I am rous'd,—I'll break their bones ;
 There's some, trufs'd up, in riding coats,
 A sight of pufs, wou'd rive their throats ;
 They shout, to make the hounds pursue,
 And find no sport, but when in view ;
 I've seen a parson, whip, and stab it,
 A mile together, for a rabbit,

And

And burst his horse, and gaul his crupper,
 As if, for weeks, he'd got no supper;
 But, hold,—I'll not on priests, be funny,
 Why may'nt a parson, love a coney;
 Thy neighbours may be, if they will, Cross,
 Its nought to me, — I'm Wingate-Hill Cross.



An *EPIGRAM.*

AS Jack, and Tom, in social chat,
 With thoughts quite unconfin'd;
 On various subjects, this and that,
 Disclos'd each other's mind:

Jack, pleas'd with sudden starts of wit,
 Which from his friend did flow;
 Requests him, that now he wou'd hit,
 A keen, sarcastic blow:

Tom paus'd awhile, then laid his hand,
 On Jack's sagacious pate;
 And his attention did demand,
 To the decrees of fate:

“Thy nurse,” says he, “when thou was born,
 “Her hand, thus on thy skull;
 “Declar'd, with a prophetic scorn,
 “Thou ever shou'd be dull.”

Pierre



*A Prime-spelt Letter from a Chief Magistrate of a
certain Corporation.*

Dear Sur,

ON Munday next, I am to be made a Mare, and shall be much obliged to you, if so be, as you will send me down by the Coatch, some provisions, fetting for the occation, as I am to ax my Brother, the Old Mare, and the Rest of the Benth.

I am, Sur, &c.

Answer'd by a Wag, into whose Hands it fell.

S I R,

IN Obedience to your Order, have sent you per Coach, Two Bushels of the best Oats; and as you are to treat the Old Mare, have added some Bran to make a Mash.



A Complaint to an empty Purse.

TO thee, my purse, thus troubled, I complain,
To thee, that art the cause of all my pain;
Thy yellow gold is gone, and silver bright,
Alas! I'm heavy, because thou art light;
To thee, my purse, for mercy thus I cry,
Be heavy once again, or else I die.

EPI-



E P I G R A M.

MY goods are lost, my house is burnt,
And yet, upon my life ;
I swear, I no misfortune had,
For, in't, was burnt my wife.



An E P I L O G U E,

In the Character of a Spouting Apprentice.

Ha ! Ha ! Ha !——

'FAITH well enough,—a smart just now behind,
Declar'd our audience, of the patient kind ;
Patient ! cries one, and cocking fierce his hat,
'S'death ! blood ! and zounds Sir ! what d'ye mean
by that ?

Dare you, the merit of our play deny ?
No, says the other, no, dear Sir, not I ;
Yet, by each other, tho' you're all admir'd,
That is no proof, but th' audience may be tir'd :

Fearing, his observation may be true,
I come to ask the question, now of you ;
What, are you weary Sirs ?—'E Gad 'its so,
Silence is signal of consent, I know ;
Then, gentlemen, do, stop this growing evil,
For, by my soul, this playing is the devil ;
It spoils society ;—and 'its not fair,
To lose a good companion for a player.

The

The other day, one wou'd not let me pass,
 But, "prithee Jack, plhaw! pox! come take a glass;"
 Agreed—"I'll pledge you"—scarce he'd ta'n a sup,
 But as Mackbeth, when Banquo's ghost comes up;
 Like a stuck'd pig, he stares, and trembling stands,
 Down drops the glass, and bottle from his hands;
 Th' affrighted waiter, saw his tackle broke,
 As thus his attitude,—and thus he spoke;—
 "Thou canst not say, that I did it! bloody Banquo!"
 "Ye—ye—yes," says the drawer, "by my soul I
 can tho'."

A lawyer's clerk, his master's will to cross,
 Who spouts *LOTHARIO*---when he shou'd ingross;
 All on a sudden, from his writing stops,—
 "My fierce ambitious soul, declining droops;"
 His simple master by, cries, "wha---what's the
 matter?"
 "Tom's in a fit! here, Betty! bring some water."

Nor is this art to house, or home confin'd,
 We storm 'ith' street, and bellow to the wind.

A painter's 'prentice, leaves his brush and palate;
 To con o'er Shakespear, Otway, Lee, and Mallet;
 While thro' the Strand, he struts with tragic force,
 And Garrick-like, bawls out, "a horse," a horse!"
 A stable-groom, just passing by, reply'd,
 I've one to lend, at half-a-crown aside:

Stentor, last night, roar'd out down Drury-Lane,
 "I'll call thee Hamlet! Father!--Royal Dane!"
 A porter, blest, with impudence and ease,
 Cries, "You be d--m'd Sir, call me what you please,"

Cautious to chuse your man, ye blooming fair!
 Above the rest,---Us, sons of noise beware;
 'Tis not long since, a Jemmy of our art,
 Anxious, to teach his girl, a woman's part;

At

At length prevail'd---the kind, consenting maid,
 When Betty, and papa, were gone to bed,
 Softly, her lover, to her room convey'd ;
 But he, so full of trudge, Sirs, cou'd not bear,
 To breathe soft loving whispers in her ear ;
 Instead of dying, raptur'd, in her arms,
 Raves a long, bombast speech, about her charms ;
 'Till roaring loud, and stamping on the floor,
 Comes dad in's night-gown, to the chamber door,
 Detects the girl, and spoils the whole amour. }

These, and a hundred more, which I cou'd tell,
 Mad pranks, at times, poor players have befall ;
 Perhaps, you'll say, what cure for ills like these ?
 What must we do, to buy the public's peace ?
 Think not your laughter, e'er shall stop our tongues,
 For while you find us ears, we'll find you lungs.



Money makes the Man.

NOW only wealth prevails ! let him be base,
 Descended of a vile, and vulgar race ;
 Be he, a sot, a fool, yea, a mere swine,
 Yet, if he's money, and in dress go fine,
 He shall be honour'd, by our sons of earth,
 As the best he, that comes, of noble birth ;
 Be he debauch'd, yet, he's a second Cato,
 Money makes him divine, he equals Plato ;
 He's virtuous, wise, well-born, and what you will,
 That can with money, both his pockets fill.



The Town Filt.

HOW foolish is the spark, to trust the lass,
 Who robs him of his nose, before his face
 For, 'tis the nature, mostly of a wench,
 To borrow English coin, but pay in French.



*The Inscription on Shakespeare's Grave-Stone at
Stratford-upon-Avon.*

GOOD friend, for Jesus' sake forbear,
To move the dust that resteth here;
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he, that moves my bones.



An Epitaph, composed by a Person for himself.

FAREWELL vain world, I've seen enough of thee,
Therefore am careless what thou say'st of me;
Thy smiles I court not, nor thy frowns I fear,
My cares are past, my bones lay quiet here;
What faults you saw in me, take care to shun,
And look at home, enough there's to be done.
Where'er I liv'd, or dy'd, it matters not,
'To whom related, or by whom begot;
I was, now am not, ask no more of me,
'Tis all I am, and all that thou shall be.

END of VOLUME I.

